

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 7.—29 JUNE, 1844.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. French Novels—Eugene Sue, <i>Athenæum</i> ,	387
2. Song of the May Fashions, "	388
3. Scenes and Scenery in the Sandwich Islands, "	390
4. SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.—Professor Bache—Amber—Library at Copenhagen—Explosion of Subterraneous Water.— <i>Institution of Civil Engineers</i> : Hollow Axles; Railway Axles; Turkish and other Iron and Steel; Effects of Pressure; Iron Dock Gates.— <i>Royal Institution</i> : Microscope applied to Geology; Social Influence of Cheap Postage, with Chemical and Mechanical Details.— <i>Society of Art</i> : Extending the Benefits of Railways; Drying Machine.— <i>Paris Academy of Sciences</i> : Acetic Acid; Drag Machine; Daguerreotype; Comet; Carbine; Oxygenated Gold; Mud of the Nile; Torpedo. 393 to 395	
5. French Antiquarian Intelligence,	395
6. OBITUARY.—W. Beckford—J. H. Merivale—Lord Lonsdale—Arguelles—Sir Henry Hallford—George Lackington,	396 to 400
7. Present Struggles and their Final Issue, <i>Church of England Review</i> ,	401
8. Life in Shetland, <i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	406
9. Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, <i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> ,	412
10. Scenes on board a Captured Slaver, <i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	425
11. Mr. Mann's Report on Education, <i>Athenæum</i> ,	428
12. Ten Pounds, <i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	431
13. The House of Mourning, <i>Hood's Magazine</i> ,	435
14. The late Lord Abinger, <i>Briannia</i> ,	436
15. Carlyle's Advice to Young Men, <i>Cupar Advertiser</i> ,	438
16. King Alfred, a Poem, <i>Spectator</i> ,	439
17. A Conversation with Charlotte Corday, <i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	440
18. Life and Poetry of Mr. Haynes Bayly, "	442
19. The Last Citation, "	445
20. Footsteps of Angels, "	448
21. SCRAPS.—Mr. Lover's Irish Evenings, 392—Grotius, 400—Scottish Dialect, 411—Port Wine, 430—Manufacturing Pressures—Instinct of the Ant-Lion, 434—Clay Buttons, 441—Black Spots on Leaves, 447—Encouraging Hints—Dublin Shoe Blacks—How to clean a Fowling-Piece, 448.	

BOSTON:

E. LITTELL & CO., 118½ WASHINGTON STREET.

BOSTON.—REDDING & CO.—JORDAN & CO.—HOTCHKISS & CO.
 NEW YORK.—MOWATT & CO.—SUN OFFICE.—BURGESS & STRINGER.
 PHILADELPHIA.—CLAUDE & CANNING—R. G. BERFORD—ZIEBER & CO.
 BALTIMORE.—N. HICKMAN—W. TAYLOR.
 ALBANY.—W. C. LITTLE—GEORGE JONES. PORTLAND.—GEORGE COLMAN.
 CINCINNATI.—ROBINSON & JONES.
 NEW ORLEANS.—BRAVO & MORGAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

It is gratifying to notice the interest which such highly respected works as the *Athenæum* and *Chambers' Journal*, take in the dissemination of foreign books in the United States. It is never too late to bear testimony against the printing of such demoralizing novels as those of Eugene Sue. It may perhaps be possible to prevent the naturalization of the "deeper hell" yet untranslated.

The Song of the May Fashions we give as a curiosity. That a poet should take all this trouble to show the skill with which he can *make up* such materials, is not unlikely. Or he may have been employed to write it by way of advertising the "World of Fashion." We may here take an opportunity of saying to the venerated lady who finds fault with *Bergen-op-Zoom* in the last number—that we were *not* attracted by its *moral*—but by the lively contortions of the verse. Let her try if *she* can find or make a rhyme to Stadt-holder! It is better than the celebrated rhyme to porringer, for which somebody gave a guinea. We *intend* to give *some* nonsense:—this is the *Living Age*. We wish to get *everybody* to subscribe for it, and so allure them to their own good; and *incidentally* to ours.

"The puff of steamers makes the whole world kin." "Men run to and fro, and knowledge is increased." We do not know that any steamer has gone to the Sandwich Islands—but the immense intercourse of the human family, over the whole world, is making us neighbors to every place. The successful American missions make these islands a matter of great interest to us. We saw, some time ago, a very good weekly paper from there, called the *Polynesian*—and we should be glad, if anybody in Boston has a copy, that he would lend it to us, until we can *exchange* with it.

In this number we develop another part of our plan, Scientific Intelligence. The meetings of learned bodies in England and France will furnish us with many useful paragraphs. It makes one's heart ache to read the great success of Cheap Postage abroad—and be forced to contrast it with our own state.

We have also been able to begin our Obituary Notices—and we do not intend to be confined to foreign names.

From the time we read Dr. Johnson's *Tour* to the Hebrides, we have been interested in the Scottish Islands; and the *Waverley Novel*—the *Pirate*—may have engrafted the same feelings in many of our young readers. We were glad to get the "Life in Shetland," from *Chambers' Journal*, a work to which we cannot sufficiently express our obligations.

The longest article in this number is the pleasant, chatty, old Gentlemanly Magazine review or commentary, on the *Life* and *Times* of Mrs. Grant. There is much very pleasant gossip upon many writers of the last fifty years—conjectures about the *Waverley Novels* and management of periodicals.

We are glad to be able to reprint so gratifying an article as the Review of Mr. Mann's Report on Education, made this year. Had the Reviewer read Mr. Mann's previous reports, or other writings on Education, he would have known that Mr. M. is a strenuous opponent of *emulation*, as commonly practised in schools. We shall look out for the promised continuation of the review.

The article on Ten Pounds will excite the sympathy of a large class of excellent persons in the United States.

Everybody will be disappointed in the "House of Mourning."

Life and *Poetry* of Haynes Bayly is very pleasant summer reading—and we respectfully submit it, as our opinion, that the whole of this number may be read without any great effort. We should have been much pleased with it, had it contained our usual supply of poetry; although it has not any one elaborate and strong article—like the *Atmospheric Railway*—or *Barère*—or *Hume*—or *Prescott*, in former numbers. Such an article we desire to have in each number, to form the *pièce de resistance* at our weekly board. It may serve as an excuse to many a grave person, for reading the lighter matter, which will do him much good, although he may not suspect it.

In the twenty years or more, during which we were employed upon the Museum, we heard a great many remarks as to the best way of executing our humble task of selection. And we were always glad to gather as many opinions as we could, for our learning. Upon the question whether our collection was too solid or too light, public opinion was about equally divided.

A very solid gentleman from the country, called one day to pay his subscription, and while a receipt was in preparation, he took occasion to say that there was so much of what was really valuable in the work, that he should no doubt be a permanent subscriber—but, said he, "you have a great deal of tales and light stuff in it, which I should be glad to see displaced by more matter such as you get from the quarterlies."

Museum. Why, sir, we wish to have the work introduced into families, and in order to this, we must have a fair proportion of entertaining matter, although we endeavor to avoid all that would vitiate either taste or morals.

Country gentleman. Yes! I suppose you cannot afford to leave the bulk of the community out of the question—and there is, I dare say, a class of persons to whom you must accommodate yourself.

Museum. People who have come to be of your age and mine, cannot be so easily interested in little matters, and require a long article to "stir them up." Will you allow me, by way of illustrating this matter, to ask you a question, and give me an *immediate* answer to it?

Country gentleman. Go ahead with your question.

Museum. When your number reaches you in your distant home, what article do *you* read first?

Country gentleman, (with a tremendous thump on the table, and looking a little red.) *Oliver Twist!* by *George!*

Museum. Well, sir, you see there is a class! You are, however, in good company: before we can get out our number, Judge Hopkinson calls on us, as he goes down to court, day after day, and asks, "Anything more of my little friend Oliver?" And I assure you that I have had many kind letters from persons who told me that their love of literature had been created by the Museum, to which their first attraction had been the tales—from which they had gone on to the poetry, biography, and voyages and travels, till they came to read the whole work.

So much for the Museum. In the *Living Age*, we get rid of all the difficulty, by giving to *each* class the full value of its money, even if it do not read more than half. We endeavor to give *all* that is good in the reviews, and *all* that is attractive in the magazines.

Matilda; or, the Memoirs of a Young Woman. By EUGENE SUE. Translated from the French, by H. W. Herbert, Author of "Marmaduke Wyvil." New York, Winchester.

The Mysteries of Paris. By EUGENE SUE. Translated from the French, by C. W. Town, Esq. New York, Harper, Brothers & Co.; London, Wiley & Putnam.

THESE novels, though familiar as household words to every reader of French, by the agency of *Le Journal des Débats*, still contain matter for the critic, when met with, as now, naturalized by translation, and circulating among the vast and busy millions of American and English readers. So long as their reputation was local, it was the wiser morality to leave it undisturbed; the case, however, is now somewhat changed, and the few remarks we have to offer may not be altogether useless either here or on the other side the Atlantic.

The popularity of these books in France is, in its small way, a literary curiosity. For some dozen years M. Eugène Sue held a third-rate place among contemporary Parisian novelists. His tales were the very things to enchant the heroine of "Northanger Abbey," being, in the most sanguinary and sulphureous sense of the word, "very horrid,"—with a rough and piratical force, it is true, in certain of the scenes and characters sufficient to rescue them from utter contempt. Yet after an even and busy career like this, lo and behold!—he has suddenly shot past Hugo, and De Vigny, and Balzac, and George Sand, and Charles Bernard, and Jules Janin;—and where they have their hundreds, he has his thousands of readers. The appearance of "Les Mystères," is commemorated among historical events in the French almanacs; the theatres are besieged from cock-crow when there is any hope of seeing a scene from the same dramatized. Since Richardson was persecuted by correspondents in a passion of suspense as to the fate of his Clarissa, never has been excited a greater ferment of interest and curiosity with regard to the progress of an incomplete work—on the part of some, a matter of mere impatience;—on the part of others (and here we come to a sad and startling fact) from an idea that the story was one developing great social truths and high moral lessons.

That our statement of the matter is not extreme, is warranted by the preface to the American translation of "Matilda," wherein Mr. H. W. Herbert, himself a clever novelist, and an Englishman, assures his American readers "that he would sooner cut off his right hand than suffer it to transcribe a licentious or obscene paragraph;" that he should consider "his name as irreparably blasted were he to suffer it to appear in connection with any work of which the morality was even doubtful." He denounces the novels of Paul de Kock as "beastly," and, after an eulogium upon the "pure and elevated fictions of Scott and James," declares it to be neither "uninstructive nor amusing to see what are the opinions, what are the views, on points of morality and conduct, entertained by a great, shrewd, and polished people." Here, then, we have the author of "La Vigie de Koât Ven" and "Latreumont," solemnly chaired as a lay teacher, to whose lessons of life the public of the New World will do wisely to give ear.

How must the sardonic and keen-witted Parisian *viveur* laugh in his sleeve at the diploma!

To examine the justice of such preferment, we may observe that both these novels of M. Eugène Sue's are illustrations of Power: in "Matilda," power turned to the most diabolical uses; in "Les Mystères," employed on the side of Benevolence. The "young woman" whose memoirs are laid before us, has hardly contracted a marriage with one of the most charming, fashionable and devoted of men, before she discovers that her husband is bound hand and foot in the absolute thrall of a *Mephistopheles*, who will not be content unless she also is made to minister to his satisfaction. This demon, M. de Lugarto, has riches by the bank-full,—of course, agents by the hundred; and the strong interest of the book is excited by the perpetual terror he maintains in the mind of the heroine, whose reputation he destroys, whose person he menaces, whose husband, finally, he bribes and degrades until he becomes a partner in his infamous designs. An additional piquancy, we may add (as throwing light on a point of manners) was given to this horrible invention, on its first appearance in Paris, by a whisper, judiciously circulated, that this monster-millionaire was drawn from life. Nor is this revolting strain of incident relieved by episodes of less offensive quality: the *liaison* between M. de Lancry and Matilda's cousin—the heroine's own affection, as a married woman, for the man, whom she is allowed, as a widow, to marry,—have "the trail of the serpent" over them. They fever the reader by the very power with which they are wrought up; they fascinate, but unwholesomely. What lessons of life and conduct are the Americans to learn from such tawdry displays of sentimental weakness and unblushing crime! As pictures of manners, we believe them to be outrageous caricatures. There are other households, we firmly trust, among the middle classes in France, than those whose fermentation breeds Laffarges and De la Roncières. But if there be *not*, is it the deed of an angel of wisdom and mercy, or of an Asmodeus, to uncover the roofs, and exhibit their foul secrets?

But the morality of "Les Mystères" strikes us as yet worse than that of the tale just reprobated, because of the higher professions made in it by the author, and recognized by throngs of his eager admirers. In this tale, as we have said, we encounter power in the cause of benevolence. The passion of the Grand Duke of Gerolstein is to bring mischief to light, to succor misery, and to punish evil; he stalks through all the moral filth of Paris, redressing crime by crime, detecting chicanery by artifice,—here, putting out the eyes of one sinner, to give him time and motive for repentance,—there, awakening the vilest passions of another, without satisfying them, that they may sting their possessor; telling falsehood after falsehood, employing trick after trick, to recommend truth, and purity, and disinterestedness—and to set right the distortion in the relations between the small and the great, the wearers of rags and of cloth of gold. With such a canker at the heart of this book, what avail the appeals to philanthropic exertion it contains?—the hideous interiors of the dens of thieves, painted, as it were, in the slime of the shambles! the prurient details of hospital visitations, where the modesty of poverty is outraged! What avails the *very natural* character of a heroine, who has grown up an angel of delicacy and refinement, in such a sink of iniquity! what avail the pompously

described agonies and torments of Desire, and Ambition, and Intrigue? the terrible grasp made upon the industrious and defenceless by Shame and Madness!—and the effete attempt at a harmonious close to such a Walpurgis revel of all that is darkest, most filthy, and most mournful! Whether any such details, by way of filling up even the best outlines, are admissible in a work of Art, becomes a grave question; but we are sure that when employed to dress out a first invention so distorted and defective, the result of good will be miserably small, as compared with the bad amount of curiosity stirred, appetite sharpened, and feverish excitement maintained.

It is true, we gladly admit, that the publication of this strange book has excited in France commiseration amongst a class hitherto as indifferent to the sufferings of the lower order, as the light-hearted profligates of the Regency. It is an advance from the days of "Robert Macaire," that countesses should ask questions about savings' banks, and that M. M. *les gants jaunes* should condescend to peep into "the Popular Hive" as well as the *foyer* of the Grand Opera. Doubtless, as a *mode*, such charity is more defensible than the cigar-smoking propensities of the ladies,—than the gambling of the gentlemen. But as our state of society—happily for England and America—is in no respect analogous to that of our neighbors, we cannot err in saying, that for ourselves and our Brother Jonathan's family, the virtue and philanthropy, here introduced, appear in such questionable company, that every honest public officer of literary customs must pronounce them contraband, and, as such, discountenance—if the laws do not permit him to forbid—their entry.—*Athenæum*.

From the Athenæum

THE SONG OF THE MAY FASHIONS.

FAIR May, to all fair maidens of May-fair,
Ye matrons, too, the poet's greeting share;
May many a May to matron and to maid
Return without a grief, without a shade;
May all be gay from Middlesex to Mayo,
May never sigh be heaved or heard a heigh-ho!

All poets have their impulses and passions,
And mine it is to sing a Song of Fashions,
Of bonnets, frills, and parasols, and capes,
Of gauzes, guipures, marabouts, and crêpes,
Of dresses, ribbons, stomachers, and bustles,
And all that floats or flounces, waves or rustles;
Of trimmings, flowers, feathers, fringes, shawls,
For fêtes and dinners, operas and balls.

Be gracious, Maia, queen of merry May!
As smooth as velvet make my summer lay;
And if you be a milinery Muse,
Airy Muslina, don't your aid refuse,
But come with Fancy in your gauzy train,
And leave the Gallic for the British plain;
Like your best needle let my verses shine,
And with your thimble shield each fearful line.

Oh, be propitious! Make me glib on
Cambries, and profound on ribbon,
Learned in lamas, bright on satin,
Chemisettes and corsets pat in;
Aid me, lest I make a hash mere
Of mantilla, scarf, and cashmere.
Thus involve me in dilemmas

With the Graces, Maudes, and Emmas,
Lest I get into quandaries,
Misdirecting Lady Maries;
Or damages may have to pay,
For leading Bell or Blanche astray;
Duping Kate, deceiving Ellen,
Or misguiding Madame Helen
By some costume which afar is
From the present mode of Paris.

Paris still is Helen's passion,
Paris still the glass of fashion.
Come Iris, too, with all your vivid hues,
Come Flora, with the dew-drops on your shoes!
For there will now be need of vernal dyes,
To suit young May, and charm the charmer's eyes,
Pale pinks, blue lilacs, and the softest greens,
For bonnets, ribbons, silks, and bombazines;
And, Flora! mind you order all your bowers
To be profuse and prodigal of flowers.
Pray make the lazy lilies leave their bed,
To join in weaving crown for beauty's head,
And bouquet-sceptres, for her royal hand,
Beauty is queen of all by sea and land!
The daffodilly will not leave his cup,
But sure the temperate jonquil might be up.
Draw largely now upon your violet banks,
Your drafts will honored be with ladies' thanks.
And go where Nature scarcely puts chemises on,
Bring freshest heaths, for heaths are now in season.
Mind, Flora, mind you order all your bowers
To be profuse of May's delicious flowers.

But ah, the poet takes adventurous ways,
Who roves through realms of stomachers and stays.
Whose fancy sports on beauty's dangerous skirts,
Coquettes with coiffures, and with centures flirts.
Quick o'er th' enchanted region let him haste,
For many a peril waits him in the waist.
A woman's brow is oft a fatal steep,
From which mad lovers take their fatal leap.
Mark with what murder's aim those lightnings fly,
Nor rashly come within the range of eye.
Hop over hips, skim lightly over boddices,
For gods themselves are overcome by goddesses.

Say, first, what cap shall head of beauty wear,
Though seldom cap should be admitted there.
Tulle chiffonnée, with heather blossoms gay,
Or any other tiny flowers of May.
Plain on the forehead are the caps in vogue,
A matron's air they give each charming rogue;
Broad at the back a pretty curtain placed
With flowery wreath is elegantly graced
And where on each side at the ear it closes,
Deck it with bunches of the same small roses;
Or place a point, with fluted tulle surrounded,
Or with raised lappets, "*à la paysanne*" bounded,
And held in bonds of double-tinted gauze,
Lest in "the pride of place" it break through Fashion's laws.

Pass we now from caps to bonnets,
Hard to be discussed in sonnets;
What should be their shape and size,
To engage all female eyes?
In what hues should we baptize them,
That the fair may not despise them?
Bonnets now—list, maidens all,—
Bonnets now are rather small;
Fashioned in the prettiest shapes,
Of satins overlaid with crêpes.
Some with ribbons trimmed, and some
Trimmed with lace of France become.
Of the pretty, prettiest far
Those in gros de Naples are;
Color suited to the face,
Covered with *appliqué* lace,

Decked with branch of rosy bloom,
Or with smart *feuillage de plume*.
White straw bonnets are the mode,
Some are worthy of an ode,
With a veil so thin and slight,
It seems wove of air and light.
Let marabouts around them cluster,
And lovers will not fail to muster.

Fashion now will always choose
Cheerful tints and vernal hues.
Proper now, the maiden thinks,
Softest greens and palest pinks;
Captivated now she sees
Lilacs, blue, and French cerise,
But if she be light and merry,
Trick her out in English cherry.
Pretty colors! is it not,
Pity they should e'er be shot?
Western ladies chiefly prize
For ribbons now your Eastern dies.
Understand the East afar,
Not the East of Temple Bar.
Bavolets are deepening down,
And feathers flattening on the crown.

The bonnet sung, descend we to the gown,
Still rising in our strain as we go down;
For now the subject leads to lovelier parts,
Oh, what are ladies' heads to ladies' hearts!

The corsage should more open be in front
Than churlish corsage commonly is wont.
This style combines both elegance and ease,
And prudish eye alone objection sees.
Knights only wish their ladies to be pleased,
And ladies are by close corsages teased;
Alas, how oft is British beauty pinched,
Now squeezed by satins, now by lamas lynched,
In velvet trice of ruthless sempstress seen,
Or burked by some remorseless bombazine.

Ye towering beauties, wear the corsage high,—
The "WORLD OF FASHION" wills it! Ask not,—why?
The "*corsages amazones*" are most august,
And best become the matron's ample bust.
Ye dames who rule your husbands, daughters, sons,
'T is yours to wear the "*corsages amazones*."
But here let broidery lavish all its skill,
The needle here work many a miracle.
The "*chichorés ruches*" for May are all the rage:
And patterns taken from the Gothic age.
No artist now the milliner is high as,
And oft she shows an antiquarian bias.
The Ceinture?—pause!—the Ceinture!—Heaven
rest us,
I'm in the magic circle of the cestus!
Bonnet and caps and hats were frigid topics;
The corsage led me first within the tropics.
There, there, disporting in the torrid zone
The poet might his hardiment have known,
But now behold him, daring penetrator!
Like Cook, or Byron, cruising at th' Equator;
As if it was his bard-ship's right, or duty,
To sail beneath the very Line of Beauty,
Where latitudes so easily are taken,
And sailors by their stars so oft forsaken.
Oh, may there beam upon me from on high
The maidenliest star in all the sky,
While to the harp's sweet chord, or lute's soft string,
Of waists I warble, and of ceintures sing.

Of *robes de ville* the *ceintures* should be round
As Euclid's circles, or the charms they bound.
Oxford and Cambridge both agree

No figure can more perfect be;
And all through Almack's great dominion
We find maintained the same opinion;—
Concurrence that must gratify
Each learned university.
Still May-fair scholars strive in vain
To guess why circles are called *plane* (plain),
Round *ceintures* look so very pretty
To the eyes of Lady Kitty,
Though she, perhaps, "*en déshabille*,"
Is prettier than in "*robe de ville*."

But I linger: round the hips
(The poet speaks through Fashion's lips)
Be the girdle very low,
And the gown an ample flow,
The skirts,—oh, heed the words of sacred song!—
"THE SKIRTS IMMENSELY WIDE AND VERY LONG!"*
Round the lovely person swimming
Prankt with prettiest fancy trimming,
Devices of renowned mistresses
For enchanting summer dresses.
And here let ladies call me boor,
If I forget thee, *frange guipure*!
Decking skirts in tripple rows,
While the balmy zephyr blows,
Taking freedoms, naughty air,
Which I, the poet, would not dare.

For colors, if you list my lay,
You will still consult the May.
I have no more rules in store;
The law has been laid down before,
Nothing dark, and nothing sad,
All be gay and all be glad.
Your greens you'll from the green-house choose,
From the sky select your blues.
Any garden-wall will teach
The most becoming shade of peach
Dress in Dark tints you who dare!
'T is high-treason in May-Fair.
Robe in Pennsylvanian drab
If you want from Smith a stab.
Should you pant to dress in brown,
Do so, but go out of town!
City dames their dowdy limbs on
Stiff display their odious crimson,
Ah, no better do they know,
Belles who hear the bell of Bow!

But now my song is sung, I care no more;
May maids and matrons profit by my lore;
Accepted may it be by dames and damsels,
By all signoras, donnas, madames, ma'm'selles,—
By all the graces, beauties, virtues, powers,
In halls and parks, in boudoirs and in bowers.

And, oh, let none of woman born
The poet of the Fashions scorn,
Or account his labors light,
Or pronounce his merits slight.

Sir Husband, you whose thrifty purse they rifle,
Know well that London fashions are no trifle;
That coin must pay for *ceintures*, caps, and collars,
That *déshabilles* and dresses sound in dollars;
That for each pretty hat, each handsome gown,
You must—aye, must you—handsomely come down.
Call dress a trifle!—no, as I'm a sinner,
There's but one weightier theme—oh, need I mention
DINNER?

[The SAME by a PROSE WRITER may be seen in the
"World of Fashion."]

*The exact words of the Prose Writer in the "World of Fashion," a striking instance of the "thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers," and also a proof that one may be writing poetry all his life, as the *Bourgeois Gentlehomme* spoke prose, without knowing it!

From the Athenæum.

Scenes and Scenery in the Sandwich Islands, and a Trip through Central America. By JAMES J. JARVES. Moxon.

"BEING observations," continues the title-page, "from my note-book during the years 1837—1842." We also perceive, by the same authority, that the observer is an American, who has written a History of the Sandwich Islands; but of his country there could be no doubt after reading half-a-dozen pages of the work before us, which is written somewhat in the true *sea-serpent* style. Grand periods, complacent pleasantries, and new forms of speech, are "tossed about" (as the country boy described the orator's fine language) with republican—we must no longer say royal—profusion. After all, however, there are few things better in these exhausted days, than an American book of travels. Their freshness is fresher than ours, their fustian has a pattern of its own, which is "beautiful exceedingly." To begin almost at the first page, the description of Honolulu will exhibit the good and the bad of Mr. Jarves's style:—

"The dwelling-houses are chiefly situated within enclosures, a little retired from the street, and are surrounded with small but well cultivated gardens, which give them a rural and cheerful aspect. The soil of Honolulu is light and shallow, resting upon regularly piled strata of coral rock and volcanic cinders, and is formed mostly by the ashes from a neighboring extinct crater and the débris washed from hills in the rear of the town. When watered, which is done by windmills, it becomes productive. A few years ago, scarcely a tree, with the exception of the tall cocoa-nut groves which border the beach looking seaward, like watchful sentinels over the town, was to be seen within its precincts. Now the scene is widely different. Looking down from the Puahi, or Punch-bowl hill, an old crater half a mile back of the town, and of several hundred feet elevation, a pleasing and novel *coup-d'œil* is obtained. Punch-bowl hill obtained its sobriquet in times not quite as temperate as the present; its shape internally is much like a bowl, being a gradual and uniform hollow. Facing the town its sides are steep, and the appearances of lava and other volcanic substances from its base upwards so fresh, that one might readily be pardoned for indulging in some suspicion of its ultimate intentions; for it appears as if nursing its wrath, and ready at any angry moment to belch forth once more its destructive fires. However, further back than Hawaiian traditions run, it has remained quiescent, and its nap does not appear likely to be disturbed; nor does one of the ten thousand inhabitants that nightly repose within its shadow, sleep less quietly for fear of its awakening. It forms so prominent an object in approaching the town, from whatever position, that it may well be taken for the guardian genius of the place. And it could, at small expense, be easily made so. Annually, fires are seen to burst forth from its summit, followed by loud reports and heavy volumes of smoke. They are the pigmy fires of men, in honor of men; salutes discharged from sundry enormous thirty-two and forty-two pounders, which in the days of despotism were drawn up its sides and planted on its crest, at a

great outlay of human strength and stupidity. A flag-staff—a stone wall—some natural embrasures in the lava rock, a *fire-proof* straw-built and mud-plastered powder magazine, a few hovels, a dozen ragged urchins, an old crone or two, with as many of the sturdier sex, and a numerous colony of goats, constitute the fortification and garrison. If the battery was properly mounted and secured it would effectually command the harbor and protect the town. At the present time it answers for the more peaceful purpose of a promenade, and the view from all points is well worth the labor of the ascent. Looking inland, the mountains rise gradually until they terminate in abrupt peaks, covered with dense forests, which lie in a region of almost perpetual mist, or showers. Lower down the grass grows luxuriantly, and herds of cattle there graze until nightfall, when they seek shelter in their pens. Seaward the eye roams over the boundless ocean, whose waters line the coral-bound shore with a broad belt of snow-white breakers. Beneath lies the plain, alive with pedestrians, horsemen, and vehicles of quaint or fashionable appearance; a little farther, the town, with its intermingling of barbarism and civilization, and all its intermediate stages. Its numerous gardens, and the many trees which have been recently planted, give it a rural appearance. The fort, shipping, red-painted roofs, stone churches, spires, *lookouts*, (for every house of any pretensions has a queer-shaped box or cupola perched near or upon its ridgepole,) the motion of the arms of the windmills, engaged in their everlasting pump—pump, straw hovels, and straw palaces, mud-built walls and mud-built habitations, all combine to form a unique if not harmonious spectacle."

The fort, with its prison groups, is sketched in a like florid fashion. Unfaithful wives,—a class disagreeably numerous in the South Sea Islands,—are compelled to labor on the roads with wreaths of flowers in their hair *à discrétion*. This seems an odd mode of punishment. But nothing is odder than the mixture of European costume, and the natural instinct towards the *antique* which appears to prevail: unless it be the author's account of the funeral procession of Kinau, the missionary's friend, which, in spite of his attempt to invest it with pomp, reads, we must say, something like a "Bartlemy" pageant.

The passage from Hawaii to Kauai—a favorite summer retreat, because of its coolness—must be an unpleasant business if to be performed on no better terms than by Mr. Jarves—who was seasick, and crowded in a very insufficient vessel, among natives in like pleasing predicament. But the island, when reached, is worth the trouble. The scenery is fine and varied; the agriculture flourishing: and we must devote an extract, somewhat of the longest, to a history, which is at once commercially interesting and pleasantly narrated:—

"Some years since, several gentlemen, attracted by the even temperature of the climate, and the rapidity and vigor with which the mulberry plants grew, conceived the idea of establishing a silk plantation. Further experiments having confirmed their design, a spot of land embracing

about three hundred acres, was selected and leased for that purpose. It is most delightfully situated, about three miles from the beach, on gently undulating ground, bounded on the southern and western sides by a fine brook, affording valuable mill privileges, and on the opposite by an abrupt range of well-wooded hills, attaining an elevation of two thousand feet. The prospect from these is lovely in the extreme; the eye glances down upon several plantations situated at their feet, with rich, waving fields of sugar-cane or mulberry trees, planted in squares, and intersected at regular distances with broad avenues, bordered by banana plants or ornamental trees. Prettily embosomed amid shrubbery or neat gardens, like birds' nests cradled amid bright flowers and green leaves, are the cottages of the superintendents; and near by the thatched houses of the laborers, disposed in regular rows, fronting the roads. Farther off, the white walls of a large church shine conspicuously in the bright sun, a striking contrast to the dingy sides and distillery-like look of the boiling-house and sugar-mill. Around these the natives have clustered their rude hamlets, and little patches of cultivated ground; the whole affording a gratifying picture of incipient civilization. The busy passing to and fro of long lines of carts loaded with the sweets of the soil, and the swarms of laborers wielding their hoes amid the fields, animate the scene. The hoary crest of an old crater rises abruptly from the plain near the sea, amid a field of indurated lava, a monument of nature's wrath in former days. A rugged and towering peak, conspicuous above all its brethren, affording an excellent landmark, shoots up in solitary grandeur to the east, while not far from its base, the ocean dashes on the shore in a long line of breakers. * * After the land was secured, a large portion of it was immediately planted with the native or black mulberry, which bears but a small leaf, and was the only variety on the islands, (excepting the *morus papyfera*, and a few of the *morus alba*,) at that time. It flourished beautifully, and bore a great quantity of leaves. One, taken from the field at random, of eight months' growth, afforded three and a half pounds of leaves, and in six weeks after it was wholly stripped, it leaved out again, so as not to be distinguished from the rest. So much were the proprietors encouraged thus far, that they imported another variety of the mulberry from China, known as the Canton, which thrived well, and afforded much more food in proportion to its size, some of the leaves measuring eight and ten inches broad, by twelve inches long. They were all planted in hedge-rows, from six to ten feet apart, and two feet apart in the rows, and were allowed to attain a height of from six to eight feet. The ground was kept entirely free from weeds. The Chinese worm was also imported at this time, but fed only in sufficient quantities to preserve a sufficient number of eggs for stock. One of the proprietors embarked for the United States, where he spent eight months in acquiring information in regard to the business, purchasing machinery for reeling, which was intended to be done by steam, and in securing the best varieties of trees and eggs, with a family of three persons to superintend cocooneries, and to teach the natives to reel. So highly was this enterprise thought of then (1838) in the United States, that the proprietors could have realized an advance of two hundred per cent. on their investment thus far. Even the most skeptical, in regard

to the business, could see no obstacle to its success in a climate where the trees gave heavy crops the year round, and the temperature was such as to require but little artificial protection for the worms. Labor and buildings were also exceedingly cheap, it being found that common thatched buildings, such as could be erected at the expense of a few dollars each, would serve both to feed and reel in, thus obviating the heavy expenses required for cocooneries and reeling-houses in less favorable climates. The agent arrived from the United States in the spring of 1839, and found the plantation in a flourishing condition, and well stocked with trees. He brought with him the best varieties of the American worms, including the mammoth white, and yellow, and the pea-nut, also a fine lot of the *morus multicaulis*. These were planted immediately, thrived well, and were so highly esteemed, that cuttings of but two buds each, were sold to others about engaging in the same enterprise, for from one to two dollars the slip. The leaf grew beautifully, thick and heavy, and to a great length, sometimes measuring fourteen inches. Its only advantage, by way of food, appeared to be its size and rapidity of growth. The worms fed with equal avidity upon all the other varieties. It was then concluded to let the black mulberry run out, and to plant the latter in its place. After the first year it was discovered, that if the mulberry was allowed to grow beyond a certain size it withered, and became valueless as food. This was remedied by cutting it down yearly, (the month of January, when vegetation had mostly ceased growing, being the best time.) Young and vigorous shoots then shot up, in two or three months, suitable for food. A sufficient quantity of trees being now planted and doing well, it was determined to commence feeding the worms in numbers. The Canton, white and yellow varieties, were first tried, but they formed but small cocoons, of exceedingly fine fibre, which made a beautiful silk, but a large proportion of it was wasted in floss; so much so, that it required many thousands more to form a pound of silk, than the American variety, and it was found impossible to make them profitable. The American eggs were then exposed. No one had doubted but they would hatch with the greatest readiness; though in good order, they hatched but a few at a time, from four or five to as many hundred a day, and none on some days. It was thought that the eggs from these would become acclimated, and this irregularity cease; but it proved worse than before. Some of the eggs hatched in ten days from the time they were laid, while others would not in as many months. Every experiment, by way of artificial heat, freezing, wearing them next to the person, and other methods, were tried, but all in vain. It was discovered that they needed a winter, and many were packed up in bottles, and sent upon the neighboring mountains to remain several months. Their height being but four or five thousand feet, did not produce the requisite temperature, and from their being imperfectly packed, most of them decayed. Those that hatched formed beautiful fine cocoons, with but little floss, averaging about four thousand to the pound of raw silk. The experiment was now tried of crossing the American breed with the Chinese, and with the greatest success. Two varieties of cocoons were produced, inclining more to the American than the Chinese, one of a deep orange color, the other of a delicate straw color.

These answered admirably, requiring from five to seven thousand to the pound of raw silk. They reeled with the greatest ease, so much so that native women, with but few days' instruction, could turn off from one half to three fourths of a pound daily. Their eggs hatched again in from fifteen to twenty days, and came to maturity in twenty-four, and continued to do so for upwards of a year, without degenerating in quality. It was attempted to cross this breed again with the pure American, but the worms resulting therefrom were found to have so many of the characteristics of the American, as to be of little use. It was now thought (the spring of 1840) that every difficulty was overcome, and a profitable business would soon make amends for previous delays and losses. But the proprietors, after expending most of their funds in thus getting under way, were doomed to disappointment. A drought set in, such as had not been known before since the missionaries first resided upon the islands, twenty years since. The trees which had been so flourishing withered under its influence, and, at the same time, a species of aphides, or wood louse, much like the chiton shell in appearance, attached itself to them, speedily covering every limb and leaf upon them. What juices were left by the drought were soon exhausted by those parasites, and the trees became lifeless and leafless. The crops of worms which had commenced feeding, by hundreds of thousands, were obliged to be thrown away, and thus a season's labor was lost, while a heavy expense was incurred. In addition to this, a species of spider, of a plump, many colored body, of the size of a chestnut, added their ravages to the other destroyers by attaching themselves, by millions, to the young trees, by means of a firm, hard web, through which it was quite difficult to make one's way."

In 1841, continues Mr. Jarves, the proprietors relinquished the undertaking, and have since betaken themselves to cultivating the sugar-cane.

Other less serviceable insects—if the natives are to be believed—(which we are told is not the case) have been the objects of deliberate importation into the Sandwich Islands:—

"Waimea, according to native tradition, claims the honor of being the first landing-place of—*fleas*. Their introduction was after the following manner. A woman, as was customary then, having gone off to a vessel at anchor in the roads, received from her lover, upon her return, a bottle tightly corked, which he told her contained valuable *waicai* (property,) and that she must not open it until she reached the shore. She obeyed his instructions, and overjoyed with her acquisition, hastened to show it to her friends. Having assembled them all, the bottle was uncorked with the greatest care, and looking in, they beheld nothing. The nimble prisoners had all hopped out, and soon gave being to a countless progeny, that have gone on ever since, hopping and biting with undiminished zeal."

Here is a curiosity of another race, bottled in *spirits*, too, by our lively American: the guide Mr. Jarves found from Koloa:—

"Imagine, if possible, a middle-sized, athletic native, with long, jet black hair, no two curls of which lay in the same direction, and eyes, quick,

fiery, and wandering. His head fancifully decorated with a wreath of forest leaves and flowers, while a necklace of vegetable stalks encircles his neck. His pantaloons, made of *tapa*, once whole, but now hanging in tatters above his knees, a red-flannel shirt completing his wardrobe. This he calls *tapa maikai*, (good cloth,) in distinction to the frail material which graces his nether members, which was *aole maikai*, (no good.) A few miles through a bushy road, aided by his eccentric deviations, soon lessened the difference between them, and both pants and shirt would have answered for signal pennants to the Flying Dutchman. An iron ramrod, the sole relic of his former profession, dangled, *en militaire*, in his right hand. He had formerly belonged to the army, but for some mad caper, his chief had discharged him. Such is an outline of the being who presented himself as a guide. Entirely fearless of danger, quick in his movements, careless of fatigue, and an excellent caterer, he proved himself a valuable servant. In addition to all these qualifications, he was at intervals crazy, and his whole conduct was a complete explication of savage eccentricity. He was mounted, *sans* saddle, upon a small, well-built horse, between which and his master, a constant state of warfare existed. As often as the huge iron spur, which was bound to the foot of the guide, came in contact with the horse's ribs, his heels described a semicircle in the air, while with his head he made desperate attempts to bite the rider's naked limbs. Four times did the obstinate brute cause his rider to perform as many flying somersets, 'high in mid air,' before he was mastered. It was laughable to witness the contest which took place between the wild horse, and his yet wilder rider, as he rode furiously over the plain, with his gay-colored garments waving in streamers from his back. In horsemanship he was equal to a Bedouin Arab, or a circus-rider. While crossing a stream, he would throw himself flat upon the horse's back, at right angles with his head, and drink, without delaying his progress. His nights were mostly spent in singing and praying; his enemies always coming in for a large share of the latter."

With a guide like the above; and such delectable and useful followers as the boys Nobody and Sunshine, and the man "stuttering Jem," who had learned his infirmity, he said, in America—there was enough to keep the most quick-witted and keen-sighted of travellers on the alert. In their keeping we must leave Mr. Jarves for the present. The most interesting passage of his Polynesian rambles, a visit to the stupendous volcanoes of the island, has yet to be spoken of;—and this we shall take an early opportunity of doing.

MR. LOVER'S IRISH EVENINGS.—*Princess's Concert Room, Castle St. Berners street.* On Wednesday next, May 15th, Mr. Lover will have the honor of repeating his new Entertainment; being a characteristic sketch of that distinguished corps of European celebrity, the Irish Brigade: with Anecdotes, historical and personal, (both serious and comic,) of the interesting events and characters of the time, illustrated by appropriate Music, comprising New Songs.—Admission, 2s. Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR BACHE, of Philadelphia, has been selected by the American government to superintend the Coast Survey. We are glad to see by the papers that this appointment has given general satisfaction, equally to the public and to the scientific men of America, as we are sure it will do in England. At the Newcastle Meeting of the British Association, Prof. Bache was requested to draw up a Report on the progress and present state of Meteorological Science in America. He has not hitherto had time to complete it, and we fear this new appointment will still further delay the work; but we cannot allow our selfish regrets to influence our judgment, or induce us to withhold our congratulations.—*Athenæum*.

UNUSUAL ABUNDANCE OF AMBER.—A remarkable phenomenon, which has been observed during the present year, on this shore of the Baltic, has proved a source of great profit to the inhabitants. The amber gathering has been more productive than it is remembered ever to have been. In the village of Kahlberg alone, where the amber gathering is farmed, a quantity of amber, amounting in value to 20,000 thalers, has been obtained within the last few weeks. Probably the violent storms that have prevailed this winter, especially during the month of December, have brought this treasure up from the bottom of the sea.—*Elbing Zeitung*.

THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT COPENHAGEN.—The Conservators have just completed the catalogue of its contents, a work upon which they have been engaged for eleven years. It comprises 463,332 volumes, without the pamphlets and single sheets. It is to be printed and published at the expense of the government. The manuscripts in this library amount to about 22,000, of which only between 4,000 and 5,000 are yet catalogued.

AN EXPLOSION OF SUBTERRANEAN WATER took place lately in the district of Vizeu, in Portugal, by which the soil was torn up, and earth and stones flung to a great height into the air, for the distance of more than a league, between the small river Oleiros and the Douro. All the cultivated land over which the water flowed was destroyed, and in many places it created ravines forty feet in depth, and thirty fathoms wide. It carried away and shattered to fragments in its course, which was of extreme rapidity, no fewer than fifty wind and water mills, choked the Douro with rubbish, and caused the death of nine persons, including one entire family. On the same day a similar explosion took place in the mountain of Marcelim, in the same district, arising from the same source, but branching off in the direction of the river Bastanza. It carried away a farm-house, four cows, and some sheep and goats. A similar occurrence took place here last year and the year before, and eighteen months since in Madeira.—*Correspondent of the Times*.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—*April 23.*—The President in the chair.—The first paper read was by Mr. C. Geach, who had promised, at a meeting of the Institution, in February, 1843, to give the results of more extended comparative trials of the strength of solid and hollow axles. The result of the present experiments was as decidedly in favor of the solid axle, as the former ones had been in favor of the hollow axle, so that, as far as the practical utility of the examination extended, the results were useless.

A paper was read by Mr. Glynn, relative to the fracture of railway axles, which he attributed to the constant succession of blows received by the axles in travelling. The action was stated to be similar to that of an axle laid on the edge of an anvil, and subjected to a series of smart blows of a hammer, while in constant rotation. The fracture presented the

appearance of a clean annular cleft all round, for the depth of half an inch into the body, the centre part being crystallized, and reduced so much as to be unable to bear the weight and the torsion to which the axle was subjected, by the pressure of the break on one of its ends. These observations had induced the railway company to apply the power of the break upon both wheels simultaneously,—thus avoiding the torsional strain.

May 7.—The President in the chair.—The second part of Mr. Fairbairn's paper was read. It noticed the remarkable richness and purity of the iron ores of the East, and the superior quality of the Damascus steel, produced from iron made apparently in the most primitive manner; it was remarkable that, up to the present time, there had been but little change in the manner of manufacturing charcoal iron, even in England; this might be accounted for, by the small quantity of wood charcoal used for smelting iron; but it appeared that, with the exception of that which was sent into Staffordshire and South Wales, for mingling with the lean ores of the coal measures, but little of the hematite or rich ores of Lancashire, Cumberland, Cornwall, or Devonshire, was used, although in richness and in quality of metal they equalled those of foreign countries. The paper then entered upon the experiments on the transverse strength of the Turkish iron, and also of the iron from other rich ores, presenting the results in a tabular form, mingled with those which had been reported on previous occasions, in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, and in the Reports of the British Association. These tables were arranged so as to afford the means of comparison of the strength and other qualities of various irons, and also for practical purposes, to furnish a guide for selecting such irons as, by proper mixture of the various kinds, would enable unerring results to be arrived at by the founder, when engaged in producing castings for the engineer, the architect, or for various purposes in the arts or in construction. Simple rules were also given for finding the breaking weight of beams cast from the fifty-two kinds of iron, which had been experimented upon.

A specimen of steel made from the Turkish ore, and a knife manufactured from it, were exhibited.

A letter was read from Dr. Schafhaeutl, drawing attention to some experiments made by Sir David Brewster, on the prismatic colors generated in homogeneous bodies, when pressure was applied to them; these experiments were recorded in the Philosophical Transactions for 1816. They furnished a method of rendering visible, and of measuring the mechanical changes which took place during the compression, dilatation, or bending of transparent bodies. He also stated that the tints produced by polarized light were correct measures of the compressing and dilating forces, and by employing transparent gums of different elasticities, the change, which occurred in bodies before they were either broken or crushed, could be ascertained, and that forming models of arches of simple refracting substances, such as gum copal, &c., giving different degrees of roughness to the touching surfaces of the voussoirs, and exposing the model to polarized light, the results of any degree of friction on the joints would be readily observed. It was stated that similar experiments had been tried by M. Bist at Paris, almost simultaneously with Dr. Brewster, and that without doubt, this had materially assisted Dr. Robinson in his valuable treatise on the strength of materials.

A description of the Iron Dock-gates at Montrose harbor, by Mr. James Leslie, was then read. These gates were described in great detail, giving all the dimensions of the several parts, which were fully shown by drawings. The framing was of cast iron, covered on both sides with wrought iron plates three eighths and five sixteenth inches thick, rivetted on, so

as to be water-tight, and to render the gates buoyant, and partly to compensate for the weight of metal in them, which was about 87 tons. The gates were 55 feet wide, and 22 feet, six inches deep, and were entirely composed of iron, except the bottom bars and the false mitres, which were of oak. The sluice valves were of iron, without any brass on the faces, but the backs were covered with zinc plates, and the bolts had zinc nuts screwed over the iron ones, in order to check the oxidation of the iron, by the galvanic action of the two metals. A general account of Montrose harbor was given, and it appeared that although there had existed some doubt as to the successful formation of a harbor in such bad ground, being entirely sand and gravel, which stood full of water within a few feet of the surface, the work having been submitted to Mr. Walker, president of the Institution, and having his approval, had been satisfactorily executed, and stood well.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 3.—“On the application of the Microscope to Geological Research,” by Dr. Carpenter, F. R. S. Dr. Carpenter pointed out how much the progress of science depends upon the perfection of the instruments employed in the observation of its phenomena; and that even to geology, whose facts are for the most part obvious to the unassisted senses, the achromatic microscope has afforded, of late years, the most efficient aid. He noticed the researches of Messrs. Witham, Nicol and others, on the structure of fossil woods, and the light which these had thrown on the origin of coal.

May 10.—Rev. John Barlow, Sec. R. I., gave a communication on the chemical and mechanical processes, and the social influences of the Penny Post. Mr. Barlow said that he took this subject because it exhibited one of those instances where immense mental labor, ingenuity, and applied science were required to produce the most familiar articles of common use. The notion of separating by a system of stamps, the financial department of the Post-office from the transmission and delivery of letters, originated with Mr. C. Whiting, fourteen years since. This gentleman has been rewarded by the government for the taste and mechanical skill exhibited in the method in which he proposed to adjust his plan to the penny-rate adopted at the recommendation of Mr. Rowland Hill. With this notice of the history of letter-stamps, Mr. Barlow entered on the manufacture of the adhesive label. These are executed by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon, and Petch, on Mr. Perkins's principle of steel engraving by transfer. The process depends on the property of iron to become hard or soft as it receives or loses a small quantity of carbon. This was demonstrated by experiment; and the description of the process was illustrated by the exhibition of hard and soft steel rollers, plates, and impressions furnished by Messrs. Perkins & Co. Mr. Barlow laid great stress on the absolute identity of every engraving, however numerous, produced by this method. He then observed, that the engine-work on the adhesive labels is of so close a pattern that it cannot be taken off by lithography or any similar contrivance, while, on the other hand, the eye is so accustomed to notice slight differences between one face and another, that the most skilful imitators of a minute engraving of a human countenance (as that of the sovereign on the label) could not possibly avoid such a deviation from what he was copying as would ensure the detection of a forgery. Mr. Barlow next adverted to the qualities of the colored inks with which the labels are printed. Though sufficiently permanent to withstand the effects of sun-light, rain, &c., they would be discharged by any fraudulent attempt made to remove the obliterating stamp, for the purpose of issuing the label a second time. The gum used for fixing these labels to letters, Mr. Barlow described as being probably derived from potato-starch, and therefore perfectly innoxious. The manufacture of the postage

envelope is effected by many powerful, yet accurate machines. The paper is pervaded by colored threads as a security against fraud. When sent from the manufactory of Messrs. Dickinson, it is delivered to the firm of Messrs. De la Rue. It is there cut into lozenges by the engine of Mr. Wilson. One of these was exhibited, and its power contrasted with that of the old bookbinder's plough. Thirteen thousand five hundred lozenges for folding were cut in a few seconds. To exhibit the precision of this engine, 1000 strips of paper, each exactly one-eightieth of an inch in width, were cut in the same short time. Previously to being stamped, each lozenge has a notch cut in each side, for the convenience of folding: this is done by an angular chisel. The envelopes are then stamped at Somerset House. The machine used for this purpose, combines the operations of printing and embossing, and was invented by the late Sir W. Congreve. Mr. C. Whiting enabled Mr. Barlow to exhibit the whole process, by sending one of these machines, which executed several stamps, slightly differing in device from that on the postage envelope. One of Mr. De la Rue's folders also attended, and showed the rapidity with which the envelopes are folded and gummed after they are stamped. The government envelopes employ at Messrs. De la Rue's thirty-nine folders on an average, and a quick hand can fold three thousand five hundred in a day. Mr. Barlow then noticed some statistical conclusions. One engraving on Mr. Perkins' hard steel roller will afford one thousand six hundred eighty transfers to soft steel plates: these again will, when hardened, admit of sixty thousand impressions being pulled from each, so that one original will afford 100,800,000 impressions of labels, enough to paper one thousand apartments twenty-four feet by fifteen feet, and twelve feet high, making allowance for door, two windows, chimney, pier-glass, and dado. Twelve years ago, common envelopes were sold at one shilling the dozen: now, the postage envelope, with its medallion, may be bought, wholesale, at half a farthing (exclusive of the stamp,) and yet, though the manufacture is peculiarly costly, it returns a small profit to the government. More than two hundred and twenty millions of chargeable letters were posted in 1843. Now, taking a common sized letter as an unit, this quantity would pave a road twenty-five yards wide (the average width of Oxford street, pavement included) from the General Post Office in London, to the entrance of Oxford. Or, supposing all the letter-boxes in the United Kingdom to be open twelve hours in the day, and to communicate with one large spout, the letters would keep flowing through it at the mean rate of fourteen in a second. Mr. Barlow then briefly noticed some of the social advantages of the penny post. He touched on the strength and permanence it afforded to the influences of home—on the motives for self-education which it supplied—on the aid it ministered to the inquirer after truth. He stated, that at present about five millions sterling are forwarded through the Post-office by money-orders, and noticed the advantage of this arrangement to all, but especially the humbler ranks. He asserted that nothing is too valuable or too fragile to be trusted to this cheap conveyance: birds' eggs and diamonds, living insects, and watches, pills, plasters, and bills of exchange, are committed to it with equal confidence. Mr. Bagster sends each sheet of his Polyglott edition of the Holy Scriptures ten times through the Post-office, some of these transmissions being to learned men residing at a distance from London, so that under the old system the postage on each volume of this work would have amounted to £165. Mr. Barlow concluded by a short but expressive quotation from an anonymous writer, declaratory of the manifold benefits of the Penny Post, and of the obligations which the country owes to the originator of the system.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—May 1.—T. Winkworth, Esq., in the chair.—The Secretary read a paper "On his Reformed System of laying out and constructing Railways with a view to extending the benefits of the Railway System." In 1839, Mr. Whishaw laid the plan of working single lines before the Institution of Civil Engineers, and in 1840, after completing a detailed survey, and making practical experiments to the extent of 15,000 miles, as to the working of the trains on all the British railways at that time open, revised and corrected his plan, and then made it public in his work, "Railways of Great Britain and Ireland." Since that period the single way has made considerable progress, and engineers who scouted the idea of carrying on a large amount of traffic by the reciprocating system, are now laying out some of the principal lines on this system in a modified form; and it is understood that the great Holyhead line is to be constructed on this principle. The latter part of the paper was devoted to the consideration of the atmospheric system of railways, giving an account of its progress, from the publication of Mr. Vallance's plan in 1824, to the present period.

The next paper read was by Mr. Galt, who has lately been examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, "On his plan of Railway Reform." The value, says Mr. Galt, of all the railway property in the United Kingdom is estimated at £93,000,000; the price at which it could be purchased would pay £4 7s. per cent.; and as Government could borrow money at little more than £3 per cent., there would be a clear profit of £1,150,000 per annum to be applied by government to meet the loss by the reduction of charges. The following are among the advantages to be derived from Mr. Galt's plan:—1. A reduction of charges on transit by railways of £80 per cent.; 2. A reduction in the prices of the necessities of life; 3. A saving to the public of five millions sterling in direct taxation; 4. That of enabling the government to carry out Mr. Rowland Hill's plan of Post Office reform to its fullest extent; 5. The advantage to the poorest class of people of being enabled to travel by railway—owing to the reduced fares (as in Belgium); 6. The saving to the country in the conveyance of troops, military stores, &c.; and, lastly, the comparatively free intercourse throughout the country.

The last paper read was "On Mr. Robinson's Drying Machine," which was first used in the manufactures of France, for the purpose of drying fabrics of wool, cotton, &c. It has been used with equal success in this country, as, by means of this machine, all kinds of scoured and dyed wool, woollen cloths, flannels, &c., are rendered sufficiently dry in six minutes, to work and finish off, leaving a suppleness of texture and brilliancy of color, unattainable by heat. The machine consists of two boxes, revolving on an axis with great rapidity; the number of revolutions, when at its full velocity, being at the rate of three hundred per minute. The boxes are inclosed in an outer case to prevent the water from flying about, through which case the air enters by means of openings in the sides and ends.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—April 15.—M. Blondau de Carrolles gave an account of an experiment at which he was present, and in which he saw the sugar of the cane transform itself into acetic acid, under the influence of caseum, without change of volume either by loss or absorption. M. Cochaux, civil engineer, presented to the Academy a large and well-executed model of a drag-machine, which, having been long and successfully used in foreign countries, he recommends for adoption in France, for the harbors, rivers, and canals. The machine differs from those in ordinary use by the judicious combination of all its parts and the comparative ease and rapidity with which it acts.—April 22.—A communication was made by M. Daguerre, relative to some

improvements in the Daguerriéotype process, chiefly for the purpose of taking portraits, the ordinary mode of preparing the plates not being found sufficient to enable the operator to obtain good impressions. The improvement made by M. Daguerre requires a rather complicated process, but it is a very regular one, and has one decided advantage, for the artist is now enabled to have a good stock of plates on hand, as the new preparation will remain for a very long time in a perfectly fit state for use. The new substances of which M. Daguerre makes use are an aqueous solution of bi-chlorure of mercury, an aqueous solution of cyanure of mercury, oil of white petroleum, acidulated with nitric acid, and a solution of platina and chlorure of gold. The process is as follows:—the plate is polished with sublimate and tripoli, and then red oxide of iron, until a fine black is obtained; it is now placed in the horizontal plane, and the solution of cyanure, previously made hot by the lamp, is poured over it. The mercury deposits itself, and forms a white coating. The plate is allowed to cool a little, and after having poured off the liquid, it is dried by the usual process of cotton and rouge. The white coating deposited by the mercury is now to be polished. With a ball (*tampon*) of cotton saturated with oil and rouge, this coating is rubbed just sufficiently for the plate to be of a fine black. This being done, the plate is again placed upon the horizontal plane, and the solution of gold and platina is poured over it. The plate is to be heated, and then left to cool, and the liquid having been poured off, the plate is dried by means of cotton and rouge. In doing this, care must be had that the plate be merely dried, not polished. On this metallic varnish, M. Daguerre has succeeded in taking some very fine impressions of the human figure, which were exhibited.—A communication was read from M. Valz, of Marseilles, on the comet of M. Faye.—M. Arago gave an account of some essays made in his presence, at Vincennes, with the carbine invented by M. Delvigne. The target was two mètres in diameter. The firing took place at distances of 500, 700, and 900 mètres. In the first, 14 balls out of 15 struck the target; in the second, viz., at 700 mètres distance, 7 balls out of 9 struck the target; and in the third experiment, 2 balls out of 3 struck the mark.

April 29.—A communication from M. Figuier "On Oxygenated Gold," was followed by some observations upon the substance called *pourpre de cassius*, and on fulminating gold.—A paper was received from M. Lassaigue, "On the composition of the mud of the Nile." From his analysis it appears to be a true silicate of hydrated alumine, of great fertilizing properties.—M. Jobert communicated a paper "On the Electric Powers of the Torpedo." This gentleman, like many other writers on the subject, assigns them to the nervous system.—Some experiments on the action of coloring matter given as food to rabbits were communicated by M. Bouisson. It appears from them, that the coloring matter does not reach the chyle, unless the colored food be given for a long period. In the first instance, it is absorbed by the venous system.

FRENCH ANTIQUARIAN INTELLIGENCE.

THE Comité Historique has decided on publishing the whole or part of the original accounts of expenses incurred by the Cardinal d'Amboise, minister to Louis XII., in building the magnificent Chateau de Gaillon, in Normandy. The most valuable information is contained in these documents concerning the prices of all materials for building, labor, works of arts, &c., at the time to which they relate, and also concerning the names of several French artists and architects.

M. Ardant, of Limoges, has lately published a

small work on the enamellers of Limoges and their works during the middle ages. It contains, among other curious matter, the copy of a manuscript of the sixteenth century upon the making of enamels, with various receipts for the process.

Another curious book has been published, on the pilgrimage of the Flagellants at Strasburg, in 1349; containing extracts from a MS. chronicle of 1362, drawn up by one of the clergy of the cathedral.

The large work of the Rev. MM. Martin and Cahier upon the cathedral of Bourges is going on in excellent style. That part which illustrates the stained glass windows is peculiarly good. The atlas of plates is on what the French publishers call "Atlantic folio." It is illustrated by examples from Salisbury and Cologne.

In order to stop the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of country places in France from selling objects of mediæval art contained in churches, to dealers in curiosities, many bishops have now insisted on each benefited clergyman making out an exact inventory of all objects whatsoever in his church, and returning it to the central diocesan archives. He is thus held responsible for the articles in the inventory, and no sale can take place without the bishop's permission.

The French Chambers now vote 600,000 francs (£24,000) per annum for the preservation of national historical monuments, and the departments give 900,000 francs (£36,000) per annum more for the same purpose. The minister of public worship has 1,600,000 francs (£64,000) per annum for the repairs of cathedrals alone, and the towns in which they are situated give 1,000,000 francs (£40,000) per annum more.

In the middle of an extensive forest near St. Sanlge, about five leagues from Nevers, have been found the ruins of an entire Gallo-Roman town, a temple, and other buildings, squares, and many streets. Every day, vases of different materials, statues, and other relics of value, are being turned up.

OBITUARY.

W. BECKFORD, Esq. The old notabilities of literature are departing from us with that kind of regularity which marks the closing of an era. We have now to record the death of the once famous author of "Vathek," and former proprietor of Fonthill Abbey, William Beckford, Esq., son of the celebrated Alderman Beckford, a remarkable man, whose taste was cultivated to the highest possible point of refinement to which it could be carried by the assistance of great wealth, which he seems to have sacrificed willingly for the most exquisite sensations that could be attained from the elegant enjoyment of letters and *virtù*. His mind delighted to revel in visions of oriental luxuriance, which at first he registered in the splendid romance of "Vathek," originally (about 1786) published in French and English. The English version was republished in 1815. Mr. Beckford was desirous of realizing in life what he had only imagined in literature; and it was at Fonthill Abbey that he accumulated all those treasures which are such objects of interest to the virtuoso and the tourist, but which Mr. Beckford, with luxurious selfishness, exclusively consecrated to his own private benefit. The Abbey itself was a costly specimen of the modern Gothic, in which the proprietor lived in a sort of Eastern state, secluded with his rich collection of paintings and curiosities from public inspection. When the expenditure which this mode of life occasioned had reduced his pecuniary resources, and the sale of the building with its unique contents was consequently projected, all the world rushed to visit an edifice which had been so carefully guarded from intrusion, and so frequently described as a "palace of enchantment." The country of Wilts was filled with pleasure hunters from all quarters—"He is fortunate," says the *Times* of 1822,

"who finds a vacant chair within twenty miles of Fonthill; the solitude of a private apartment is a luxury which few can hope for." * * * "Falstaff himself could not *take his ease* at this moment within a dozen leagues of Fonthill." * * * "The beds through the county are (literally) doing double duty—people who come in from a distance during the night must wait to go to bed until others get up in the morning." * * * "Not a farmhouse, however humble,—not a cottage near Fonthill, but gives shelter to fashion, to beauty, and rank; ostrich plumes, which, by their very waving, we can trace back to Piccadilly, are seen nodding at a casement window over a depopulated poultry yard." But we must forbear quoting further from this amusing *jeu d'esprit*. The estate of Fonthill was purchased by Alderman Beckford. Soon after it came into his possession the fine old house was destroyed by fire: when the mischief done was communicated to him, the imperturbable merchant, conscious of immense wealth, said coolly—"Well; let it be rebuilt;" and it was so, in a style of extraordinary splendor. The situation, however, was bad; and the author of "Vathek," when it became his, had it demolished, and erected, with the aid of Mr. Wyatt, the architect, the Fonthill Abbey known to the public, on a better site, at an outlay of more than £400,000. Mr. Beckford could also, like his father, endure great disaster and loss, equally unmoved. The Abbey tower, which stood on the highest point of ground, and was itself 276 feet high, caught fire at the top, while in the course of erection, and a great part was destroyed. The owner, however, so far from suffering annoyance at the accident, enjoyed the burning crest as a sublime spectacle, regardless of the fact that what the flames were devouring would cost a fortune to repair. The erection, nevertheless, was not delayed—all the means of the county were called into requisition to complete it. Even the royal works of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 460 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men relieved each other by regular watches, and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and the torch being associated in the work, and presenting an exhibition which Mr. Beckford delighted to contemplate. But pleasure is in the pursuit—not the attainment of an object, and the proprietor ultimately parted with this gorgeous creation of his own taste, with the same *sans froid* with which he witnessed the conflagration of the lofty tower.

It was nearly fifty years after the publication of "Vathek," that, in 1835, Mr. Beckford published his "Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha," which he had taken in 1795, and which were republished in 1840, together with an epistolary record of his observations, in Italy, Spain and Portugal, between the years 1780 and 1794. These are marked, as he himself intimates, "with the bloom and heyday of youthful spirits and youthful confidence, at a period when the older order of things existed, with all its picturesque pomps and absurdities; when Venice enjoyed her Piombi and submarine dungeons; France her Bastille; the Peninsula her Holy Inquisition." With none of those subjects, however, are the letters occupied—but with delineations of landscape, and the effects of natural phenomena. These literary efforts appear to have exhausted their author's productive powers. In a word, he seems soon to have been "used-up"—and then to have discontinued the search after new sensations, or to have been content to live without them. Mr. Beckford latterly resided at Bath, where on Thursday week last he died, at the advanced age of 84.

Such are the results of a combination of extraordinary wealth with extraordinary taste and long life. It may be doubted, if either conducted to happiness in any proportionate degree. A sensitiveness so

extremely delicate as was thereby induced, must have been too frequently shocked and offended with what was good enough to afford less cultivated natures the highest gratification. Such are the compensations appointed by Providence for the equalizing of all conditions. Greater works than either "Vathek," or the "Letters from Italy," notwithstanding their manifold and indisputable merits, have been produced with an infinitely less lavish expenditure of means.

Having perceived that, in the *Athenaeum* of last week, you gave a notice of the death, and a short sketch of the general characteristics of the life of this eccentric man of letters and munificent patron of the arts; and as any information, however scanty, which can add to the amount of knowledge already possessed respecting his character, or property, must be acceptable; I trust that the subjoined memoranda of a favored depository in which he piled his treasures, a visit to which was highly coveted, and difficult to secure, will perhaps prove interesting.

It is not generally known, except by persons living in the neighborhood of Bath, that upon the hill of Lansdown, near that city, the late Mr. Beckford, at an early period of his residence there, erected a lofty tower, in the apartments of which were placed many of his choicest paintings and articles of virtu. Asiatic in its style, with gilded lattices and blinds or curtains of crimson cloth, its striped ceilings, its minaret, and other accessories, conveyed the idea that the being who designed the place and endeavored to carry out the plan, was deeply imbued with the spirit of that lonely grandeur and strict solitariness which obtains through all countries and among all the people of the East. The building was surrounded by a high wall, and entrance afforded to the garden in which the tower stood, by a door of small dimensions. The garden itself was Eastern in its character. Though comparatively circumscribed in its size, nevertheless were to be found within it, solitary walks and deep retiring shades, such as could be supposed Vathek, the mournful and the magnificent, loved, and from the bowers of which might be expected would suddenly fall upon the ear, sounds of the cymbal and the dulcimer. The building contained several apartments crowded with the finest paintings. At the time I made my inspection the walls were crowded with the choicest productions of the easel. The memory falls back upon ineffaceable impressions of old Francks, Breughel, Cuyp, Titian, (a Holy Family,) Hondelkooter, Poleyberg, and a host of other painters whose works have immortalized Art. Ornaments of the most exquisite gold filagree, carvings in ivory and wood, Raphaelesque china, goblets formed of gems, others fashioned by the miraculous hands of Benvenuto Cellini, filled the many cabinets and *recherché* receptacles created for such things. The doors of the rooms were of finely polished wood—the windows of single sweeps of plate glass—the cornices of gilded silver; every part, both within and without, bespeaking the wealth, the magnificence, and the taste of him who had built this temple in dedication to grandeur, solitariness, and the arts.

The residence of Mr. Beckford was on the western wing of Lansdown Crescent, an imposing collection of houses, lying considerably below the spot on which the tower was built, though on the same hill; and from his house,—indeed a palace!—he could soon reach the tower. Here he often came without attendant, entered the gloomy pillar, and became wrapped in his own meditations—thoughts whether like those that engaged the minds of the beings with which he peopled the Hall of Eblis in his marvellous Vathek, when gazing upon the Pre-Adamite Sultans, and the gathered riches of a world gone by, or more akin with modern and less magnificent times, is now, with his frail body, alike hidden from us.

While penning these feeble recollections of this singular place and its strange owner, the interior and

exterior of the Tower more vividly present themselves to my imagination. An apartment stood within the walls called the Chapel. It was a narrow place, the sides hung with pictures entirely of devotional subjects. These were all impressive; but the object which struck most strongly on the senses, was a statue of a monk holding the infant Jesus in his arms. The rapt, soul-satisfied smile with which the countenance of the figure regarded the heavenly child was really subduing. The name of the sculptor was unknown to us, but his work was a miracle. On the pedestal stood the inscription, "*Dominus Illuminatio Mea.*" From this chapel the visitor passed into a narrow room, which might be termed the Library, for it was filled with books. This was a place where a man might have entered, built up the doorway by which he gained his admission, and died in study. The light subdued, the air softly blowing through the chamber, the deep silence, induced profound attention. And then arose the *smell* of books—the fine *perfume* exuding from vellum, russia, and even from the insides of choice tomes, furthered the invitation to self-sacrifice. Not all the odorous gums and spices heaped by Sardanapalus on his funeral pyre, could have equalled this.

I recollected these very feelings coming potently upon me when I stood within this apartment. It was with regret I left it and mounted to the summit of the Tower. Here what an almost boundless prospect awaited me: the lonely arid down spreading immediately beneath—far on the right, the stone pillar erected to mark the spot where Fulke Greville fell and died—beyond, the fruitful valleys of Weston, Twerton, Keynsham, onwards to Bristol;—and far—far off, beyond hill and vale, and wide-spreading down, and multitudinous acres of arable and wood, fading in dim distance rose the tower of Fonthill!—fit termination to the view.

It has been said, that Beckford's Tower had been erected by its owner, for the purpose of occasionally resting his eyes upon the summit of the magnificent palace on which he had poured his wealth and all the resources of his mind—that he never ceased to regret its departure from his hands, that this sorrow amounted sometimes to despondency—and that to this tower he came to feed his melancholy mind, and gaze upon that which had gone into the possession of strangers, and from him forever.

The truth of this is not ascertained—but the tale is not improbable, and the sentiment is fit, with such a man.

J. H. MERIVALE.—We little thought, when we were reviewing Mr. J. H. Merivale's translation of Schiller's lyric poems, in conjunction with that of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, that we should have so soon to record his death, which happened suddenly on Thursday evening, the 25th of April, in the 65th year of his age. Mr. Merivale was remarkable for amenity of manners, and kindness of disposition. His devotion to the legal profession was never able to subdue his ardent love of literature. He generally devoted his evenings, and especially the leisure of long vacations, to the writing of original poetry, or translations from ancient and modern writers. He is most known to the literary world by his translations from the Greek Anthology. More than sixty years of age when he began the study of German, he applied to it with such youthful vigor, that after a few months, he gave in the *New Monthly Magazine*, a series of translations of some of the most difficult of Schiller's poems. Latterly (as we have already noted) he published nearly the entire of this author's miscellaneous poems, translated with an elegance and fidelity rarely combined, accompanied with notes which required extensive and varied reading. This publication led him into an extensive correspondence with literary friends, from whom, with the humility of true talent, he gladly received every suggestion for the future improvement. In the midst of this, to him so pleasing

occupation, death overtook him. Mr. Merivale was descended, on his father's side, from an old and highly respected Unitarian family; but was himself a member of the Church of England. His mother's father was a native of Lubec, a fellow-townsmen and friend of the founder of the house of Baring, who had preceded him to England, and on whose invitation he also came to this country. Of his sons, one is known as a barrister and a distinguished writer on political economy, and another is a fellow and tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge.

THE EARL OF LONSDALE.—*March 19.*—At his residence, York House, Twickenham, aged 86, the Right Hon. William Lowther, Earl of Lonsdale, county of Westmoreland, Viscount and Baron Lowther of Whitehaven, county Cumberland, a Baronet of Nova Scotia, (1640,) and of England, (1764,) K. G., a Privy Councillor, Lord Lieutenant and Vice Admiral of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, and F. S. A.

Lord Lonsdale was the earliest friend of Mr. Pitt, and his long public life has been not less marked by unimpeachable integrity, than by the most unswerving and consistent devotion to the principles of that eminent man. He nevertheless numbered among his friends, and most affectionate admirers, many men of opposite politics to his own. His manners were of the gentlest kind, and fascinating to a degree that can only be understood by those who had the happiness of his acquaintance. His highest pleasure and ambition centred in conscientiously discharging the duties of a kind and affectionate parent, a munificent landlord, and a zealous advocate for the best interests of his country. His princely fortune enabled him to indulge the most noble trait which can adorn the human character—an unostentatious benevolence—his generous heart and hand being ever open to the appeals of distress, or to assist and encourage rising talent; and many now living have cause to bless the day when Providence kindly brought them under the notice and patronage of the good old Earl of Lonsdale. His lordship was a munificent patron of literature and art, and his high attainments as a classical scholar threw a tone over the society assembled round his hospitable board, and frequently amongst the nobles by whom he was surrounded might be found a Wordsworth, a Rogers, a Davy, a Southey, and other eminent literary characters. A friendship subsisted between his Lordship and Mr. Wordsworth, which is alike honorable to the peer and poet. The "Excursion" is dedicated to the Earl in one of Wordsworth's best sonnets.

DON AUGUSTIN ARGUELLES.—*March 23.*—Aged 68, Don Augustin Arguelles.

This most eminent personage of the Spanish revolution was born in the Asturias, in 1775, the younger son of a noble family. He was educated in the university of Oviedo, and proceeded to practise in the provincial court; but, finding this sphere too narrow, he betook himself to Madrid. Too young for legal functions, he became employed in the secretary's office for the interpretation of foreign languages, from which post he was taken and sent on a mission to Lisbon. He afterwards went to London on a diplomatic mission of a similar nature.

He was at Cadiz on the French invasion in 1808, and was appointed member of the first Cortes; and he was unanimously selected as the person to draw up the Constitution. This document, with his report preceding it, are both too famous to need being characterized. He was rewarded, like other patriots in 1814, by a condemnation to the galleys at Ceuta. The tribunal indeed refused to sentence him, but Ferdinand VII. volunteered to inscribe the sentence with his own hand. During six years the illustrious Arguelles partook of the labor of the galley-slave. When a statue is erected by his countrymen to their greatest name, the fetters of Arguelles will prove the fittest decoration.

The revolution of 1820 liberated Arguelles, and opened a scene for his eloquence. He became Home Minister, and, as such, took that position which he ever since maintained, of a moderate and practical statesman of the thoroughly liberal or *Exaltado* party. But the French Bourbons stepped in to crush those liberties which the Spanish Bourbons were not alone able to stifle; and Arguelles became an exile in England. The death of Ferdinand again opened to him a return to his country, and the voice of Arguelles was once more heard in his native Cortes. Age and events had now still more tempered his youthful ardor; and though a stern opponent of Zea's *despotismo ilustrado*, as well as of Toreno's aping of and leaning upon France, the views of Arguelles were as far removed from wild republicanism as from the servile and impracticable aim of setting up a constitution in the likeness of absolutism.

His principles and party prevailed, attained power, enforced its views of internal government in the constitution of 1837, and persevered in those efforts which finally expelled Don Carlos and his party from Spain. But it is seldom that the party which conquers and establishes freedom is allowed to profit by it. The minority of the queen gave insecurity to the head of the government, and the queen-mother, who had adopted a line of government not liberal enough to please the citizen class, though too liberal to suit the Legitimists, fell from want of any support in any class or party. The Liberals triumphed, and, in want of better, chose Espartero to be Regent.

His elevation displeased the more ambitious and younger men of the Liberal party, who were anxious for a regency of three, and for thereby leaving open many avenues to ambition. Arguelles was one of those who opposed this repetition of the French triple Consulate. When the Duke of Victory became Regent, the care of the young queen's person and education was intrusted to Arguelles, who dismissed the mere courtier tribe, and endeavored to accustom the infant ear of royalty to some other language than the whispers of flattery and intrigue. These arrangements, more than all else, offended the court of the Tuileries, and the overthrow of Arguelles and Espartero became the great aim and effort of that court and its agents. Nearly three years were taken to effect it. An attempt to carry the palace by a *coup de main*, under the patronage of the French Chargé d'Affaires, Pageot, failed. Slower modes of operation were adopted. More than a score of journals were founded by the French in Madrid and in the provinces, all uttering the most nefarious calumnies against England and the Regent. French emissaries circulated them in every garrison town, and insinuated themselves into every officer's mess. The republican party at Barcelona and elsewhere were taken into pay; the political rivals of the Regent were cajoled, and won over in Paris and in Madrid; and, when all was ripe for execution, the batteries were unmasked. Barcelona again rose in insurrection. Committees were formed at Perpignan and Bayonne. Money in great abundance was forwarded from Paris, whilst the funds which the Regent expected from bankers there were cut off. In short, the conspiracy succeeded. The Duke of Victory was driven from the kingdom, and Arguelles, appointed tutor by a decree of the Cortes, was deprived of his office by the simple order of General Narvaez. In the few months which have since elapsed, Arguelles lived retired; he saw the interment of the constitution by Narvaez; and might say, with Grattan, he had watched over the cradle of his country's liberties, and had followed them to the grave.—*Morning Chronicle.*

The funeral of Arguelles took place at Madrid on the 25th of March. The multitudes that assembled and accompanied his remains in solemn procession to the tomb, have no parallel in the annals of that capital. It was an almost universal tribute to the memory of a man whose name had never been sullied

with intrigues for place, power, or wealth. As guardian to the royal children, during the regency of Espartero, he was entitled to above 14,000*l.* a year. Of this he would only accept the tenth part, and at his death just 22 dollars were found in his house, and old claims on the government for 7,000 dollars. All that the *Heraldo* could find as a matter of reproach against Arguelles was, that being a bachelor, he was unfit to exercise a fatherly care over the royal orphans; and, further, that he had no merit in refusing nine-tenths of his salary, "for he cleaned his own boots, and had no wants." Would that Spain had left a few more honest shoe-blacks, to put to the blush the hordes of adventurers, political and military, who degrade her in the eyes of Europe! As the queen-mother was making her triumphal entry into the capital, a partisan rode up to her carriage with the "joyful news—the happy coincidence—the hand of Providence displayed in the death of her enemy, Arguelles." "Hush!" said Maria Christina, "do not let the children hear it, for they loved him!"

SIR HENRY HALFORD, BART.—*March 9.*—In Cruzon street, in his 78th year, Sir Henry Halford, Bart., G. C. H., M. D., Physician in Ordinary to her Majesty, and Physician to their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Sophia, President of the College of Physicians, F. R. S., and F. S. A., a Trustee of Rugby School, &c. &c.

He was born Oct. 2, 1766, the second son of John Vaughan, M. D., of Leicester, by Hester, second daughter of Mr. John Smalley, alderman of that town, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Halford, of Wistow, co. of Leicester, Bart. His father was Physician to the Leicester Infirmary, and the author of some "Observations on Hydrophobia," on the "Cæsarean Section," and on the "Effects of Cantharides in Paralytic Affections." He was the son of an auctioneer, and had acquired a moderate fortune in his profession, which might possibly have enabled him to have left at his death 10,000*l.* among his children. But he preferred to expend his own fortune in procuring the best education for his sons, trusting that they would reap the harvest by their future success in their respective professions. This plan was fully successful, and Sir Henry was enabled to assist his worthy parent with an annuity of 300*l.* during the latter years of his life.

The sons were educated at Rugby. Sir Henry and his three next brothers were all at Oxford at the same time; the youngest went to Cambridge.

Sir Henry's next brother, the late Sir John Vaughan, rose to be a Baron of the Exchequer, and afterwards a Justice of the Common Pleas; and died a Privy Councillor in 1839. A memoir of him, communicated by Sir Henry Halford, will be found in our vol. XII., p. 648.

The next brother, the Very Rev. Peter Vaughan, D. D., was Dean of Chester, and Warden of Merton College, Oxford. He died in 1826.

The Right Hon. Sir Charles Richard Vaughan, G. C. H., late Envoy Extraordinary to the United States of America, still survives.

The youngest son, the Rev. Edward Vaughan, was the meritorious and very popular Vicar of St. Martin's, Leicester. He left a family, some of whom have distinguished themselves.

Sir Henry Vaughan was entered at Rugby School with his elder brother James (who died young) on the 25th July, 1774. He proceeded from Rugby to Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated M. A. June 17, 1778, M. B. Jan. 14, 1790, and M. D. Oct. 27, 1791. He subsequently studied for some time at Edinburgh.

In 1794, at the age of 28, being elected a Fellow of the College of Physicians, he settled in London. By the recommendation of Dr. Hall, of Oxford, he consulted Sir George Baker on his future prospects, and was told that he stood little chance in the metropolis for five years, during which time he must continue

to support himself from other sources, at the rate of about 500*l.* a year. With this intention (and the alternative, in case of failure, of returning to Leicester, to take his father's position,) he borrowed 1,000*l.* (for which he paid 2,000*l.* in principal and interest in the course of a few years,) and on that capital tried his fortune. Sir Henry was much gratified, in after life, by being informed by the Rev. Dr. Valpy, of Reading, that the celebrated Dr. Warren had predicted on Dr. Vaughan's coming to town, that he would rise to the head of his profession. The first year his receipts were 200*l.*, the second year the same sum, the third year 350*l.*, the next 500*l.*, the next 750*l.*, the next 1,000*l.*, and then progressively more and more, until his appointment, about 18—, to be Physician to King George the Third, when insane, in conjunction with Dr. Baillie. The two doctors travelled to Windsor together; and in the chaise compared notes as to their relative success, when Dr. Baillie's last annual receipts were 9,600*l.*, and Sir Henry Halford's 9,500*l.*

When the king's first insanity occurred, the queen's councillors had, by virtue of their office, the nomination of the person to whose care the sovereign, under such unhappy circumstances, should be committed; and the Rev. Dr. Willis, whose experience in insanity had been great, was selected. It is said that Dr. Willis's treatment in the first two illnesses had made a lasting impression on the monarch's mind, and that he could never, after his restoration to health, hear the name of Dr. Willis mentioned without experiencing a shudder, and suffering an agony which was visible to all around. During Sir Henry's attendance, therefore, on the Princess Amelia, his Majesty desired him, in case of his Majesty experiencing a relapse of his malady, to take care of him, adding that Sir Henry must promise never to leave him, and that, if he wanted further help, he should call Dr. Heberden, and, in case of further need, which would necessarily occur if Parliament took up the matter, Dr. Baillie. The introduction of these physicians when his Majesty became ill again, which he did very soon after, conciliated the confidence of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, who added the name of Sir Henry to the list of his physicians in Ordinary. This confidence was continued when the Prince became George the Fourth, and thence descended to William the Fourth, and to Queen Victoria. Thus Sir Henry Halford was physician to four successive sovereigns, an honor never conferred on any previous physician. Three of them he attended in their last illness.

Almost every member of the Royal Family, from the time of George III., has been under the care of Sir Henry. His attentions to the Duke of York during his last illness were so remarkably unremitting, that, to manifest the sense entertained of them, he received by royal warrant a grant of armorial augmentations and supporters. His arms were previously, Argent, a greyhound passant sable, on a chief azure three fleurs de lis or. For the centre fleur de lis was substituted a rose argent, and in further augmentation was added, on a canton ermine a staff entwined with a serpent proper, and ensigned with a coronet composed of crosses patée and fleurs de lis (being that of a Prince of the Blood Royal.) As a crest of augmentation, a staff entwined with a serpent or, as on the canton. As supporters, two emews proper, each gorged with a coronet composed of crosses patée and fleurs de lis.

Dr. Vaughan was created a Baronet by patent dated 27th Sept., 1809. In 1815, after the death of Sarah, Countess of Denbigh, the widow of Sir Charles Halford, Bart., of Wistow, (the last male heir of that family, and who died in 1780,) he took the name and arms of Halford by Act of Parliament. Being in the receipt of so large a professional income, he expended for many years the whole produce of his estates upon

their improvement, and afterwards settled his son and heir upon them.

He was first elected President of the College of Physicians in 1820, and had been re-elected in every subsequent year. By virtue of that office he was a trustee of the British Museum. On the 25th June, 1825, the new College of Physicians in Pall Mall East was opened, and Sir Henry delivered an oration on the occasion in the presence of the Dukes of York and Sussex, and many persons of the highest distinction. This was the most splendid meeting ever held by the College, and an elegant collation was provided for the numerous assemblage at Sir Henry's expense. The oration which, like the Harveian, was composed in Latin, is distinguished by the purity of its style, and is particularly valuable as affording the testimony of the President, and of Dr. Baillie, to the religious character and opinions of the medical profession.

On that day Sir Henry Halford received from King George the Fourth the star of a Knight Commander of the Guelphic Order; and William the Fourth subsequently promoted him to be a Grand Cross.

Upon the decease of George the Fourth, a very splendid clock, surmounted by a bust of his Majesty, was presented to him by the Royal Family, in proof, as the inscription states, "of their esteem and regard, and in testimony of the high sense they entertain of his professional abilities, and unwearied attention to their late beloved sister the Princess Amelia, Her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, His late Majesty King George the Third, His late Royal Highness the Duke of York, and lastly of his Majesty King George IV."

As a physician, Sir Henry Halford was a favorite with all classes, and enjoyed, in a remarkable degree, the confidence of his patients. In consultation he was much regarded by his professional brethren on account of the quickness of his perception, the soundness of his judgment, and the readiness and abundance of his resources. In society he was prized; for to strong natural sagacity and good sense, he added the charm of a highly classical taste, and considerable literary attainments. In temper and disposition he was remarkably sociable and kind-hearted; and, though irritable, was placable and forgiving.

He was proud of his literary productions, which he reprinted more than once. They were as follows: "Oratio Harveiana, habita 18 Oct. 1800," 4to. "An account of what appeared on opening the coffin of King Charles the First, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in the presence of the Prince Regent, 1813," 4to. The original manuscript of this is deposited in the British Museum, authenticated by the signature of the Prince Regent. It is reprinted in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1813.

In 1831 Sir Henry published his Essays and Orations in a small volume. The essays are on the following subjects: 1. The Climacteric Disease. 2. The necessity of caution in the estimation of systems in the last steps of some diseases. 3. The Tic Dououreux. 4. Shakspeare's Test of Insanity (in Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 4.) 5. The influence of some of the Diseases of the Body on the Mind. 6. The *Kavos* of Aretæus, now called the Brain Fever. And he afterwards published four other papers read at the College, On the Treatment of the Gout; On Phlegmasia Dolens; On the Treatment of Insanity, particularly the Moral Treatment; and, On the Deaths of some illustrious Persons of Antiquity. In 1834 he published a paper, On the Education and Conduct of a Physician; and in 1835, another, On the Deaths of some Eminent Persons of Modern Times. Abstracts of all these essays will be found in Pettigrew's Portrait Gallery, to which we are indebted for valuable aid in the present memoir.

In 1835 he again delivered the Harveian Oration, in consequence of the death of Sir George Tuthill, who had been appointed to that honorable function. This oration contains merited tributes to the memoirs of Dr. Maton, Dr. Ainslie, and Dr. Powell.

Sir Henry was attached to the composition of Latin poetry, some specimens of which have appeared in our pages. His evidence on various subjects given before Committees of the Houses of Parliament will be found in the printed reports.

The best portrait of Sir Henry Halford is by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Another by H. Room is engraved by J. Cochran, 1838, in Pettigrew's Medical Portrait Gallery.

GEORGE LACKINGTON, Esq.—March 31.—At his cottage in the Circus Road, St. John's Wood, aged 76, George Lackington, Esq., the once eminent bookseller and publisher of the Temple of the Muses at Finsbury Square.

He was nephew to that singular and well-known character, the elder Lackington, who, when he had realized a handsome fortune, resolved to retire from business, and close his life in the country. At that time the father of Mr. George Lackington, a thriving coal merchant, of the same name, but a very distant if any relation to the bookseller, thought it would be a judicious establishment for his son to purchase into a concern where that name was so extensively and profitably known. George thus became a publisher, and for many years carried on the trade in conjunction with Mr. Allen, (an excellent judge of old books,) and Mr. Hughes, the lessee also of Sadler's Wells. When the splendid Temple of the Muses was erected, the contractor for mail coaches (we believe another sleeping partner) drove a coach and four horses round the interior of the dome, as a proof of its capaciousness. When surrounded with thousands of volumes, it was indeed the most extraordinary library in the world; and their publications, almost the first of cheap literature, were wonderfully extensive and profitable. Mr. A. Kirkman, Mr. Mavor, (son of Dr. Mavor of Woodstock,) and the late Mr. Joseph Harding, (of whom we gave a biographical notice in our number for January last,) were also afterwards partners, but the parties separated in consequence of various deaths and casualties, and the firm was continued in Pall Mall East under the name of Harding and Lepard. The Temple itself was destroyed by fire, and is now little more than a shell.

During his later years, Mr. Lackington was one of the official assignees of bankrupts in London, and in the discharge of his official duties he was singularly able, from his talents for figures, his punctuality, his address, and his experience.

Mr. George Lackington married a daughter of Captain Bullock, R. N., and has left two daughters, both, we are informed, eligibly married. He was, in all respects, a worthy member of society; urbane in his manners, well-informed, and universally esteemed.

In 1619, during the trial of the patriotic Barnveldt and the admirable Grotius, at the prosecution of Maurice of Nassau, as Arminians or Remonstrants, (for such, even among Protestants, was the mutual and sanguinary intolerance of the period,) and while these predestined victims were in close confinement, in anticipation of their prepared sentence, their friend Petrus Scriverius, then engaged in a new edition of Secundus, was permitted to consult Grotius on the undertaking. In sending, however, each proof-sheet for correction, he substituted to the author's text verses communicative of the proceedings, as they advanced, against the illustrious prisoners. Barnveldt had thus the melancholy forewarning of his execution, which occurred the 13th of May, 1619, and Grotius, of his adjudged perpetual incarceration, of which Scriverius, in the same way, facilitated the evasion, on the 6th of June, by enabling Grotius to concert with his wife the stratagem which effected his escape to the Austrian Netherlands. The fact is detailed in Gerard Brandt's "Narrative of the Trial," Rotterdam, 1708.

From the Church of England Review.

1. *The New World; or, Mechanical System.*
By J. A. ETZLER.
2. *A Treatise on Moral Freedom, and the Operations of the Intellectual Principles.* By W. CAIRNS, LL.D. London: Longmans. 1844.
3. *The Different Dispensations; or, the Gradual Development, Harmony, and Completion of the Great Work of Human Redemption.* By Rev. W. H. NEALE. London. 1843.

THE position of man in the world reminds one of those ever-increasing circles which are caused by throwing a stone into a calm piece of water; a small centre ring is first seen, another of larger size uprises, a third larger than the former, and another and another, till all is lost to the eye in that largest which seems either bounded by the banks of the water, or to become part and parcel of it. Even so each of us is placed in a circle most narrow and circumscribed—that of our individual wants, wishes, and duties; but if we look further, we shall see another connected with that, which tells us that man is related by the ties of kindred and friendship to others. Then again we see him encircled still more widely by his relationship to society; and further still, by connection with the nation; and further still, by the bonds of a common and universal humanity, by which all men become his brethren; and furthest of all, by that spiritual nature and those immortal powers and privileges which connect him with the inhabitants of the heavenlies and with God himself.

Christianity teaches us this, but men have not heeded its voice; and it would seem as if these links of brotherhood and universal fellowship were as unlikely to become firm and fixed as ever, as if the circles of union which God has given us were in reality as frail, fleeting, and evanescent, as their symbol in the stone-disturbed waters. But this cannot be; nor will a believer in the providence of God ever admit the thought into his heart. Still the question, How will good come out of evil?—how will brotherhood exhibit itself as a fruit of confusion?—is urgent, and it is not unimportant; to attempt to give it some sufficient answer, and to show that the world is in a transition state from darkness and death to light and life, is the object of this paper.

Let us take a glance at the present state of things in the nations. All that *is* is linked to what has gone by, in some way or other; but there are seemingly peculiar eras in which the history of man takes a new turn, and the life of nations receives a fresh impetus. The conquest of Carthage by the Romans, the invasion by the Barbarians of the Roman empire, the spread of Mahometanism, the Reformation, are all illustrations of what we mean. An era has lately passed, however, equal in importance to any of them; one, the effects of

which are still traceable—we mean that of the French Revolution.

Those who have lived during the great events which distinguished the closing years of the last and the first part of the present century cannot fail to have observed a wonderful difference from all that took place before. Often have revolutions occurred, grievous wars were fought through, arts and sciences spread, but in no case with the same character and force as since 1788. After that, men saw a nation denying the existence of God, and worshipping what they called the “goddess of reason,” in the form of an abandoned woman—a fit type of the debasement to which they had reduced the Godlike within them. Then men saw nation rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, so that since that period every country in Europe—all of importance, either in Asia or America, and a large proportion of the best known parts in Africa—have been engaged in war. Armies, unequalled, either in ancient or modern times, for the union of discipline, power, and numbers, have encountered one another in the shock of battle; one gigantic evil power has been seen to arise, attempting to crush the liberties and national life of all Europe, till the armies of heaven, through Russia and England, interfered to check her course, and the pride and power of France was humbled, was broken, losing in the contest 3,700,000 of her warriors.

It is but a few months since an empire, which had been closed for thousands of years to all other nations, was compelled by our arms, (*exercised as they were unwillingly against her*), to open its harbors to the world, and China is being brought into the circle of the family of nations.

A vast empire has been formed by us in India, almost in spite of ourselves; and the links thus forged between Europe and Asia have been drawn still closer by the shortening, to one month, of the voyage which formerly occupied nearly half a year.

But a few weeks ago, an ukase of the Emperor of Russia was issued, compelling all the Jews resident on the frontiers of his vast empire, to the amount of 500,000 persons, to move some hundreds of miles inland—a movement which we cannot speak of but as a cruel one; yet a movement which probably is connected with other plans and other destinies for the outcast children of Israel, than have entered the thoughts of Nicholas. We know that they are lifting up their heads in expectation of their coming redemption, and it is not presumption to hope that this is one step towards that great end. But a few years back, Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, was urged, we have been told, to purchase Palestine for his countrymen. “The land is ours, (said he in reply,) wherefore should I purchase it?” He knew that the work of the restoration of his countrymen was one which the Lord had reserved for himself to accomplish, and he was content to bide the time.

During this age, above all others, the prophecy.

that "many shall run to and fro, and that knowledge shall be increased," has been fulfilled. It is sufficient, for the present, to observe, that ours is the age of the steam-engine and of the railway, and of those various applications of artistic skill which render imperative a solution of the problem, how *machinery may work for, and not against, the poor man*—a problem which is pressing itself upon the thinking, and the lover of his brethren, with tremendous force, and to which an answer will be found either in letters of blood and fire, (which God avert,) or by a wise and healthy system of associative policy.

This age, too, is remarkable as being that in which our Bible, and most of our Missionary Societies, and the various others which have kindred objects in view, started forward on their well-intended career; all, whether we approve absolutely either of their conduct and principles or not, professedly desirous of Christ and his Gospel, and all certainly remarkable as instruments under God for bringing about that witness of the Gospel to all nations, after which "the end shall come." We will now glance at the *state of the churches*. It may be summed up in the two words "*religious confusion*." There is a movement throughout the world which has to do with religious questions—a spirit of dissatisfaction with what is, and a desire to substitute for it what seems more prize-worthy. That the spirit of change is abroad in the churches we may see in divers ways.

In the *Church of England*, for example, there has arisen, within a few years, an unlooked-for influence of a most powerful and remarkable character, which has wrought in her, and seems not unlikely still to work changes of a kind more important, wide-spreading, and permanent than all the efforts of Wesley and Whitefield during the last century could effect. The spiritual position and representative character of her clergy* are being far more deeply considered than they have been since the days of the Reformation: the spiritual nature and value of her ordinances have since also been far more strongly than formerly pressed upon her children; and men of as much piety as learning, and as much self-denying earnestness as either, are laboring to bring her back to what *they* believe to be her best and brightest days. But to be successful (even if it were desirable) requires retrogression in everything else; and since this cannot be, if the Church of England changes at all, she must *go on*, and if so, who can tell where the movement may stop? Efforts akin to these once ended in her being humbled to the dust for a season—they may now end in her utter destruction; at all events, they may draw her down from her present union of the highest principles of faith in Christ, with the highest principles of church government—an union which forms a perfect whole—

* They are not vicars or substitutes for Christ, but representatives of him, as the ever-present Invisible Head of his church.

into that denial of faith, and that over-exaltation of the power of the ministry and of the means of grace, which must terminate in Popery.

There is the *Church of Scotland*—rent already, alas! by a very sad and lamentable schism—with this remarkable peculiarity in it, that the seceding and protesting party, though in other respects an absolute antithesis to the Ultra-High-Churchmen in England, are quite as decided in their claim to divine power, as ministers of Christ. Ultra-Catholicism in England and Ultra-Protestantism in Scotland are thus shaking hands across the border. Providence is here reading us a page in the history of the destinies of nations.

There is *Dissent*, again, and *Individualism* in religion, mistaking the *duty* and sacred *privilege* of private judgment for a right, and carrying that supposed right so far as to make *all* judgment private, and each individual, if it were possible, the interpreter of Scripture for himself: thus attempting to constitute the Universal Church of Christ on the basis of infinite division, instead of universal unity.

There is the *Church of Rome*, apparently advancing with rapid strides to supreme power in Ireland, and by no means waning in this land; and yet, at the same time, the authority of the Pope is flouted and scorned in France; while Spain, the country which, at the cost of all which is most valuable to a nation, maintained and asserted it, is casting off his chains and trampling them under foot; the worm is thus at the root of Popery, even while there is a show of greenness and budding amongst some of the branches.

Thus, too, singular illustration of the restlessness and agitation of the age, (as if still more to mark the times we live in as the period when the signs in the sun, and the moon, and the stars are to thicken around us,) amongst the innumerable sects which the rashness of unhumbled self-will, when exercised on religious questions, gives rise to, we see uprising in America the almost incredible delusion of *Mormonism*, and a new Simon Magus preferring his claim to be some great one, and with such success, that this false prophet has deluded some thousands of men by his pretended discovery of a new Bible, which is to do away with our Scriptures, through certain mystic plates, and his own endowment with the gift of prophecy. To such an extent has this delusion spread, that he has already built a large town, by the help of his followers, and bids fair to succeed still further in the attempts even now making in England and elsewhere to deceive many more.

Nor must we forget to notice those, who, avowedly throwing off all that, in the opinion of their fellows, gives man his real superiority to the mere animal, have substituted dead abstractions of the understanding for living truths of faith and the reason, and have fancied they could prove there was no God!—a number fearfully increased, even in religious England, of late years. It cannot be that this blaspheming and Atheistic spirit should

have risen up for nothing! But to what end, whither does this sad spirit of confusion in the churches and the nations tend? There would seem to be but one answer—to desolation, and mourning, and woe—to evil, pure, unmixed evil.

He, however, who believes in a redeeming God, will not, cannot admit this. Amid the howling of the storm, he hears the voice of Him who of old said, "Peace; be still." In the mist and darkness of these warring elements, he beholds the form of Him who walked on the sea. A fierce conflict is commencing, it is true, between light and darkness—between truth and that falsehood which would impose its counterfeit self on man for the truth which, in all, he is seeking for—and we know that truth is great, and will prevail. We may be calm in the assurance, that good will triumph over evil—that light will shine through, and eventually overwhelm, the darkness. If it were not so, how sad and gloomy would be the aspect of the times—how painfully hopeless would these strugglings of great principles appear! Yes, there is a Providence which overrules all things for good—the same which, in the beginning of time, brought order out of chaos; and which, out of the moral confusion and perplexities which, to our short-sighted scan, seem so inextricable, will cause mercy and truth, righteousness and peace, and happiness to arise. All things seem flying off from the centre of truth, and to be looking for it in their own small systems; but there is a harmony in all this discord to those who look higher and further; for as it is out of the due application and arrangement of discords that the harmonies of music spring, so from these elements and portions of truth will be wrought an outline and shadow of Him who is the truth itself, and who will come to make all things new. These sounds are but tunings of the instruments prior to that universal crash which will introduce in the moral world that music which it is no foolish imagination to believe to have its type in that of the spheres; for if there be, as some of the wisest and best have thought, a music in the material system of the universe, how much more may we believe that its kindred moral harmony will be restored to the spiritual on earth, which we know to have existence amongst the spirits of heaven!

Thus, though the aspect of the world around is gloomy and threatening, it yet presents cause for hope: the rays of the sun may be seen by the earnest observer to interpenetrate "the clouds of heaven;" and thus, therefore, we would say, with full confidence, the tendencies which events are taking are for good, and not for evil.

But we should very imperfectly fulfil our intention, when commencing this paper, if we did not attempt to point out in what manner these tendencies are working for good—how we may trace the types, and forecastings by shadow, of the times of "the restitution of all things," even in the confusion which at present is so appalling and awful.

Nor will this be without its value; for far higher causes for hope would arise in the breasts of thinking men, if they would learn to regard the confused aims of the various philanthropists of the day to bring about a better order of things in the light to which we have alluded, namely, as types, by which we may read of those future days in which the great drama of redemption will unfold its final scenes.

Thus the French Revolution was a truth, though, as Carlyle truly said, it was a truth clad in hell-fire. Selfishness and devilism were at work there, and met their fitting reward; but there can be no doubt that the aim of the earnest and unselfish amongst the actors of that dreadful time, and unhappy country, was the introduction of a new order of things, in which all should be happy and all contented—all good and all free. Vain and foolish thought! As if the mere workings of outward political change could bring about a state of things so deeply connected with the inward spirit and moral nature of man! But in these efforts and aims, dimly traceable as they are in those characters of blood and fire which give such dreadful meaning to the events of that day, we may find the beginning of a new order of things. From that time the relation of man to man was altered in the aspect which it bore; that relation is unalterable—it is the bond of a common humanity and a universal brotherhood, the foundation of which is to be found in Christianity, but the application of which to the outward state of society and the political framework of what is well called the commonwealth, because it is the common weal, was seldom or never so pressed home and acted on as it has been since the commencement of that remarkable era. To this it is true there have ever stood hostile counter agencies in that selfishness which would make man "a sordid solitary thing, midst countless brethren, with a lonely heart," encouraged as it is by a commercial system, the tendency of which is to divide man more than ever from man, by doing away with the class intermediate to the enormously rich and the miserably poor: and schooled as it is in the small death-in-life founded maxims and speculations of that political economy which cannot regard *men* otherwise than as *things*.

But may not these counter agencies be in themselves the necessary consequences of that state of transition from one form of social polity to another!—and therefore, if we look at them narrowly, may they not suggest the hope that a day is not far off when men will, in very deed, socially, politically, religiously, regard one another as members of one family! The two classes, fostered by the commercial system which is so largely extending itself both in agriculture and manufactures, by land and by sea, may come into collision; it is more than likely labor may be absolutely struck out of the market by machinery, and the consequence of such an event who can tell? But mankind will not, cannot, be always quarrelling, always suffering;

an end must come, a new state of things must arise, in which the interests of each will be felt to be the interests of all; when labor, capital, and talent will blend in harmony, animated and directed by the religion of love.

Viewed thus, there is much meaning in the convulsive efforts of professed and real friends of the people, in our own land, to better the condition and raise the moral character of their poorer brethren—there is much that is valuable and full of real truth, even in what we may deem mistaken in their views.

Doctrines of equality, for instance, are sinful, if attempted to be put into practice; since, in order to bring about this equality, desolation and misery must be legally, or by brute force, inflicted on thousands of the happy homes of England. Such views are absurd in theory; since, to lay no stress on the fact, that a day, an hour, would scarce pass before the selfishness of man had overthrown it all, in order to maintain this robbery-obtained equality, mere state power must strive to do away with those inequalities in energy and talent which another power than that of man has appointed to be the law of our species; a thing impossible. But even these cries are tokens of one earnest longing of the heart for that day when Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim—of that day when the welfare of the whole social body will be felt to be that of every individual man; when the humble will be raised without the degradation of the mighty, and when men will be brought to acknowledge that the true basis for equality is to be found in the spiritual and not in the outward—in religion, and not in political institutions.

In this way also the dreams of poets respecting universal unity, and of philosophers respecting universal perfectibility, finding an echo, as they do, in every human heart, and revealing to us as they do, glimpses of a beauty and truth, and a goodness which are not of earth—these dream-like glimpses of the truth of things point towards that day when the life will not be “a vision shadowing out truth, dimly and uncertainly, amid many lets, hindrances, sorrows, and sins; but when life, and light and goodness, will in very deed tabernacle among men.”

The attempts which are also made, on such an extended scale, to give the means of education to the lower classes—the wide extension of the influence of printing—the societies formed for the distribution of the Bible and Prayer Book, and of publications having professedly for their object the religious instruction of their readers—and, again, those societies which aim at propagating the Gospel in our colonies and amongst the heathen, are worthy of regard in considering the tendencies of the times. The outward, the temporal, is a type of the inward and the eternal; and the sudden uprise, in the memory of many living, of most of those societies we have alluded to, and the un-

exampled spread of the power of the press, and the enlargement of its sphere—by education, which is being so struggled for now—herald forth to us that period when there will be no night, no mist or darkness, to blind the eyes of men.

We may thus, too, hail with hope the discussion of those great questions which are at present agitating the churches. The contest between extremes will finally, at all events, bring out the great truths which exist within them, but which are now so disfigured by the systems of men. Religious Catholicity—that is, universality in religion—is a truth; and Protestantism—that is, religious individuality—is a truth; and yet they are now being set one against another, and are each struggling for the mastery. Church authority and private judgments are truths, yet they also are opposed one against the other, as if enemies. Why is this?

Men will start up on either side and answer, because the truth is with us, and not with them. Alas! they know not that truth is with them both: the third, another something is wanting, which will blend these warring truths together in one harmonious whole, so that each truth so earnestly contended for shall be another, yet the same; that third something exists now amongst men, aye, and, in spite of themselves, within them, but they will not acknowledge it—it is *the relation of redeemed men to God* through Christ Jesus.

But just as we know that the collision between the flint and steel produces the bright and warm spark of fire, so will he who maintains an unbroken confidence in the all-controlling providence of God believe that the final result of all this war of opinion will be the development of that time of universal unity when the family relation between God and all men will be acknowledged by each, for himself and for his fellows, and when the deep truth, that we are many members in Christ, yet but one body, will be universally felt and understood.

At present the struggle is between Individualism and Universality, but the general tendency is towards the latter; it has come in upon us like an aggressor, breaking up the old boundaries of time and space, concentrating the energies of thousands, where formerly, if solitary and unassisted effort failed, the object desired would have been let alone; and calling also upon us to contemplate those relations of spirit—that hidden life of soul which connects each man with all men, each church with the whole church, and time present with time past and future. Universalism is the *animus* of the age. All things may be divided into three parts—what is *physical*, or outward and seen by the senses; what is *intellectual*, that is, related to the understanding and the higher power of the reason; and what is *spiritual*, or belonging to the will, the affections, and the reason, the conscience, and the imagination. In each of these three divisions of things men are aiming at Uni-

versalism, or what relates to and affects the world as a whole, and not as composed of parts and units only. In the outward, the physical sphere of things, we see machinery giving man a mastery over space and time which would have seemed a dream to ourselves twenty years ago, and connecting town with town, country with country, and continent with continent, in so wonderful a manner as to render the expectation no longer extravagant that even the air itself will ultimately form a roadway for the intercourse of man with man. We all know pretty well what mechanical power can effect, and how it is introducing itself everywhere and into everything; but the following extract, which appears on the title-page of a treatise on a new application of mechanics, is probably new to most of our readers. We shall give it without a word, either for or against its practicability. What has been done in mechanics, and man's knowledge of the tremendous power resident in substances seemingly most simple and innocent, prevent a negative. Our only reason for alluding to it is, that it affords a fair illustration of the tendency of men in this day to Universalism in the region of physical nature. The extract is as follows:—

"The New World, or Mechanical System; to perform the labors of man and beast, by inanimate powers, that cost nothing for producing and preparing the substances of life; with plates. By J. A. Eitzler. As a sequel to his 'Paradise.' It is here proved, from experience, how to cultivate twenty thousand acres by one machine and three or four men, with a capital of less than one dollar per acre, in the most superior mode; how to clear land from trees, stumps, roots and stones; fill and drain swamps, make dams, canals, ditches, roads, and perform any kind of work in the ground; build houses and furnish as much inanimate power as desired, for any place and any stationary machine—all by the same system."

There are prospectuses also, by the same inventor, for the construction of what he calls the naval automaton, which, by the action of the winds and waves on machinery, will furnish, it is asserted, a locomotive power equal to that of thirty-six thousand horses, and will make the voyage from Europe to America in three or four days—that successful trips have been made, we believe, off Margate, with the model of one of these geni of navigation. Such pretensions as these are almost stunning, and, addressing as they do our imaginations through the medium of the senses, assume an all-absorbing prominence.

In the world of mind, again, men of thought and earnestness have turned their attention to the principles of universal unity, as exhibited in the works and providences of God, and from that to the question whether it can be possible to establish an analogous unity amongst men.

Hence the various theories, which have so fre-

quently sprung up of late years, on the subject of individual suffering and distress, and the true mode of supplying a remedy; hence those doctrines of operative policy which are now demanding attention, and which being, it is said, universal, will finally influence all mankind; quadruple effective produce; give freedom to slaves without injury to their masters; civilize savages; make machinery work for, and not against, labor; and establish an universal unity in coinage, measures, and language.*

And so too the same great aim after Universalism is seen to influence men on the deep and most important subject of man's spiritual life. Men here, as elsewhere, are seeking after some great controlling centre of universal unity; they are dissatisfied with what is, and want to go back, and are making efforts to do so; but *they must go forward*—progress, progress, is the law, and every effort made against it will only tend to hasten a consummation very different from what they sought for, and yet containing more of unity and Catholicity than they either dreamed of or hoped for; for it will be the unity and Catholicity of God, whilst theirs would have been but the abortive imitation of man. Thus, in things outward, in things mental, in things spiritual, there are struggles going on for the entertainment of universal unity; and, notwithstanding the dust and confusion which must necessarily arise in the conflict, we may hail it with gladness and hope; for such efforts can never take place without leading to some great result—great, though imperfect; for what is typical and progressive must be imperfect—yet great, as containing within itself the potential germ of the blessedness of that day, when, agreeably to the deep language of St. Paul, the creature, which is now in earnest expectation waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God, shall itself be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God, who shall themselves in that day receive the adoption, the redemption of their bodies. We trust that we have said enough to show that man is saved by hope, or in hope; that there is hope for us even when we contemplate the strange tides in which the current of affairs doth flow, and apart from those special revelations to hope with which the Scriptures abound. But in contemplating what may be, let us not forget what is; and whilst we cling to hope for the future, let us take to ourselves faith, or trust and confidence in God for the present, and love as the guide and rule of action always. Thus this time, in which our lot is cast, will be a transition state to us indeed; probably a better one on earth—certainly to a better and a brighter in heaven.

* See Fowler's "Le Nouveau Monde Industriel."

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

LIFE IN SHETLAND.

In the remote and thinly-peopled Shetland islands, where the higher class of inhabitants, in many instances residing far from each other, are nearly deprived of society of their own rank, some families are accustomed to fill up their leisure with attention to the animal creation in all the varieties within their reach. In almost every family, indeed, in the seclusion of these islands, the young devote much time and many cares to the domestic creatures necessarily dependent on them, and also to rearing and domesticating sundry animals, in general wild and uninteresting. Of the former class are the herds of ponies each family has to rear and maintain for the farm work, in the absence of carts and roads—the cows which supply so many of our comforts—the weakly or deserted lambs, often taken home from the flocks by which the uninhabited islands and heathy hills are pastured—the geese and other tenants of the poultry-yard, not to speak of those universal favorites, dogs and cats, of which every Shetland household contains a goodly proportion. Some idea of what is meant by the latter may be gleaned from the fact, that at one of the country gentlemen's seats were lately domiciled all at once the following animals: a rein-deer from the North Cape, which roamed about the lawn, and sought its stable with the cows; a seal of the larger species, which occupied a porch attached to the dwelling, and often intruded herself up two flights of stairs, examining each apartment with the most anxious curiosity; a sea-otter, whose region was the kitchen, whose playmate the shepherd's dog, and whose inveterate and not very endearing propensity it was to persist in nestling in the servants' bed, instead of his own comfortable crib; a very fine Newfoundland dog, with which the seal had many amusing and bloodless encounters in her native element; but the finest specimen of the canine race was a *sui generis* Shetland dog, who afterwards pined and died, apparently of a broken heart for his master's temporary absence. There was, moreover, a blue cat of the Persian breed from Archangel—a perfect treasure of her kind for gentleness and affection—and a piebald raven from the Faroe isles; besides several gulls and a cormorant—all quite tame and domestic. Verily, the family had sufficient society—no need of balls, or dinners, or evening parties. Did a glimpse of sunshine enliven the winter day? the seal was carried down in her sedan chair (*alias*, a handbarrow, which she mounted with eagerness) to the excavation made for her use, into which the sea flowed each tide; and there we would watch her elegant gambols, or throw her the fish that had been provided for her. Was the twilight long, and hanging heavy? the otter and Shetland dog were invited to the parlor, where they would engage in a game of romps. At first it was only on repeated encouragement that the dog would notice his young and playful companion, so inferior in height, although his match in strength and agility: very speedily, however, both got equally energetic, and their gambols and wiles, sometimes uncouth, often elegant, always displaying the attitudes and propensities peculiar to each, would be kept up for a considerable time with untiring spirit. At length, temper being lost on both sides, the kitchen guest would be dismissed; while the canine pet, soothed and caressed by his master,

resigned himself to rest on the rug, where he would soon be joined by his inseparable friend and favorite, the gentle puss, who had stolen away when the otter was permitted entrance, no doubt much disgusted and amazed that her beloved master and his family should have such tastes. Thus are we accustomed to make friends and companions of the lower animals, and we are not ashamed to confess, that the loss of some of our playful and affectionate dumb friends has caused sincere sorrow, and, among the young people, many tears; which some may unthinkingly sneer at, but which the gentle and ingenuous will recognize as natural and graceful expressions of gratitude for submission unreserved and undeviating, affection enduring and unequivocal, and the display of qualities such as we are accustomed to love in our fellow-men.

Such being our opportunities of observation, and such our experience, we trust a few more particular notices and anecdotes of the animal kingdom in the Shetland islands will not be uninteresting, especially to the young. We shall begin with the ponies.

"Eric, it looks thick; will there be snow, think you?" says the laird to his principal assistant, as the shutters are closed and the candles lighted.

"No doubt of that, sir," responds Eric; "the horses are come home."

"Have you let them in?"

"O yes, sir; they are all in the yard;" and forthwith the master, laying aside the book he had just taken up, and followed by his whole family, go out to see and welcome the shaggy servants, who have come of their own accord from their hilly ranges to seek shelter and food during the approaching storm. There are twelve, twenty, thirty, perhaps so many as forty of them, old and young. A scanty meal of hay or coarse dried grass is given them, while the young people endeavor to keep the elder animals from sponging on the younger; for when their own share is finished, the old horses are very apt to be domineering and vicious to their own kind, as well as voracious, and sometimes kick off the others, and injure them to the breaking of a limb. They therefore require to be watched when thus fed in numbers together.

Next morning the ground is covered with snow; the ponies scrape the fleecy carpet with their feet, endeavoring to obtain a mouthful; and morning and evening they receive from their protectors a spare meal as before. A very stormy night is apprehended, and some young or weakly foal, peradventure the pet of one of the little girls, walks into the kitchen, and there very quietly and demurely takes up his quarters, to the great delight of the children, who run to feed him from time to time with oat-cake or potatoes, and a draught of sweet warm milk; all which attentions he receives with becoming gravity.

The horses with us are never stabled; the side of a house, or of a stone wall, is all the shelter they receive; and many of their companions are left to do as they best may on their native hills and shores, receiving, during a long snow, a handful of hay or straw once every two or three days, and sustaining their life chiefly by seeking the beach, and eating the drift sea-weed, of which cows are also fond, and eat freely. We do not find that the horse is nearly so sagacious or affectionate as the cow, and is much more selfish and obstinate. However much he may be indulged or

taken notice of, he very rarely displays definite attachment or discriminating sagacity; he will, indeed, carry his rider safely home through a thick mist or drifting snow, if the reins are resigned to him, thus in all probability avoiding a plunge in a snow-wreath or a flounder in a quagmire; but so will any animal seek and find its native place, or the shed where it is accustomed to receive food.

The Shetland pony, however, is docile, rarely vicious, and admirably adapted for the half-savage life he is doomed to lead in these islands, where even the steeds kept for the family's use in riding receive little better usage than the rest, and never know the luxuries of currying, stabling, or supping on oats. Some of these ponies are very diminutive; the largest are about eleven hands; while some do not exceed thirty-three or even thirty inches. One of the latter, a dun-colored mare of exquisite symmetry, could stand under a dining-table, and a lady, who is rather *petite*, could seat herself on its back without lifting her feet from the ground. This gentle and beautiful creature was lost by falling over a precipice, but the foal she had with her was found and carefully nourished, and is still alive; the same in color, but rather larger than its dam. The breed of ponies is degenerating within these few years; for the handsomest and best are usually exported. Only one circumstance—and it is rather a melancholy one—is in favor of the breed, namely, that the late severe seasons have carried off the weakly ones in hundreds. The trying and variable Shetland winter may thus prove a necessary and beneficial, though it may be a rough regenerator.

Of the cow we have little to say; she is staid and matronly, and well treated, as she always deserves to be; her milk, though small in quantity, is peculiarly rich. Oxen are almost always employed in the plough, or the light cart used on the proprietors' farms. The ox is very sagacious, docile, patient, and enduring. Only one we ever saw was inveterately obstinate, and averse to labor. He was a young and beautiful animal, milk-white, without a spot. He used invariably to fall down when about to be yoked, as if deprived of the use of his joints, and no coaxing or beating could induce him to rise, so that it required five or six men to set him on his legs. He appeared in good plight, but almost everybody supposed he was really weak, so well did he feign; till one day his owner came with a powerful horse-whip, and gave him a severe chastisement, to the no small surprise and scandal of the bystanders at the imagined cruelty of this procedure; however, ere long, the ox started up with the greatest agility, and that day worked steadily and vigorously, as he had done indeed for a few weeks before this fancy struck him. Next morning, however, again he lay as if dead or dying; but the instant the author of his castigation appeared at some distance coming towards him, he jumped up as before: this was often repeated; but as his master could not be always at hand, and he was found utterly incorrigible, and not amenable to any other discipline whatever, he was reluctantly devoted to the knife.

Last season, after much procrastination, and with many regrets, we were compelled to sign the death-warrant of a very old and faithful servant, a work ox, who had reached his twenty-first year, and was still, to all appearance, in possession of as much activity and vigor as ever. No animal

could by possibility be more docile, sagacious, and affectionate; he distinctly knew and acknowledged, under any circumstances, the persons belonging to his owner's family, or who were accustomed to drive him; and he was so perfectly aware of what was required of him, that one would have imagined he understood human language. Though it is a defect in the character of the lower class of Shetlanders, that they only value their animals for the use they can make of them, and indulge in no sentiment towards even the most attached of their dumb dependents, yet of this animal, all who knew him said he was so intelligent, as to be able to do everything but speak; nor could any but strangers be got to butcher him at last, so well was he known, and so highly appreciated. I may just add, that his flesh was finely flavored and tender, as well as fat, and that it is quite usual in Shetland to keep both cows and oxen to the age of sixteen or eighteen years before slaughtering them.

Who has not heard of the softness and fineness of the Shetland wool? I do not know the reason of its extreme softness. Is it the coarse scanty food, or something peculiar in our herbage? Or is it merely the particular breed? Partly all these causes, I imagine; for the wool degenerates when the sheep are removed to more southerly latitudes, or to better pastures in their own. They are of small size—the mutton is highly flavored and dark-colored, like the Welsh—the wool is of different shades of brown color, gray and black, as well as white. I trust the benevolent feelings of my readers will prompt them to a more lively interest in this, the staple article of produce in these poor and lonely isles, when they are informed, that, while the hardy adventurous fisherman seeks his livelihood on the dangerous ocean, the females of his family add materially to their too often scanty resources, and, at least, always provide their own clothing, by the produce of their knitting, which is, indeed, the only remunerating branch of industry within their reach. The wool is so fine, that it may be spun into a thread as small as a cambric one, and this on a common lint-wheel. Some idea of this may be formed from the fact, that one thousand yards of thread are frequently spun from one ounce of wool, each thread being threefold, or three thousand yards in all! Stockings knitted from thread of this quality are so light and fine, as to be capable of being drawn through a finger-ring, and for such, so high a price as two guineas, and even more, has been paid. These used to be the most *recherché* articles of Shetland manufacture; but within these few years, the cottage girls knit a variety of elegant shawls and scarfs in numerous ingenious patterns, mostly their own invention, which are as beautiful as lace, and not above three or four ounces in weight.

There is no scene more exciting in Shetland than a whale hunt. When the latter word is used, the reader most probably will associate with it Melton Mowbray, or Oakleigh, or the Caledonian hunt. How contrasted to these is the scene I would endeavor to describe! In the one are met all the paraphernalia of hounds and horns, a rich and cultivated country, dinners and balls. In the other, Shetland boats and the unstable ocean, shouts and confusion; while, instead of a brush, or a few hares, a shoal of valuable animals driven on shore contribute, by the produce of their blubber, light to our dreary nights, or many comforts to the poor island fishermen. The only

species of whale which is thus stranded on the shores of these islands is the *Delphinus Deductor*, or *Ca'ing Whale*, one of the lesser cetacea allied to the grampus and porpoise. The ca'ing whale, which is from eight to twenty feet long, and yields from twenty to sixty gallons of oil, is gregarious. Crowds of the species roam over the North Sea, always under the guidance of a leader; who would appear, however, to be equally fallible with many human leaders, for he often leads them far out of their proper walk. Every year, hundreds are stranded in Shetland, and also in the Faroe isles, where, it may be remarked, they are of more service, as the Faroese do not scruple to use their flesh as food. As a general account of our whale hunts might be comparatively uninteresting, I shall here give a description of a particular one, which occurred a few years ago, and was attended by circumstances of unusual animation. The scene was one of those snug land-locked bays with which the Shetland isles abound, opening round the point of a small adjacent island into the North Sea; the time was a calm dull winter day.

It was yet the morning twilight, when a messenger was sent to the proprietor of the land lying around the bay, to inform him that a shoal of whales were lying in the narrow sound leading into it. Not long did the laird indulge in sloth after this summons; in a very few minutes he was up and dressed, issuing orders all the while he performed his hasty toilet, and sending messengers to his tenants, desiring them to hasten to put themselves under his direction at the scene of action. In an incredibly short space of time many boats were gathered, and filled with men and boys armed with weapons and instruments of noise as well as murder. Happy was he who could boast the possession of some rusty ancestral sword or cutlass, or a harpoon acquired in some Greenland voyage; and in absence of, or addition to all these, the boats were loaded with stones of all sizes, hastily gathered from the beach at starting. The laird was provided with a heavy gun, loaded with two balls, a weapon which had been fatal to the lives of many seals and otters. The boats proceeded singly, and in silence, the men straining every nerve, in suppressed but bursting eagerness, in order to get between the whales and the expanse of the ocean. When all were collected in a close phalanx—to which boats from neighboring shores, and lairds from adjacent islands, were each moment gathering—the chase commenced in earnest. Every voice was raised in shouts and wild cries; showers of stones were flung by every hand not employed with oars; kettles and saucepans were rattled, and various violins tuned, not so much to harmony, as to discord; all combined making a chaos of sounds intended to confuse the timid group, who were seen floundering in alarm till the water was like a boiling cauldron. The whales were thus slowly followed till they were driven fairly past the narrow sound or entrance, and into the bay; but here the prospect widening, it became rather a difficult matter to persuade the inhabitants of the deep that it would be best for them to run on shore. Boats continued to push from the land, terrifying still more, and scattering the herd; and strangers were not found willing to place themselves under due direction and generalship. The shoal separated in two divisions, and the hunters, in their eagerness, became less and less amenable to discipline, so that an unsuccessful termination of the adventure was greatly to be

dreaded. The laird and his first lieutenant and factotum became entirely hoarse with bawling, and the poor persecuted whales made several desperate and dangerous efforts to break the barrier of boats that opposed their return to the ocean. Thus passed many hours, during which the hunters had enough to do to keep themselves in safety, and prevent their prize from escaping. The boats were tossed by the motion of the whales in the water, as if it were agitated by a storm; the short day drew to its close; the afternoon twilight came; but though the sun's beams had been hidden through the day, a slight breeze was now scattering the low clouds, to make way for the bright rising of the full moon; the wearied and anxious pursuers (many of whom had, in their eager haste, left their homes without breakfast) were now making up their minds to keep watch over their restless prey even through the night; so the laird, having sent on shore for refreshments, rested from his exertions, to snatch a hasty repast, and refresh his boatmen. While he was thus engaged, the herd of whales once again united, and after a short interval of repose, suddenly made a simultaneous movement towards the shore. At this joyful sight, and the apparently near triumphant termination of their day's toil, hunger and fatigue were forgotten, and all were again engaged with oars, and voices, stones and fiddles, in contributing to the wished-for result; when the leader of the herd, a large and powerful male, feeling the water shallowing, turned back, apparently resolved to make one desperate attempt for freedom and safety. His companions followed, taking their way with the swiftness of lightning along the shore, seeking an outlet, which undoubtedly they would soon have found, from the position of the boats and the breadth of the bay; but at this moment of breathless suspense the laird, whose powerfully-manned boat lay nearest to the direction the whales were taking, sped like an arrow to meet the poor prisoners thus gallantly struggling for release. Vain struggle! When within a few yards, the laird raised his unerring gun, and fired at the leader of the herd. Stunned and blinded, the poor animal turned from the direction of safety, and despairingly, or unwittingly, ran directly on shore, just below the proprietor's dwelling. The whole herd of two hundred blindly followed, as is their invariable habit. The hunters, of course, rushed after them, and as the boats touched the ground, the men jumped to their waists in water, in the midst of their helpless prey, who were despatched with knives and harpoons without mercy, till all appeared wading in blood rather than water. The laird's factotum was a man of extraordinary strength and stature, and, armed with a powerful family sword of his master's, stabbed and cut by the moonlight till his athletic arm dropped from weariness, his whole person dripping with the blood of the slaughtered whales, and his brain fairly delirious with excitement and exertion. Ere midnight the whole herd lay dead on the beach, those which had been killed in the water being dragged above the flood-mark.

Next morning, the laird and the assessors of the booty met in solemn conclave, while an eager and noisy though respectful multitude, were gathered around the bodies of the slain. In such cases the capture is divided into three parts. One part belongs to the admiral as crown dues, another to the proprietor of the shore on which the whales are stranded, while the third is divided

among those who have assisted in the chase. But the admiral now, I believe, waives his right in favor of the captors. On the occasion I have been alluding to, the division was first effected justly, and to the satisfaction of all, and then commenced the operation of flenching, or cutting off the blubber, which is the only part of this species of whale here considered of any use.

Some of the participators chose to carry away their own shares, while others were happy if their landlord would take theirs, the value to be placed to their credit against rent-day. I have mentioned that the flesh of the ca'ing whale is eaten by the natives of the Faroe islands. It is not necessity that compels them to this; for they have abundance of other sorts of animal food—sheep, wild-fowl in profusion, and their superfluous foals, which last are said to be palatable food—but the whale's flesh is considered to be nutritious, and is much to their liking. Having heard of this custom, I resolved to taste the flesh of one of the above-mentioned whales. A young one was selected, from which some steaks were cut, and, without other preparation, broiled. The flesh looked and tasted exactly like beef; rather coarser, than our delicate Shetland beef, indeed, but with no peculiar flavor or odor to distinguish it from ox flesh, or betray its origin. Prejudice was found the only drawback; for several persons—men, women, and children—partook of it with relish, who did not know it to be other than beef; yet no sooner were most of them informed of what their repast consisted, than no persuasions could induce them to finish what remained; so much are we the creatures of early prejudice and prepossession. It is not more than fifty years since the flesh of the seal was eagerly eaten by the Shetlanders, as it still is by the Faroese and Greenlanders. I have tasted it too, and found it much the same, but still more delicate than the whale's. Could the prejudice against whale's flesh be overcome, what a welcome supply of food would the carcasses prove, which now are left to rot on the beaches, or else to sink in the sea, while the natives of Faroe never suffer from famine, as the Shetlanders have done for a succession of years, from failure of their crops and fishing. A more extraordinary prejudice of the Shetlanders leads them obstinately to refuse as food all sorts of shell-fish, even in the extremity of distress from want. Lobsters and crabs, of large size and fine quality, as well as many of the smaller crustacea, no Shetland peasant or fisherman will ever taste; and when others do, they look on with loathing and abhorrence.

Occasionally a large Greenland whale, or finner, has been stranded and killed among the Shetland islands, after the manner described by Sir Walter Scott in the *Pirate*. A very large one was embayed in a narrow sound above twenty years ago, and having been killed, was towed into the nearest bay, when it grounded, and lay like an island till it was flenched. It was eighty feet long. A six-oared boat could row into its mouth, and it required a ladder to climb on its back. Another individual of this species had more lately run into a narrow creek, in which it could not turn to get out, and was therefore killed without risk or much trouble, and yielded a noble recompense.

I have already described the seal as one of the animals occasionally domesticated by the solitary-living gentry of Shetland. Our seas once abounded more in seals than they do now; not that we have

steamboats fizzing and fussing into every creek and harbor, disturbing these timid and harmless denizens of our rocks; but light being a great desideratum in every dwelling, the seals have been mercilessly hunted and destroyed for the sake of the oil they yield, which is well known to be the finest of all for the lamp. There are only two species known here, and the distinction between them is very strongly marked. The one is *phoca barbata*, seven to ten feet long. The female is so different in color and appearance, as to be recognized at once when only the head is above water, even by the fishermen, and thus it has been mistaken and figured by naturalists as a different species, under the name of gray seal and gryphus. These are monogamous, each pair residing in a cave by themselves. The other species is the *phoca vitulina*, never above six feet in length; male and female nearly alike; gregarious, or congregating in flocks of from six to fifty, or more. Both species bring forth but one at a time. The young of the former is carefully nursed and fed in its native cavern, till it has cast its first hair, which it does in about six weeks; while the young of the latter takes the water from its birth, and swims and dives with nearly the same facility as its parents. We have very frequently attempted to rear the cubs of both species, but unsuccessfully, except in the case of the one formerly alluded to. She was captured in a dangerous and almost inaccessible cave, after a severe struggle, when a few weeks old. From her having acquired vigor by the ordinary nursing of the mother, she was easily fed on fish, (of which she devoured an incredible quantity,) and grew very rapidly; but, on the other hand, she never lost altogether her native ferocity, nor would suffer herself to be touched, or even too nearly approached, by any but the individual who had her peculiarly in charge; and strange to say, with that person she was, from the first, confiding and gentle. After a while, however, she became much more domestic, traversing the house, apparently seeking society or caressing language, of which she seemed exceedingly sensible. The unreclaimable wildness of her nature was then only perceivable in the piercing glance and strikingly intelligent expression of her large and beautiful eyes. Her voice was singularly expressive, and of various modulation. Plaintively pleasing and prolonged were the notes when singing her own lullaby, or, perhaps, one might fancy, (we often did,) that she pensively mourned for her native haunts of rocks, billows, and freedom. When impatient for food, her cry was precisely like that of a child; when disturbed or irritated, it was the short howl of a dog. Her gait on land was awkward, and apparently uneasy, as she was always anxious to be carried the few hundred yards' distance to the water; and there, indeed, her motions were all grace and ease; diving for amusement, or after the pieces of fish which were thrown to her, or else presenting an air of the haughtiest and most dignified defiance to the Newfoundland dog, who, on his part, anxious as he ever was to encounter a wounded seal, dared not too familiarly or nearly approach the ferocious glance of that expressive countenance.

It appears that diving is necessary for the health of these animals. They usually remain from a few minutes to a quarter of an hour under water; their blood then becomes more venoid; and with this condition their brain appears formed most to agree. It is imagined to be this condition of the blood that

gives rise to the powerful odor of coal-tar, or carburetted hydrogen gas, emitted from their bodies both dead and alive. I have observed it to be more powerful from this animal when angry, or just after returning from her daily visit to her native element. Our *sealchie* lived with us for six months, and grew to the size of above seven feet. She was then permitted to go at large on the sea; but on being called, though at a considerable distance, she would immediately answer in the plaintive sound expressive of pleasure and recognition; and on returning to the house, we would soon find her swim to land, and patiently wait on the beach for her carriage; or else, if called and encouraged, make her ungainly way over stones, grass, and gravel walks, to the lodge appointed for her. She was thus amusing herself on the sea one day, when a sudden storm of snow came on, and we observed one or two wild seals of the smaller species swimming about her; the clouds thickened, the snow drifted from the land, and we never saw our interesting protégée again, though a boat was instantly sent in search of her. We conjectured that she had been attracted round a point of the land by the wild ones during the thickness of the weather; for next day, our favorite found her way into a neighboring inlet, not to be welcomed and regaled with warm milk, as she had been accustomed, but, when she confidently approached the dwelling of man, only to be knocked on the head and eagerly despatched, (we hope thoughtlessly, though she was well known in the island,) for the sake of her skin and blubber. Poor Finna! long wast thou regretted, and bitterly was thy cruel fate lamented.

Several pairs of the white-tailed, or sea-eagle, breed in the cliffs and precipices of Shetland. A few years ago, an adventurous climber scaled one of these cliffs, and made prisoner of an unfledged eaglet from the nest. It was carried to a young gentleman in a neighboring island, and in time grew to be a very large and noble bird, but never became in the least degree tamed. A hut was built for his dwelling-place, and he was permitted to go at large, with his wing clipped, to prevent escape; but the only dispositions he ever displayed were fierceness and voracity. Many a poor straggling hen and duck became the victims of the savage guest; even the person who approached him with food was fiercely attacked; and the servants preferred many weighty complaints regarding torn garments and wounded hands. At length fears were entertained for the little children just beginning to run about the premises, as even the thatched roof of his hut was not sufficient to resist the force of his efforts to escape confinement, and after a sojourn of eighteen months, he was reluctantly destroyed. Another eagle, of the same species, but a full-grown one, was captured last year in a very surprising manner by a daring fowler, whose favorite recreation it is to scale, fearless and alone, the dizzy precipice, every nook and cranny of which is familiar to his footsteps. This man had been aware for several years that a pair of eagles built on an almost inaccessible point of a cliff several hundred feet high. Long he had searched for their nest, but in vain. At length he stumbled upon it one day by accident, but imprudently, as it turned out, carried off the only egg it contained. When he imagined the young ones would be hatched, he returned by a path he had carefully marked; but no nest was there. The parent birds had been aware of the spoiler's visit, and removed

their residence to a still more concealed and inaccessible spot. Again the enthusiastic cragsman renewed his search; and after a patient cowering among the rocks in the face of the precipice, he saw the eagles engaged in feeding their young, but in a place which appeared altogether beyond his reach. Difficulties seemed only to nerve my undaunted friend to fresh efforts; and after many attempts, he at last reached the wished-for spot. He saw three eggs in the nest; but, made wise by experience, he resolved to wait till they were hatched, and contented himself with carefully marking the situation, and the safest approach to it. It was not always that, daring as was our cragsman, the state of the rocks, of the weather, and of his own feelings, permitted him to make the dizzy attempt. At length, last season he accomplished it. On reaching the place, he perceived the white tail of the parent bird, as brooding on the nest it projected over the shelf of rock on which she had built. With dauntless bravery, perceiving that she was not aware of his approach, he flung himself on the back of the powerful and ferocious bird. She seemed to be at once cowed and overcome by the might and majesty of man, before whose glance we have been often told the fiercest beasts of the desert quail. In what a situation was our adventurer now! standing on a flat ledge of rock, a few feet square, a precipice overhanging a hundred feet above him, while underneath, at six times that distance, roared the abyss of ocean, and screaming overhead soared the male eagle, as if hesitating whether or not to attack the spoiler. We can hardly imagine a more dreadful, nay, sublime position; but the cool courage and self-possession of the cragsman carried him safely through the adventure. First he twisted the strong wings of the bird together; loosening one garter, with it he bound her bill, and with the other her legs. Thus fettered and gagged, she lay quietly at his mercy, and he paused a moment to draw breath, and ask himself if it were possible that he had accomplished a feat so extraordinary. Much he wished to preserve his captive uninjured, to make his triumph appear the more questionless and complete; but thus loaded, he could not have attempted the dangerous path by which he had to return; so, after a few anxious cogitations, he threw his prize over the precipice. Bound and helpless, she dashed from rock to rock as she fell, till she rested on a point which he knew was quite easily accessible to him, and then he took his eager and joyful, though to any other than himself, hazardous path, to where she lay, struggling yet with the remains of life, so that it became a matter of humanity to finish her death at once. Her bereaved mate followed the successful spoiler on his homeward way that evening, soaring low, and screaming fearfully; but he has never been seen since. To his indulgent landlord the adventurer carried his extraordinary prize, and told his tale with modest enthusiasm, receiving a handsome present when he had finished, as well as unqualified praise for his brave and daring deed.

On a solitary stony hill in the middle of the island of Unst, (the most northerly of the Shetlandic group,) is frequently seen the snowy owl, a rare and noble bird, the largest of the genus *Strix*. It is a native of North America, Lapland, and Norway; but it is very rarely seen in Britain, except in the locality above-mentioned, where it is found at all seasons. This hill is plentifully strewn with its pellets, or those balls of feathers

and hair which birds of prey eject from their stomachs as the indigestible remains of their meals. After diligent search, their nest has never been met with; but it is reasonably supposed that the breeding-place is somewhere in the island, as young ones have also been seen, or what were taken to be such, from their darker color. The Shetland peasants have a superstitious hatred of these birds. Few ornithologists visit that remote quarter, and therefore they remain pretty much unmolested. The male adult snowy owl is a large and powerful animal, nearly quite white; the female is rather larger, and more numerous spotted with dusky gray.

We have in Shetland annual visits of that beautiful bird, the wild swan. A few years ago, early in spring, a large flock of them were winging their way over the island of Unst to the solitary lakes of Iceland, to which they migrate yearly for the purpose of incubation. A flight of swans is an interesting and attractive sight; the majestic birds soaring on their powerful pinions, and uttering their pleasing inspiriting cry, which seems to breathe the very essence of eager expectation and cheering encouragement. Or, is it that we but imagine this? for these, to the natives of Shetland, are the first notes of returning spring, like those of the cuckoo in more favored latitudes. Sometimes the swans fly so high as to be invisible; yet at that season we always hear their cheerful voice, and seek not to repress in our bosoms the throb of joy that responds to their note. It rarely happens, when these beautiful birds alight for a little rest upon one of our small lakes, that they escape without leaving a few victims sacrificed to man's cupidity. I may just stop to remark, that, as a general rule, we do not allow any young sportsman, over whom we have any control, to kill birds during their breeding season. Pigeons and plovers are then suffered to pursue their task unmolested; and it is not until they again begin to congregate in flocks, that we cast a thought on our game pies. Probably the far-sighted reader will perceive as much policy as sentiment in this self-denying procedure. But this is a digression. I was going on to say that a flock of swans rested on our largest inland lake, and a respectable native of the neighborhood, with his dog and gun, hastened to have a shot at them. The birds seemed wearied with the storms they had encountered; the air was heavy, the wind light and contrary, so that they could not easily rise. Fortunately for them, there were no boats on the lake. The noble birds kept the dogs which assailed them at bay, and beat them at swimming; while, by keeping to the middle of the sheet of water, the gun-shot could not reach them; so, after a long chase from dawn till night, they were left in quiet for a few hours. The sportsman slept by the lake side, and he slept soundly. But he was awaked in the early dawn by the triumphant cry and loud sound of pinions, and starting up, he was just in time to see the swans taking advantage of a favoring breeze, majestically rise, and speed their way to the north, in which direction, we may easily imagine, the disappointed sportsman looked long and wistfully, but in vain.

We have, in the Shetland isles, another rare bird, much asked after by ornithologists—the skua gull, called sometimes Richardson's skua. It is the largest of the gull tribe, and of a dark brown color. Not above five years since, from the unsparing depredations of collectors, and other causes,

this family of birds was almost extinct, being reduced to three individuals; but by the protection of the proprietor of the promontory where they breed in Unst, they have now increased to at least twenty pairs. The promontory or enclosure here alluded to is the most northerly point of the British isles, and during the summer months, no sight can possibly be more interesting and extraordinary than what is here presented. The whole ground, (as well as the precipitous banks, which on three sides overhang the sea,) is literally covered with the nests of innumerable sea-fowl of various species, so that the unwonted visitor is apt to tread on them before he is aware, and is each moment in danger of being struck by the wings of the parent birds, which, alarmed for the safety of their progeny, dash over his head, and almost in his face, while their screams are absolutely deafening. Contrasted with this animated picture, when the birds have migrated for the winter, how bleak and desolate is the aspect of the scenery, from whence such multitudes of the inhabitants of the rocks and sea have fled for a time, leaving only a forlorn wilderness, which erewhile had swarmed with innocent and lovely forms of animated life, engaged in their most interesting and important avocations. From the nests in this locality, we have frequently procured, and afterwards domesticated, the skua gull. He is not, however, a very amiable bird. His motions and cry are not unlike the eagle's; and he is apt to be very tyrannical, and even injurious, to poultry and children; though he is not destitute of affection to any who are accustomed to feed or caress him.

Should the above familiar sketches induce any young reader to prosecute the subject to which they refer, for himself, and thus become interested in the manners and customs of the brute creation around him—a study which may well be ranked among the influences calculated to moralize and soften our nature—my object will have been attained.

THE SCOTTISH DIALECT. The Scotch is not to be considered as a provincial dialect—the vehicle only of rustic vulgarity, and rude local humor. It is the language of a whole country, long an independent kingdom, and still separate in laws, character, and manners. It is by no means peculiar to the vulgar; but is the common speech of the whole nation in early life, and, with many of its most exalted and accomplished individuals, throughout their whole existence; and though it be true that, in later times, it has been in some measure laid aside by the more ambitious and aspiring of the present generation, it is still recollected, even by them, as the familiar language of their childhood, and of those who were the earliest objects of their love and veneration. It is connected in their imagination not only with that olden time which is uniformly conceived as more pure, lofty, and simple than the present, but also with all the soft and bright colors of remembered childhood and domestic affection. All its phrases conjure up images of school-day innocence and sports, and friendships which have no pattern in succeeding years. Add to all this, that it is the language of a great body of poetry, with which almost all Scotchmen are familiar; and, in particular, of a great multitude of songs, written with more tenderness, nature, and feeling, than any other lyric compositions that are extant—and we may perhaps be allowed to say, that the Scotch is, in reality, a highly poetical language; and that it is an ignorant, as well as an illiberal prejudice, which would seek to confound it with the barbarous dialects of Yorkshire or Devon.—*Lord Jeffrey's Essays.*

From the Gentlemen's Magazine.

Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan. Edited by her Son. 3 vols.

AMONG the papers found at the death of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in 1838, was a brief sketch of the earlier part of her life, which she began to write in 1825. It contained a view of the principal incidents of it from her birth, in 1755, to 1806, when it terminated. The present volumes contain her correspondence from 1803 to 1838, during the greater part of which time she resided at Edinburgh. In 1816 she became known to the public as the author of the *Letters from the Mountains*. Her infancy was passed in America. In 1768 she returned with her parents to Scotland. In 1779, being then Miss Macvicar, she married a young clergyman named Grant, a name a little more brief and euphonious than her own. He died in 1801 of decline, leaving her with a family of eight children. Of these, however, as they grew up, many a beautiful flower was cut off and destroyed by the same fatal disease which had deprived her of a husband. Her eldest son, a promising young soldier, died in India; the last of her daughters was lost to her in 1827. Mrs. Grant, for the last twelve years of her life, received a pension of £100 a year from George the Fourth; and Sir William Grant, the Master of the Rolls, left her by will an annuity of the same amount. She died, November, 1838, in her eighty-fourth year. Her person is thus described by one who visited her in 1829. "I have seen Mrs. Grant of Laggan. She is a venerable ruin. She is so lame as to be obliged to walk with crutches, and even with their assistance her motions are slow and languid. Still, she is not only resigned but cheerful; her confidence in divine goodness has never failed. I think I shall never forget that venerable countenance, so marked by suffering, yet so tranquil, so indicative at once both of goodness and greatness; the broad and noble forehead above all, relieved by the parted gray hair, exceeds in interest any feature of youthful beauty which it has yet been my fortune to behold. Her conversation is original and characteristic, frank yet far from rude, replete at once with amusement and instruction. She frequently among friends claims the privilege of age to speak what she calls truth; what every one, indeed, must acknowledge to be such in its wisest and most attractive form," &c. Mrs. Grant's *Letters from the Mountains* contain her correspondence with her friends from 1773 to 1804, which is continued in the present volumes, so that united they form an autobiography both full and authentic. All subjects considered interesting to the writer or her friends are treated of as they arise, and the more important events of her life, and the circumstances of the times, and anecdotes of her acquaintances, and anxieties regarding her children, are mixed up with the common incidents and ordinary topics of the day. If the present

writer does not possess the charms of Madam Sevigné's style and expression, she excels her in the change and variety of her subject, and she possesses the same warmth of feeling without the perpetual and too elaborate profession of it. To her personal friends these volumes must offer most grateful recollections of past friendship; to the public they present a portrait of the author by her own hands, and with the colors fresh from the pallet. All the domestic scenes and home sketches are drawn with tenderness and affection; and she paints the manners of social life and the passing events of the day with great delicacy of judgment and strength of coloring, while her opinions of others are regulated by generosity of temper and feeling. They are the letters of a well-bred gentlewoman, as well as of a sensible observer and accomplished writer. While she was satisfied and pleased with a retired and contemplative life, she also enjoyed the delight of a polished and intellectual society.

In describing those she admired or loved, her warmth of friendship has just tinted the likeness with that coloring that makes it more pleasing without detracting from its truth. These letters will show that the writer possessed both strength of understanding and justness and delicacy of taste, while it will also be observed that the bereavements she experienced in many ways, though borne with fortitude and resignation, gave additional seriousness to her views, and a peculiar tenderness to her expression. It is an old observation that women excel in letter-writing,* and that their ideas and observations are given with a natural ease of expression and elegant familiarity of phrase which men rarely possess. Now if this observation is, as we believe it to be, true, we might, perhaps, trace it to this as to *one* of the causes, that they are not accustomed, so much as men are, to make a distinction between written and spoken language, or to require that when we take the pen in hand, as when we put on a dress suit, we should at once alter our manner and appearance, assume a more majestic look, walk with a statelier step, and wear an aspect of superior dignity and importance. Those persons whose letters are submitted to the press are generally authors who are conversant with literature, who have formed their manner from books rather than conversation, and who, besides having acquired what we may call a *printed* style, may be afraid that any relaxation might be deemed debasement, and the masculine character of their writings sink

*"When you except a few men of distinguished talents, ladies both write and speak more agreeable than scholars. If you ask me the reason of this, I must inform you that the easy and natural excursions of the imagination are seldom checked in ladies, while the enslaved pupils of colleges and schools in tender youth are forced into awkward imitations, or dreary ungrateful tracts, where genius or beauty never were seen," &c. See the very elegant essay called "Clío; or a Discourse on Taste," by Mr. Usher, p. 92, concerning whom see Watts' *Bibliotheca Britannica*.

into weakness or vulgarity. But such a practice would be the very destruction of letter-writing, which is, in fact, nothing but good conversation written down. "Utinam et verba in usu quotidiano posita minus timeremus," is advice the letter-writer would do well to remember. "When," says an elegant and philosophical writer,* "a woman of feeling, fancy, and accomplishment, has learned to converse with ease and grace, from long intercourse with the most polished society, and when she writes as she speaks, she must write letters as they ought to be written, if she has acquired just as much habitual correctness as is reconcilable with the air of negligence," &c. But to return to Mrs. Grant and her volumes. The topics of her correspondence are very miscellaneous, touching on all that was most important or pleasing, in what she saw, heard, or read. These subjects would, we think, lose much of their interest in such detached extracts as we could make, and when separated from all that accompanies them. Take one trifle out of the heap, and like a single leaf it is blown away and lost; we have thought it best, therefore, to confine ourselves to those portions of the correspondence which contain information on literature and anecdotes on literary persons; Rudem enim esse in nostris Scriptoribus, aut inertissimæ segnitæ est, aut fastidii delicatissimi. Our own remarks we wish to be considered as lights reflected from the text rather than assuming an importance from any little original information they may contain. For the volumes themselves, he who opens them for amusement will find himself also receiving instruction. When the Sirens invited Ulysses to their island they not only offered the attraction of melody of voice and variety of song, but they promised also to open to him their ample stores of knowledge, and to satisfy his desire of information,

"Ἰδμεν δ' ὅσα γίνονται ἐπὶ χθονὶ πολυβοτείρῃ."

We shall now commence the extracts, and, in order not to break in upon the narrative of the author, place our own observations at the bottom of the page.

Vol. I., p. 52. "Richmond and its whole neighborhood is certainly a cluster of beauty, which, after all, one can hardly call rural, consisting of the houses of pleasure, and grounds adjoining, belonging to numberless noble and wealthy families. There are no views here (except that exquisitely luxuriant one from Richmond Hill) that would much please Mr. Brown; that is to say, they have no bold and striking features, and would make no figure in a landscape. Richmond Park too is very beautiful, and has an agreeable wildness that relieves the eye after the very tame, the very rich, country that surrounds it. Every walk we take seems to be crowded with departed wits and beauties. I meet Swift, Arbuthnot, Addison, and

Pope, about Ham and Twickenham every day in idea. They are beautiful walks no doubt; but, if I durst say so, I like my own sweet Woodend better. The self-same rich scenes pall upon my eyes; but the silver Thames, meandering through the most charming meadows, decked with the noblest trees one can possibly behold, always delights me," &c.*

P. 189. "I sent you a copy of Paley's Sermons: they are very characteristic of the author, having all his power of argument, energy of thought, and purity of doctrine, with his careless, inelegant, and unfinished diction; they are much run after, I suppose, because they are scarce, and were printed in the face of his dying prohibition; he did not think them sufficiently accurate or polished for the public eye."†

* Mrs. Grant has well described the associations with departed genius which the neighborhood of Richmond and Twickenham must awaken, more; perhaps, than any other locality we could mention; but now the *natural* beauties of the spot alone remain. The genius loci, who still hovered over the land of song, departed forever when Strawberry Hill was deprived of its exquisite treasures. Last autumn the walls whose mirrors had reflected "Wortley's eyes," were stripped of their tapestried ornaments. This is the latest ravage which the spoiler could make. But Pope's monument to his mother still stands amidst his ruined gardens, to be sold to the highest bidder. It was on Richmond Hill that the eyes of him whose hand is now writing, first opened to the light of day, the noble landscape stretching over many a province lying below; and he who gazes on it will, perhaps, recollect with pleasure that its beauties have been immortalized alike by the poetry of Akenside and the pencil of Reynolds.

† There is so much right and so much wrong in Paley's works, so much original and so much borrowed, so much that is happy in illustration and so much defective in argument, so much that may be admitted with confidence and so much that must be received with caution, that an edition of his works, with proper introductions and notes, would be of much service. Two of his illustrations so well known and so much applauded, and that were deemed original, we have found in the course of our reading in previous works. That of the "Watch" in Natural Theology, is taken from "La véritable Usage de Contemplation de l'Univers pour la conviction des Athées et des Incrédules," by Bernard Nieuwentyt, translated by Chamberlayne, and published under the title of the "Religious Philosopher." That of the comparison of "rivers marked out without any source to flow from, and running where there is nothing to receive them, when viewed in a map of a district or small detached territory, separated from the adjacent country," to the partial and narrow views we have of human life; for this he is indebted to Tucker's *Light of Nature*. Bishop Watson says, with some truth, "Paley, in all his publications had the art of working up in a very great degree of other men's labors, and of exhibiting them to the world as novelties of his own. The perspicuity with which he has arranged, and the elegant language in which he has explained many abstruse points, are his own, and for these I give him great praise." Vide Mem. of his own Life, vol. II., p. 266. We have heard that when the Bishop of Durham (S. Barrington) gave Paley his preferment, he said, "I give you this, Doctor Paley, not for your Moral Philosophy, nor for your Natural Theology, but for your Evidences of Christianity and your *Horæ Paulinæ*." Yet this is hardly agreeable to the language of the Dedication. The *Horæ Paulinæ* is certainly his *opus magnum*. The passage in Paley which Dr. Parr so much praised and so often quoted as *sublime*, is the last page of the fifth book of the Moral Philosophy, beginning "Seriousness is not constraint," &c. We could point out those works, and the parts of them, which should be consulted and used as commentaries on Paley's different works, with the cautions they afford, and the modifications they suggest, but it would extend too far the limits of these notes.

* Sir James Mackintosh.

P. 194. "Talking of genius leads me naturally to congratulate you on the awakened brotherly feelings of that Theodore (*Theodore Hook*) for whom I know your sisterly concern is restless and extreme. You may believe I rejoice over the capture of this shy bird, for his own sake as well as yours. You will teach him for his own good to make a due distinction between living to please the world at large, and exerting his powers in a given direction for his own benefit, and the satisfaction of his real friends. Of a person depending merely on talents and powers of pleasing, what more brilliant example can be given than *Sheridan*? and who would choose to live his life and die his death? I talk of his death as if it had already taken place, for what is there worth living for that he has not already outlived? and who, that ever knew the value of a tranquil mind and spotless name, would be that justly admired, and as justly despised, individual? And if the chieftain of the clan be such, what must the tribe be '*of those that live by cranbo clink*,' as poor Burns called those hapless sons of the muses, who, without an object or an aim, run at random through the world, and are led on by the unfeeling great and gay to acquire a taste for expensive pleasures and elegant society, and then left to languish in forlorn and embittered obscurity, when their health and their spirits, and their means ebb together. Raise then your voice of truth and affection, and outsing all the syrens that on the coast of idleness strive to attract Theodore by the songs of vanity, pleasure, and dissipation; teach him to love those that love him, independent of all that flatters or pleases, for himself, and make auxiliaries of all those kindred among whom you are now placed, to make him know something of more value than empty admiration," &c.

P. 198. "I called on the Duchess of Gordon yesterday, she and I having a joint interest in an orphan family in the Highlands, which creates a kind of business between us. She had a prodigious levee, and insisted on my sitting to see them out, that we might afterwards have our private discussion. Among other characters at her levee I saw Lord Lauderdale, who made me start to see him, almost a lean slippered pantaloon, who, the last time I saw him, was a fair-haired youth at Glasgow College. He was really like a *memento mori* to me. Had I much to leave I would have gone home and made my will directly. More gratified I was to see Sir Brooke Boothby, though he too looked so feeble and so dismal that one

would have thought him just come from writing those sorrows sacred to Penelope, which you have certainly seen. Being engaged to dinner I could stay no longer. The Duchess said that on Sunday she never saw company, nor played cards, nor went out; in England, indeed, she did so, *because every one else did the same*, but she would not introduce those manners into this country. I stared at these gradations of piety, growing warmer as it came northward, but was wise enough to stare silently. She said she had a great many things to tell me, and as I was to set out this morning I must come that evening when she would be alone. At nine I went, and found Walter Scott, whom I had never before met in society, though we had exchanged distant civilities, Lady Keith, Johnson's Queeney, and an English lady, witty, and fashionable-looking, who came and went with Mr. Scott. No people could be more easy and pleasant, without the visible ambition of shining, yet animated and seeming to feel at home with each other. I think Mr. Scott's appearance very unpromising and commonplace indeed, yet, though no gleam of genius animates his countenance, much of it appears in his conversation, which is rich, various, easy, and animated, without the least of the petulance with which the faculty, as they call themselves, are not unjustly reproached," &c.

P. 232. "What do you think of the new novel of *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*? I think there is considerable ability displayed in it; the principles are such as every one who professes genuine Christianity must acknowledge as just, and regard as sacred. But to theologians such a book is unnecessary, and, for those who must needs be caught by amusement, there is not enough; and if the intention was to excite the curiosity of strangers to religion, and lead them to serious reflection through the avenue of amusement, there certainly should have been more story and character, more display of wit and fancy, and less of what is calculated merely to instruct. Against this criticism the general reception of the book may be weighed.* What is universally read, must have some very powerful attraction, and the voice of the people in such an instance may be at least called the voice

* *Cœlebs*. The popularity of this work was supported by the name of the author for a while, but soon declined, because it was written on a plan that in never but one instance was attended with success,—that of conveying instruction *directly* through fictitious representation; using the story of the novel merely as the shell to contain the maxims of wisdom, lessons of instruction, and dictates of prudence, which is something like the attempt to make physic palatable by presenting it in an embossed and golden cup. The exception we alluded to is that of Johnson's "*Rasselas*," but the moral instruction there given was the most generally interesting, as chiefly relating to the regulation of life, and management of those habits and talents which fit men for the performance of its duties; while at the same time the imagery in which it was *set*, was of a romantic and attractive kind to allure and delight the imagination, for, as some witty person observed, new scenery does as much for a new book as for a new play. It possessed too all the elegance of a master's hand; and yet it is gradually fading away, together with the literature of the past age.

* Poor Sheridan! we know it from his own mouth, died *heart-broken*, and in utter destitution. "Tell Lady Bessborough (he said to a friend the day before he died) that the eye she said was so bright will lose none of its brightness when it looks on the lid of my coffin." In justice to him it must be recollected that neither the adversity of his party, nor the slights he received from them, nor the temptations of poverty, ever shook his adherence to his public principles and attachments. His public character was incorruptible, when all beside was in ruins.

of Apollo; and certainly we have not known a book go so soon through so many editions. One reason may be, that it has a separate charm for every class of people. Why the pious and serious—who, though a quiet, are still a numerous class—read it, need not be asked. Curiosity and the abilities displayed by the writer, attract very many; and a great number of both sexes who have no character at all read it merely because Cælebs is in search of a wife. Johnson, the majestic moralist of the last century, did more good to the cause of religion than half the divines of the age, I mean their writings. When people are disposed to delight in devotional treatises, their hearts cannot be estranged from their Maker. 'They that are whole need not a physician;' but the book, supposing it to have a moral and religious tendency,—the book, I say, that does most good is that which is most read; and how many thousands were allured by the splendor of Johnson's diction, and the weight of his reputation, to read in his works what they never attended to anywhere else, and to learn from him that the best talents are best suited to the noblest purposes, and that wit and infidelity are by no means so nearly allied as many suppose. His works form at least a lofty avenue to the temple of Truth, in which no one can walk long or steadily without wishing to reach the sacred fane which terminates the sublime vista."

P. 236. "I have got a new book lately, which you must have seen—Gertrude of Wyoming. It is very provoking that Campbell's democratic hoof should invariably and unnecessarily protrude itself through all the beautiful drapery in which he knows so well to clothe the children of his rich poetic fancy. Why should Waldegrave, a Briton born and educated, and married to the daughter of an Englishman,—Waldegrave, who had only for three months tasted the sweets of Transatlantic liberty,—why should he be seized with such an unnatural rage of antipatriotism, as to light the banner of revolt against his native sovereign, and the glorious land of which he had the honor to be a native, and in which he had the happiness to receive his intellectual nurture? My annoyance at all this, and at certain strange omissions, obscurities and inversions, does not prevent my seeing and feeling all the charms of this exquisite poem, which unfolds new beauties at every renewed perusal.

'Closed were his Gertrude's lips, yet still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die,' &c.

"Was ever anything so exquisitely refined, yet so sweetly natural as this stanza throughout! Nothing less than merits supereminent, the irresistible enchantment of genius the most powerful, arrayed in diction of chastened sweetness and polished elegance, could make me forgive his flagrant violation of truth and national character, when he introduces 'poor Scotia's mountaineers' as arming in the provincial cause. Glowing with the

love of their native land, and full of ancient, venerable, perhaps useful prejudices, they all to a man armed in the cause of Britain, whether right or wrong. If taking the other side were a virtue, 'tis a virtue they have no claim to, and will not thank Campbell for bestowing on them,' &c.*

P. 248. "Mr. Henry Mackenzie of the Exchequer, otherwise called the 'Man of Feeling,' is one of our nearest neighbors. * * * Walter Scott and the formidable Jeffrey have both called on me, not by any means as a scribbling female, but on account of links formed by mutual friends. You would think, by their appearance, that the body of each was formed to lodge the soul of the other. Having met them both formerly, their appearance was not any thing new to me—but Jeffrey looks the poet all over—the ardent eye, the nervous agitation, the visibly quick perceptions, keep one's attention constantly awake, in expectation of flashes of the peculiar intelligence of genius. Nor is that expectation entirely disappointed, for his conversation is in a high degree fluent and animated. Walter Scott again has not a gleam of poetic fire visible in his countenance, which merely suggests the idea of plain good sense. His conceptions do not strike you as by any means so rapid or so brilliant as those of his critic; yet there is much amusement and variety in his good-humored, easy, and unaffected conversation," &c.

P. 253. "One of our nearest neighbors is Mr. Henry Mackenzie.† You have probably seen him as the 'Lounger.' Some call him the Scottish Addison; but that is too high praise, for, though he has much delicacy of delineation in moral painting, he totally wants humor or wit, or whatever you call that gay and playful faculty that assumes so many shapes to dazzle or to please, and pleases most when it pretends least; and this is the salt, the incorruptible principle, without which a periodical work can never live long. This may be the reason why, notwithstanding the refined sentiments and elegance of expression which distinguish

* The defect in Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming, as relates to the story, is, that it is so extremely inartificial as to be little more than a beautiful lyrical effusion—a picture of pleasing sentiments and elegant images, without much connexion. The defect in the language is in too great a variation between ornament and plainness. Every poem, like a piece of music, should be set in a certain key. See how Milton attended to this, how Young neglected it. The poems of Thomson and Goldsmith were altered in later editions, on the ground of a *more harmonious uniformity of style*.

† For some account of Mr. H. Mackenzie, the author of the Man of Feeling, &c., see Scott's Lives of the Novelists, vol. ii., p. 149; Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. vi., p. 148. The story of "La Roche" is the gem of the Mirror. Pinkerton remarks, "that it is odd the editor should admit so odd a blunder, as 'Serious Letters to the Mirror.' Was he ignorant that a man may be a Spectator, or Guardian, but not a Mirror?" We observe both in the Mirror and Lounger more *Scotticisms* than we should have expected. Even the writings of Lord Hailes, a critic by profession, are not free from them. The "Man of Feeling" is the production of genius and sensibility, but H. Mackenzie's fame as a writer of pathos must be founded on Julia de Roubigné.

it, one never takes up the 'Lounger' but when one feels inclined to lounge. But to return—Mr. Mackenzie is married to an excellent woman, in abilities at least his equal, though the cares of a large family have always kept her in the shade of privacy. Their sons and daughters are accomplished and informed young people; and their house is the resort of the best society in one sense, that is, people of fashion with cultivated minds. Lord Webb Seymour,* Lady Carnegie, Lady Minto, and others equally distinguished, I have met with there. * * * To-morrow Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake* comes forth in all the charms of novelty, and nothing else will be spoken of," &c.

P. 261. "Do you know, notwithstanding my wrath for his manifold literary offences, I think I shall be forced to like the arch-critic himself (*Mr. Jeffrey.*) He is, what indeed I knew before, the most affectionate relation possible, and truly good-natured in society, though so petulant on paper. He sometimes calls on me, and, being in the same circle, I meet with him wherever I go. He has a brother lately come from America, a widower like himself, and they reside together. I was asked with Mary to the first dinner they gave there; it was by no means a literary, or what Mrs. A. would call an intellectual, one. All was ease and good humor, without discussions or debates of any kind; indeed the party were rather relatives and friends than savans. I might except perhaps a little discussion on the *Lady of the Lake*, for which I augur a very favorable review. I hope you are all as much pleased with it as we are. There are some sturdy critics here, however, who deny Walter Scott the merit of being a poet at all, and call all that delights us jingle and jargon. The public at large is an excellent judge of poetic merit; some very fine things indeed are too much refined for its great wide ear; but, when it is much and long pleased, there must be excellence, and all that remains for the critic is to trace that pleasure to its source, and discriminate the lights and shades that needs must exist in whatever is human," &c.

P. 278. "My time is at present much occupied, but I shall avail myself of a short interval of leisure, to tell you what I am sure you will be interested in hearing—the particulars of the final interview between the Prince of Wales and the late Bishop of London, (*Dr. Porteus,*) which have lately been communicated to me from a source which appears to me quite authentic. Among other good people with whom my informant is intimate, is Mr. Owen, minister of Fulham, who was in a manner the bishop's parish clergyman, and long his chaplain. He even gave my friend

an account of this interview, as the bishop gave it to him two days before his death. It seems his Royal Highness had sent out a summons for a great military review which was to take place on a Sunday. The bishop had been confined, and did not hope, nor I suppose wish, ever in this world to go out again. He ordered his carriage, however, upon hearing this, proceeded to Carlton House and waited on the prince, who received him very graciously. He said, 'I am come, sir, urged by my regard to you, to your father, and to this great nation, who are anxiously beholding every public action of yours. I am on the verge of time, new prospects open to me, the favor of human beings or their displeasure is as nothing to me now. I am come to warn your Royal Highness of the awful consequences of your breaking down the very little that remains of distinction to the day that the Author of all power has hallowed and set apart for himself.' He went on in pathetic terms to represent the awful responsibility to which the prince exposed himself, and how much benefit or injury might result to the immortal souls of millions, by his consulting or neglecting the revealed will of the King of kings; and, after much tender and awful exhortation, concluded with saying, 'You see how your father, greatly your inferior in talent and capacity, has been a blessing to all around him and to the nation at large, because he made it the study and business of his life to exert all his abilities for the good of his people, to study and to do the will of God, and to give an example to the world of a life regulated by the precepts of Christian morality. He has been an object of respect and veneration to the whole world for so doing. If he has done much, you, with your excellent abilities and pleasing and popular manners, may do much more. It is impossible for you to remain stationary in this awful crisis; you must rise to true glory and renown, and lead millions in the same path by the power of your example, or sink to sudden and perpetual ruin, aggravated by the great numbers whom your fall will draw with you to the same destruction: and now, were I able to rise, or were any one here who would assist me, I should, with the awful feeling of a dying man, give my last blessing to your Royal Highness.' The prince upon this burst into tears, and fell on his knees before the bishop, who bestowed upon him with folded hands his dying benediction: the prince then, in the most gracious and affecting manner, assisted him himself to go down, and put him into his carriage. The bishop went home, never came out again, and died the fifth day after. On hearing of his death, the prince shut himself up, and was heard by his attendants to sob as under deep affliction."

* Of that very interesting and estimable person, Lord Webb Seymour, so little known, and whose virtues, talents, and acquirements were only to be seen in the shade of a retired and private life, the reader may consult the *Life of Mr. F. Horner*, in which publication in fact his name was made known to the world for the first time.

P. 281. "I must tell you that we have read Mrs. Montagu's *Letters*. Mary thinks them extremely amusing; I, too, am amused, but there is a visible hardness in her character,—such a total

absence of the amiable romance of early life, and such an ungraceful harshness on some occasions, and petulance on others.—I cannot conceive how she has made such very desirable things as good principle, sound sense, brilliant wit, and much intelligence and early usage of the world so little pleasing; there is everything to admire, but nothing gentle, graceful, or attractive. I greatly dislike her style.* Female wit has generally a kind of gay elegance that makes its manner recommend its matter: there must be something wanting when it pleases me so little, who am so delighted with everything of that nature. I cannot say how much Mrs. Carter's kind of humor amuses me; and Gray's letters charm me beyond measure: his wit is of such a grave, odd kind, it takes one by surprise," &c.

P. 283. "Now, as to '*Self-Control*;' it is not Miss Hamilton's, nor is it the work of any one of the many it is ascribed to. The secret has, as yet, been carefully concealed, and all curiosity eluded; but I am fixed in the opinion that it was born in Orkney: I shall not, however, anticipate your judgment in any respect regarding this work, so much admired by some and condemned by others. In this literary city it occasions as much conversation as a new island in the Clyde could do at Greenock."

P. 283. "Southey, who, I think, writes the articles in the Quarterly Review about the Methodists, is not far wrong. They do a great deal of good, as he allows; but both the good and evil peculiar to their tenets are more obvious in England than here: indeed, their tenets are radically good; 'tis their cheerless gloom, their spiritual pride, and their sectarian bigotry that are bad. If their clergy love *pleasure* less than others, they certainly love *power* more, and organize their modes of preserving it with as much diligence as ever the Jesuits did. Yet the Jesuits did much good among the subdued and wretched savages in Paraguay; and the Methodists do a great deal of good among the ignorant and profligate populace in England. For such converts their austere discipline is best suited; they drive them as far as possible from their wonted haunts, lest the evil spirit should regain possession of the herd, and urge them down the precipice. They do not

show the extremes of their extravagance to us in Scotland; our people are too enlightened to bear it. They answer many good purposes: 'to goad the prelate slumbering in his stall,' and to show all other teachers of religion how necessary it is to move the human mind by its two great hinges—hope and fear; the said mind being very little affected by moral essays," &c.

P. 285. "I am pleased that you not only found much amusement in reading Miss Seward's letters, but have candor enough to own you did; for it is the fashion to rail at her as vain and absurd. Her bad taste and self-opinion are too obvious to escape detection from any person that can think or see: yet, though these prominent faults make her less estimable as a woman and less admirable as a writer, I am not sure that they detract much from the entertainment we derive from her letters. Her literary vanity in particular appears *naked* and not ashamed, with a most amusing *naïveté*. The singular artlessness of so artificial a character gives the idea of something unique and anomalous that we know not how to define, nor exactly whether to admire or despise. Talent and sincerity, however disguised, must have their attractions; and Miss Seward had both in no common degree. She furnishes arms against herself by her open avowal of so many feelings and opinions, that others would carefully conceal. She wants art, but, on the other hand, she totally wants delicacy and even that refinement of mind which is almost the necessary consequence of high cultivation. Witness the gross flattery which she gladly received and liberally bestowed. Perhaps it is wrong to call it flattery; her adulators, who for the most part were male and female coxcombs of the first magnitude, very probably thought all they said. Her coarseness and her laxity of religious principle she inherited, I fear, from her clerical father and housewively mother; this was nursed in a card-playing provincial town, where she was the one-eyed queen of the blind, having no superior to look up to, and her mind exasperated by all the underworkings of petty envy and malignity. Her intimacy with Darwin, however innocent, was fatal to her in different respects; his false brilliancy aggravated her false taste, and to the tottering fabric of her religious principle he gave the last blow. I believe that the friendship between her and Saville was as pure as that betwixt you and me; every person of sense and candor, that ever knew them, thought so, and the strain of their letters proves it incontestably. Saville was a man in the highest degree virtuous, pious, simple, and sincere; their friendship was inherited and begun with her father. Having now spoken so freely of Miss Seward's faults, let me do justice to her merits also. She was respectable for her honor and integrity, and the length and strength of her attachments. Could there be a better daughter, a warmer friend, or one that had more home-feelings and home-enjoyments? Her

* Mrs. Grant's observations on the style and character of Mrs. Montagu's letters appear to us to be just; they are clever, but not natural. Some manuscript letters of hers were published in the *Censura Literaria*, vol. i., p. 87; ii., 178, and some in the third volume. It is not, we believe, generally known that no less a person than Conyers Middleton superintended her education. A slight sketch from the inimitable pencil of Madame du Deffand on this learned lady is sufficient. "Je vois quelquefois Madame Montagu, je ne la trouve pas trop pédante, mais elle fait tant d'efforts pour bien parler notre langue, que sa conversation est pénible. J'aime bien mieux miladi Lucan, qui ne s'embarrasse point du mot propre, et qui le fait fort bien entendre, &c. Mad. de Montagu s'est très bien comportée à l'Académie; c'est une femme raisonnable, ennuyeuse sans doute, mais bonne femme et très polie." The allusion to her behavior at the Académie was on account of an Essay of Voltaire's against Shakespeare being read there.

criticisms and descriptions, over-adorned as they are, still convey to the mind, in the most lively manner, one of the first charms of human existence, an enlarged capacity of enjoyment, and a keen and exalted relish for all that is capable of delighting in external nature or the wider world of intellect; powers of enjoyment so buoyant and so active communicate their impulse to slower faculties, and for the moment invigorate and exalt them. * * * When you tell me you are not tired, I shall, perhaps, tell you more of Miss Seward."

P. 308. "You ask my opinion of Mrs. Hannah More's last publication (*Practical Piety*.) Very favorable indeed it is; not that I think anything new remains to be said on the most important subject she treats. Yet if, by throwing those new and clear lights upon useful and well-known truths, which she is so capable of producing, the young are allured to serious consideration, and the old reminded of duties which the tide of worldly cares is apt to overwhelm, much, very much, may be done by her respected agency. I think there is no individual now living to whom the cause of religion owes so much. Her arguments on the subject of prayer are calculated to carry conviction to the reason and contrition to the heart. I have lately read again, with new delight, her *Strictures on Female Education*. There has not yet been any work published on that beaten subject more calculated to do good; genius of the first order, excellent sound sense, profound and practical piety, and thorough knowledge of the prevailing manners and characters, give value and ought to give efficacy to that admirable work," &c.

Vol. II., p. 29. "You ask me what I think of *Rokeby*. I think, in the first place, that it is the *Border Minstrel's Odyssey*; that is to say, there is in it a higher tone of morality, though less of the glow and rapidity of inspiration that hurried you along in his former productions. The descriptions are beautiful, and correctly true to nature, for you know that I, having traced all the scenes under the conduct of their enthusiastic owner, can judge pretty accurately of the resemblance. Mr. Morritt, who is himself a poet, looks on the Tees and the Greta with a lover's eye, and delights in pointing out the beauties of the valleys through which they wander. There cannot, however, be a more powerful illustration of Mr. Jeffrey's theory, of the necessary connexion between scenery and sentiment to give inanimate beauty its full effect, than the comparatively feeble impression left on the mind by description so fine in itself and so true to its original, for want of those legends and poetical associations by which our Scottish glens and mountains are not only consecrated, but in a degree animated. Observe how rich the notes of Scott's former poems are in allusions to traditions and quotations from local poetry! But where is the local poetry of England? Granville and Pope, of very late years, have celebrated Windsor and the

Thames; our own countryman, Thomson, too, hung a wreath on Richmond Hill; but what other place in England can be mentioned that awakes one poetical recollection? * Milton's very self has not sanctified a single spot; and Spenser's localities were all in Ireland."

P. 36 "I have dismissed my cold, and have at present no other illness but that of being sick of *Madame de Stael*, from whose ubiquity there is no escaping. She appears to fill every place, and the mania regarding her seems epidemical. * * * I consider *Madame de Stael's Delphine* a very bad book; and I should be apt to insist on the author doing penance in a white sheet, like Jane Shore, at St. Paul's, before I would forgive her for writing it.† All this I say to qualify the inclosed eulogy, and to assert my decided principle, that there is much danger in allowing talent to atone for dangerous opinions. I think the *Bride of Abydos*—as every bride should be—very beautiful; but the unrivalled *Giaour* is still more so. Now, as I cannot say anything nearly so good myself, I shall conclude by quoting a letter I lately received from Miss —, on the subject of Lord Byron and *De Stael*. '*Madame de Stael entered at one door of the London Theatre just as the Edgeworths exited at the other; I, too, was exiting, but just contrived to get one sight of her, worth a dozen of common ones; I need not say contrived, for the D—s kindly pressed me to meet her at their house, the day after her arrival; and as the only guest besides was Lord Byron, and as they drew each other forth in perfection, I never listened to a dialogue so thoroughly entertaining. The present sentiments, political and religious, of Childe Harold and Madame de Stael are as completely in contrast as her torrent of eloquence and his cold sarcastic wit,*' &c.

P. 40. "Mr. Jeffrey has married Miss Wilkes, a young lady from America. About two years and a half since I received a note from him, apologizing for a short invitation, and entreating that I would come next day to dine with some American friends. I had been much obliged to him for sim-

* Mrs. Grant forgot to mention Jago's poem of Edge Hill; Crowe's finer poem of Lewesdon Hill; Dyer's *Grongor Hill*, so deservedly popular; among the elder poets are the names of Drayton and Denham, both of whom described local scenery; and in the present day there are Wordsworth's *Sonnets to the River Dudden*, &c. We may here mention that the story of the *Maid of Nethercombe*, introduced into the last edition of *Lewesdon Hill*, was not written by Mr. Crowe, but by his son, and might, perhaps, have been better spared. Mr. Orator Crowe reviewed *Shee's Rhymes on Art* in *Cumberland Review*.

† Let us hear what the Comte Segur says of this work, to which the motto prefixed seems little in harmony, "Un homme doit savoir braver l'opinion; une femme s'y soumettre."—"Je met dans une classe à part le *Roman de Delphine*; la lutte des opinions sur cet ouvrage égale peut-être celle des défauts et des beautés dont il fourmille." See Segur sur les Femmes, vol. iii., p. 258. We believe that the character of Cerlebes in *Delphine* was intended for Madame Necker Saussure, the biographer and cousin of Mad. de Stael. Mad. de Stael confessed that *Delphine* was intended for herself, à la beauté prés.

ilar compliances, so set out readily and met these strangers. One was a dark gloomy-looking man, another his wife, the plainest, worst dressed woman I had seen; and the third was a gay, fashionable-looking girl of seventeen. These were M. Simond,* a Frenchman, who left Lyons during the revolutionary horrors, and went to America, where he married Miss Wilkes, niece to the patriot; Mrs. Simond his wife, and Miss Wilkes niece to that wife. Simond, though very unlike a Frenchman, being reserved, fastidious, and philosophic in the highest sense of the phrase, is a man of talent, great refinement, and agreeable conversation when he does converse. His wife is a person that, after the unfavorable impression of her unpromising exterior was got over, I liked exceedingly; most candid, most disinterested, most benevolent, with a cultivated mind, plain manners, and continual good humor. How it came to pass I know not, but so it was, that she lived much with the noted Mrs. Montagu, and all her opinions were formed in that school. The party besides consisted only of Mr. Henry Mackenzie, (the Lounger,) his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, and myself; and we all did wonderfully well. These strangers remained for some time in Edinburgh, making excursions round it," &c.

P. 48. "I am glad M. de Stael has left England; prudery apart, I never relished the worship paid to a Minerva so much more than equivocal in conduct. Far am I from wishing to limit that mercy which keeps the gates of accepted penitence open to those who have erred most deeply; yet such is my impression of the rectitude, deep feeling, and honorable shame that belongs originally to the female character, and revives with renewed force when fallen woman endeavors to regain the height from which vice has precipitated her:—so perfectly do I comprehend what such a person must feel, from one or two instances which have come within my own observation, that I have no faith in a triumphant Magdalene sitting on the tripod of inspiration to deliver oracles to her admirers, or mounting the throne of literary eminence to dictate to her implicit worshippers. A real female penitent aspires to no such distinctions; humility is the first fruit of real penitence; and that penitence which has to expunge a public scandal given to the world, aggravated by volumes of the most pernicious sophistry, would plunge into the depths of retirement if it produced the necessary effects of deep and sincere remorse. The habits of that

vice which is fed and supported by gratified vanity are very obstinate, yet not indelible. It is not mere rhapsody to say,

Let heaven seize it, all at once 't is fir'd;

Not touch'd, but rapt, not waken'd, but inspir'd.

But what is Madame de Stael's religion when you examine it! That poetical German devotion that seeks theatrical effect and strong sensation; that wishes to forget immutable justice in divine beneficence; that seeks God more in his *works* than in his *word*, and worships more as imagination pictures him than as he has revealed himself:

As wise as Socrates, if such they were,

As wise as Socrates might justly stand

The definition of a modern fool.

The enthusiasm that she supposes essential to devotion is certainly more that of the imagination than of the heart. Yet I will allow that, even in figurative and fanciful manner, the suffrage of a person so distinguished in favor of religion, is desirable; we ought never to forget the declaration,—'He that is not against us is with us.' * * * I certainly did not set out with the intention of wandering so far after Madame de Stael, but I certainly did grudge a little the homage paid her when in England, without at the same time detracting from the superiority of her talents and acquirements," &c.

P. 50. "I hope you have read, or will read, *Waverley*. I am satisfied from internal evidence that Walter Scott, and no other, is the author of that true and chaste delineation of Scottish manners, such as they existed at the time he assigns for his drama. I am afraid, as you only saw fine and great people in Scotland, that much of this truth of painting will be lost on you. He is not, however, just to the Highlanders; and the specimens of Highland manners which he gives are not fair ones. He makes them on different occasions ready to assassinate, without their well knowing why, those who displease their chieftain. This is unfair and unjust. A Highlander in old times, was much too ready to use his dirk in a quarrel man to man, and held life much too cheap in skirmishes about cattle, &c., but no people on earth had such a horror at assassination. Of taking the life of another without risking one's own, there is no example even in the sad history of the insurrection of Forty-five; and of murder, they have such a horror, that they even scruple to use the term. But the consequences of a party brawl they do not account murder," &c.

P. 59. "Have you seen Wordsworth's new poem, the *Excursion*? There is much beautiful writing in it, and much piety; but his piety has too much of what is called Pantheism,* or the

* This M. Simond has given in his interesting *Travels in Switzerland* some anecdotes and account of Mad. de Stael: he mentions her letters from Paris to her father, which Mr. Bonstetten said were written with more spirit, ease, eloquence, and acuteness of observation than anything of hers ever published, and regrets the caution of M. Necker, who burnt them. See vol. i., p. 232, &c. He mentions among other traits of character, that at Coppet, while Mr. Bonstetten was walking in the grounds, he was struck with a switch from behind a tree; turning round, he saw Mademoiselle Necker, then a child of five or six years old, laughing, who said,—"*Maman veut que je me serve de la main gauche, et j'essayais.*"

* This accusation of "Pantheism" has been brought against Thomson in his *Seasons*, as well as against Wordsworth, in both cases we think quite erroneously, by taking single insulated passages and poetical expressions; a mode of interpretation perhaps of all most fruitful of error.

worship of nature, in it. This is a kind of German piety too; they look in the sun, moon, and flowers, for what they should find in their Bible. The corruptions of the human heart, however, require a deeper and more radical cure than can be found in contemplating rocks and solitary glens; these remedies for the disorders of the heart must produce their chief effect on very sensitive or imaginative minds. * * * * Wordsworth, they say, talks incessantly; his conversation has the perpetual flow of a stream,—monotonous in sound and endless in duration. I was quite surprised to hear this at first, imagining that, meditating so much as he does among lakes and groves, he had almost forgot the sound of his own voice; but I fancy he is rather like the late Dr. Moore, who, I was told, was always speaking when he was not writing. These lake poets, having their attention entirely withdrawn from the world, and what is passing in it, consider everything that passes in their own minds of such paramount importance, that it must all be communicated, and considered worthy of attention," &c.

P. 61. "I now proceed to tell you that, though I hear some people impute Waverley to Boswell, the son of Johnson's biographer, who is unquestionably a man of genius, I still continue fixed in the opinion that it is Walter Scott's. I know his style of speaking, thinking, and observing so well, that, were he himself to swear as hard as Lord Cochrane that he did not write it, I would not believe him. The arch-critic (Mr. Jeffrey) and I had a discussion on it, when the book first came out; he perfectly agreed in opinion with me, going on surer ground, if possible, than internal evidence, though of that he felt the full weight. He says, he knows every man in Scotland capable of producing a work demonstrative at once of learning and genius, and knows only one mind equal to this work, and his impress is on every page. Miss H., a friend of ours, dined on Friday at William Erskine's; he is the *fidus Achates* of Walter Scott; the poet and his mate were there, as also the Laird of Staffa, and other chiefs. In the evening there were two cantos of the unpublished *Lord of the Isles* read in the author's presence. Miss H. heard them praised, and thought them worthy of the applause they received; she is a spectator in large companies, but a shrewd and intelligent observer, and carries much away, not indeed of poetry. This is the bard's great work, national work I may say; for, behold! is not the battle of Bannockburn the Leipsic of Scotland,—recorded therein? If his success equals my hopes, we shall crown him with thistles and add the rampant lion to his coat of armor. I am dazzled with the extract you give from your friend Mr. Sotheby, who has awakened the sleeping muse of Tragedy. Joanna Baillie's are fine dramatic poems, but will not suit the stage; our critic was near sharing the fate of Orpheus, for his censure of her in the *Edinburgh Review*; the ladies here were enraged

beyond measure. It should have been more gently expressed, but was far from wrong. Your lines from 'Ivan' are admirable. * * * * Pray tell me more of Mr. Sotheby's character and history. I received a present two days since of 'Discipline,' a new work by Mrs. Brunton, author of *Self-Control*.—I now know and like her, but am not sure I shall like her book," &c.

P. 78. "What has most interested me of late, has been a visit from Campbell, the sweet bard of Hope. You must know his enchanting Gertrude, his *Exile of Erin*, and other unequalled lyrics. I wish I could share with you the satisfaction I felt in seeing him cheerful, happy, and universally welcomed and caressed in his dear 'Queen of the North,' from which he had been so long banished, by the necessity of seeking the bread that perisheth elsewhere. He is one who has suffered much, from neither understanding the world nor being understood by it. He encountered every evil of poverty, but that of being ashamed of his circumstances—in that respect he was nobly indifferent to opinion, and his good, gentle, patient little wife, was so frugal, so simple, and so sweet-tempered, that she disarmed poverty of half its evils. This, I fear, was not the case with the bard of Hope, whose morbid sensibility wars with the kind and generous part of his character, and who began the world under the influence of those violent discontented opinions that seem to accuse Heaven of injustice, because the wealth of mind is not accompanied with those advantages which fat contented ignorance often attains, and very justly, because it patiently labors for them. Poor Burns had a great deal too much of this. * * It is time I should tell you the bard is now come to Scotland, after an absence of thirteen years, to receive a legacy left him by a grand-uncle. You cannot think how much every one is delighted: though you did not care for Campbell, it would charm you to see people rejoice so cordially in his acquisition. He has visited me several times, and is so amusing and so original; his admiration of other people's genius, too, is so generous. Scott, though of different opinions, he regards with fond and high admiration: so it seems does Lord Byron. Truly great men must have a congenial attraction for each other. The great English moralist is only an exception that confirms the rule. After being starved for thirty years, married to Tetty, and afflicted with perpetual ill health, it is more wonderful that any benevolence remained, than that all suavity should have been dried up with Johnson," &c.

P. 119. "What shall I tell you of literary novelty from this scribbling city? The last subject of discussion is a new poem by Dr. Thomas Brown, and called the 'Wanderer of Norway.' You do not know Dr. Brown? Well, then, he fills—worthily they say—the chair of the benevolent philosopher Dugald Stewart. He has great fertility of mind, and delightful variety of intelligence and

playfulness in his conversation, which, in the long run, conquers the prejudice resulting from a manner so affected and so odd that there is no describing it. His lectures, I am told, are beautiful; he published poems long ago, but they were too metaphysical for common use or ordinary comprehensions.* He is the very best of sons and brothers. This description is meant to introduce the first thing that meets your eye in case you see the poem; it is a dedication to his mother. * * * I should have told you that 'The Wanderer of Norway' is founded on the hard-fated Mary Wolstencroft's beautiful letters from that country, to which her rich though gloomy imagination, her deep feelings, and the dark mist through which her bewildered mind seems wandering, give a painful interest, not, I should think, to be heightened by poetry," &c.

P. 148. "I am quite of your opinion as to the too uniform splendor of Felicia Hemans. She keeps us hovering constantly on the wing, like birds of paradise, for want of a perch to repose upon. This cannot be said of the honest Lake poets. You may there find obscure and languid places where you may not only perch but nod till some of those beautiful passages which redeem the poppy-covered waste, occur to wake you. Did ever I tell you of one of said poets we have in town here, indeed one of our intimates, the most provoking creature imaginable? He is young, handsome, wealthy, witty; has great learning, exuberant spirits, a wife and children that he doats on, (circumstances one would think consolidating,) and no vice that I know, but, on the contrary, virtuous feelings and principles, yet his wonderful eccentricity would put anybody but his wife wild. She, I am convinced, was actually made on purpose for her husband, and has that kind of indescribable controlling influence over him that Catherine is said to have had over that wonderful savage the Czar Peter. Pray look in the last Edinburgh Review, and read the favorable article on John Wilson's City of the Plague—he is the person in question; and had any one less in favor with them built such a city in the region of fancy, and peopled it in the same manner, they would have *plagued* him most effectually," &c.

P. 163. "I must not omit an anecdote, better than my own, about kissing hands. A young lady from England, very ambitious of distinction, and thinking the outrageous admiration of genius was nearly as good as the possession of it, was presented to Walter Scott, and had very nearly gone through the regular forms of swooning sensibility

on the occasion. Being afterwards introduced to Mr. Henry Mackenzie, she bore it better, but kissed his hand with admiring veneration. It is worth telling for the sake of Mr. Scott's comment; he said, 'Did you ever hear the like of that English lass, to faint at the sight of a cripple clerk of session, and kiss the dry withered hand of an old tax-gatherer?'"

P. 200. "Most of our great towns are so fortunate as to have some piece of light sandy ground in the vicinity, which produces only furze and broom, and becomes valuable from its very defects, affording always a dry walk. The *links* of Edinburgh are also the gymnasium of the city, the place for boyish sports and manly exercises. Here the *wappinschaws* were held of old; and here the good citizens pursue the flying ball, in the ancient mode of the golf. On the south side of these *links* are the frugal villas of the last race of the Edinburgh citizens, the old castle of Merchiston, where Lord Napier formed his logarithms, the shaded modest dwelling where Robertson wrote his history, another very near it where Adam Smith* composed the works that perpetuate his

* It is much to be lamented that Dugald Stewart, from some motive perhaps of delicacy, or perhaps constructing his biography on a different principle, neglected to use, we believe destroyed, very curious particulars relating to Adam Smith, which had been communicated to him. Madame Riccoboni, who was a very good judge of manners, and a diligent observer of society, used highly to praise the manners and character of Smith. It is said that Adam Smith *dictated* his writings, and that this mode of composition may be distinguished by a peculiarity of style. A curious passage omitted in his *Moral Sentiments*, was first printed by Dr. Chalmers in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, vol. ii., p. 294-6. This eloquent work was translated into French by the widow of the celebrated Condorcet. We have never heard it remarked by any one that many parts of this treatise are almost translations from the *Ethics* of Aristotle. Smith's absence of mind, so remarkable as to appear hardly consistent with sanity, is not yet forgotten in the literary circles of Scotland, though we know but one person now alive who enjoyed his acquaintance. We must give one remarkable instance of it. Adam Smith was a commissioner of the Board of Customs. To this board was attached a porter, in a scarlet gown, with a staff of office. When a commissioner entered, the custom was for the porter to salute with his staff, and then precede him to the board-room. This had been repeated before Smith for years in the usual manner; but one day he came to the board apparently only in the *body*, his mind being left in some deep theory in his study at home. As he entered, the porter drew up and shouldered his staff; Smith, earnestly watching him, immediately did the same with his cane, holding it with both hands, as a soldier does his musket. The astonished porter then lowered his ensign of command; Smith did the same. He then stepped back to let the commissioner pass; Smith also retreated. The officer then moved up stairs with his staff advanced at length; Smith marched behind him, holding his cane in the same position, intently anxious in watching where the porter placed his feet on the stairs, and himself choosing the same spot for his. When they arrived at the door of the room, the porter saluted the philosopher with his staff, bowed very obsequiously, and retired; all which motions Smith imitated with the utmost seriousness and attention. It was only when a friend spoke to him, that the enchantment was broken up, and the sage restored to his senses. We regret to state that the manuscripts left by Dugald Stewart have been intentionally destroyed, a loss the greatness of which it is impossible to measure, and the motive that led to it, would be painful to surmise.

* Dr. Thomas Brown died of decline at Kensington, we believe, when not much above forty years old. We think a life of him has been published. His Lectures will be still read for their philosophical acuteness and their elegance. His poetry has long since passed to the repository of the dead. Sir James Mackintosh said of his work on Cause and Effect, "that, in his humble opinion, it entitled Brown to a place very near the first among the living metaphysicians of Great Britain."

name, and several other quiet abodes, without any ornament but groups of ancient trees that surround them, that yet seem haunted by the illustrious shades of their former inhabitants. Beyond these the Pentland hills form a fine screen to the westward. I should add, to finish the picture, that the Pisgah of Edinburgh, Blackford Hill, from whence Marmion surveyed the Scotch army, is near the scene I have described," &c.

P. 207. "You ask me of Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*. What shall I say of his merits, when I begin by confessing that his very faults delight me? All his quaintness, his elaborate minuteness, and his oddities of style, come to my sight like the moles and freckles in a dear friend's face, which I should be sorry to see removed. I seem to know his *dramatis personæ* intimately. How charming, yet how wounding, the sisters Lucy and Jane! What ease, and grace, and interest in Richard's detail of his childish feelings, and the incidents of after life; and then the old bachelor, whose dog was so angry that he would not shoot, is inimitable. * * I could tell you a great deal about Crabbe's very self if I had time, and you cared to hear."

P. 220. "Our thoughts, and indeed those of the Edinburgh public in general, have been much engrossed of late by one of those irreparable privations to which I have alluded. The death of Mrs. Brunton, the authoress of *Self-Control and Discipline*, under circumstances most aggravating to those nearly concerned, and painful to the feelings of her numerous friends and admirers, has produced a deep and universal sensation. Her character has been so ably and truly delineated in the public prints, that nothing can be added to her praise by me, who knew and loved her much, and would have lived in the most cordial intimacy with her had circumstances admitted; but her spending the summer in the country, seven miles off, and in winter our inhabiting the extreme opposite parts in the town, prevented our meeting as often as we wished. We did meet, however, as often as we could at home, and frequently in third places. One consolation I have which does not seem to be taken into account by others; it is looking back on the peculiar and very superior degree of happiness which she enjoyed here, resulting from a clear conscience, and a life spent in the active and unwearied exercise of beneficence, a cordial and vital piety that was too much a part of herself to be worn outwardly in the way of display, a vigorous and powerful mind above disguise or littleness of any kind; a constant, unvaried cheerfulness, not the result of mere animal spirits, but of true wisdom and content; an excellent husband, loving and beloved, and sufficiency for her modest wishes. I might add that she combined with the treasures of a cultivated intellect the capacity for most judicious and regular family management. She was not merely happy in what she possessed, but in what she had not; she had not the least shadow of pride, that makes so many odious, nor

of vanity, that makes so many ridiculous, and worse than ridiculous; consequently she had not a shade of pretence or affectation. I really never knew a person more perfectly natural in manner or language; judge how much she must have been beloved. One privation she felt at first keenly, but very early brought her mind to submit to it with cheerful resignation—it was the want of offspring. After being nineteen years married, this only wish seemed to be granted. Every one rejoiced, and many thought this was granted to her as a temporal reward for her generous and tender care for the forlorn and helpless children of others in various instances. Why should I tell you of our hopes and joys on this occasion? After three days of great suffering, she gave birth to a still-born child. She insisted on seeing it, held its hand, and said, 'The feeling this hand has caused to my heart will never leave it.' Shortly after a relative came and spoke tenderly of her loss; in her plain strong way she said, 'There was nothing so dear to me as my child, and I make my Saviour welcome to it.' After this she never mentioned it, and seemed to go on well for a few days, when she was attacked with a fever, which soon terminated fatally. I leave you to imagine—what I cannot describe—the sorrow of her husband."

P. 223. "As to Blackwood's Magazine, it is somewhat odd that all the wits (for wits they certainly are) engaged in that work should be from the west of Scotland. Laurenwinkle, and all the contributions of the same masterly hand, are attributed to John Lockhart, the son of one of the ministers of Glasgow. He is a *handsome*, gentleman-like young man, in company reserved and silent, yet evidently a diligent observer. Mr. Thomas Hamilton, younger brother to Sir William, is the author of the *Memoirs of Ensign O'Doherty*. The other West-country people are John Wilson, the 'Isle of Palms,' as he is called here, a man of genius and talents, much goodness of heart, and considerable eccentricity. He lived some time at the English lakes, where he still has property, and is a disciple and great admirer of Wordsworth. His younger brother James is, I think, at least equal to him both in talent and judgment, and possesses a sort of peculiar quiet humor which is irresistible. Mr. Robert Sym, maternal uncle of John Wilson, writes the letters from Timothy Tickler to Hogg and others, which you would think very good did you know the parties. I would say much of Wordsworth if I had time; he certainly has a head of gold, but his feet are of clay, with little or no mixture of iron. * * I think he must have written his poem of 'The White Doe' with these clay feet of his. There is something so pure and lofty in his conceptions—he views external nature so entirely with a poet's eye, and has so little of the taint of worldly minds, that I grieve when I find him wandering through the trackless wilds of metaphysics, where I cannot follow him, or in the lower and too obvious paths

of childish inanity, where I wish not to accompany him," &c.

P. 247. "The morning before we left Edinburgh we had the Laureate to breakfast, that being the only time he could afford to us. I had James Wilson to meet him, a younger and graver brother of the Isle of Palms. When I speak of gravity, I mean the grave countenance with which he says things irresistibly ludicrous; he is in fact the author of some of the best, at least the most refined, wit in Blackwood's Magazine. But to return to the Laureate. I like him exceedingly: he has the finest poetical countenance, features unusually high, and somewhat strong though regular; a quantity of bushy black hair worn carelessly, but not with affected negligence; deep set, but very animated black eyes; and a countenance serious and collected, but kindling into ardor when animated in conversation. I have heard Southey called silent and constrained; I did not find him so: he talked easily and much, without seeming in the least consequential, or saying a single word for effect; on the contrary, he converses with the feeling and earnestness of one who speaks not to flourish in conversation, but to relieve a full mind from subjects of frequent meditation. * * If you ask me about Southey's singular and most laudable household, I will tell you in some future letter of what will surprise and please you in regard to the very sweetness of his benevolence," &c.

P. 258. "Miss Joanna Baillie and her sister found means to pay me a long forenoon visit, when we had a good deal of quiet conversation. Mrs. Baillie (for so her elder sister chooses to be distinguished) people like in their hearts better than Mrs. Joanna, though they would not for the world say so, thinking that it would argue great want of taste not to prefer Melpomene. I, for my part, would greatly prefer the muse to walk in a wood or sit in a bower with; but in that wearisome farce, a large party, Agnes acts her part much better. The seriousness, simplicity, and thoughtfulness of Joanna's manners overawe you from talking commonplace to her; and as for pretension, or talking fine, you would as soon think of giving yourself airs before an apostle. She is mild and placid, but makes no effort either to please or shine. She will neither dazzle nor be dazzled; yet, like others of the higher class of mind, is very indulgent in her opinions; what passes before her seems rather food for thought than mere amusement. In short, she is not merely a woman of talent but of genius, which is a very different thing, which is the reason that I have taken so much pains to describe her. Joanna's conversation is rather below her abilities, justifying Lord Gardenstone's maxim, 'that true genius is ever modest and careless.' Agnes unconsciously talks above herself, merely from a wish to please, and a habit of living among her intellectual superiors. I should certainly have liked and respected Joanna, as a person singularly natural and genuine, though she

had never written a tragedy. I am not at all sure that this is the case with most others," &c.

P. 310. "I am going to speak of one whose Correspondence I have been reading, even of Horace Walpole,* the witty, the ingenious, the amusing, the selfish, the vain, the heartless, and the godless. All this he was, and moreover a declared and virulent whig, yet evidently considering 'the people' as scarcely of the same species with himself; professing popular opinions with more aristocratic feelings and manners than any other man of the same reach of understanding. His temper was gay and easy, and he possessed all the gilding and polish of court manners, with a good portion of talent, yet sense enough to know that he could by no means take his place in the first ranks of the aristocracy of genius, and he was too much a noble to be satisfied with ranking in the second; so he contented himself with being a kind of virtuoso, and writing scraps of poetry in the French style of gay, witty, *vers de société*, the only style of poetry in which they excel. The emulation of the noble wit has not been very successful, for all his courtly trifles of this kind are totally deficient in ease and grace, the only merits to which such verses pretend. If nature made any mistakes, one would be tempted to say a mistake had placed him in England, for certainly no Englishman ever had so much of the French character and taste. He seems to me always most at home in France, and it must be allowed that no Englishman ever wrote letters with such light and playful felicity. You are going to silence me with *Couper*, the charm of whose elegance, purity, and gentle pleasantry have long delighted me; but I speak only of talent. You are fascinated with Horace's amusing powers, his talent and vivacity, though you see, at the bottom of all, a selfish skeptical character, who, measuring others by himself, believes not in the existence of generosity or any human virtue. Now with Cowper it is the reverse; it is himself, the charming character of the amiable and hallowed recluse, unveiled in his letters, that forms their chief attraction. The powers must however be great, in the other case, that fix your attention to the careless effusions of one whom you can neither esteem nor love. You will

* The press has of late years poured forth numerous commentaries, and reviews, and opinions, and sketches of Horace Walpole, both whig and tory, favorable and disparaging, some composed with knowledge, some with impartiality; but these have served their turn and are forgotten; while two masterly portraits of him, taken at different periods of his life, and written both in foreign languages, will remain to perpetuate the truth of the likeness and the talent of the writers. The first, by Conyers Middleton, will be found prefixed to his *Quædam Monumenta*, &c., and bears the testimony of that accomplished scholar to Walpole's early attainments and admiration of art: the second is by Madame du Defand, written in 1776, of which every line shows the fine taste, feeling, and sagacity of the writer. The colors are faithful, and yet the impression of the whole is far from pleasing. Gibbon called him "the ingenious trifler;" we wonder that no enemy hit upon the expression—"Le sublime du frivole."

however receive much entertainment from Horace Walpole's Letters, and also considerable information—shall I add edification? Yes; for it is good to know how little the world has to give to its votaries, and how sad is the decline of life without some fairer prospects to light its gloom than the world has to bestow."

Vol. III., p. 9. "I was persuaded to dine out yesterday. It might almost be called a dinner of authors and artists: at the head of the last was Sir Henry Raeburn, and of the first John Wilson—if, indeed, the benign influence of Dr. Brewster's modest worth did not claim precedence. There was much good and lively talk at dinner, and some good music in the evening. I never saw the laird and lady appear to such advantage. * * There is a very elegant and pleasing book, the title of which I do not remember; it is written by a son of Mr. Adolphus the barrister,* a youth about twenty-two, and contains the result of more reading and reflection, more delicacy of taste and accuracy of judgment, than one would suppose attainable at that early period. It is moreover very entertaining, which you will wonder at, when you know that the whole purport of the volume is to show the impossibility of the Scotch novels being written by any one but the author of *Marmion*. If your brother has not seen them, *Simond's Travels* must afford him not merely amusement, but new and impartial views of many things which are too familiar to us to strike observation or awake reflection. I know no book of the kind which contains so much sense and truth. I speak of the *Tour in Britain*. That in Switzerland has the same attractions, only that the history and policy of the little cantons possess no lively interest; but, where he merely tells what he sees and feels, your attention is chained down by the power of genius and sensibility," &c.

P. 14. "I have been agreeably interrupted by a much valued and pretty frequent visiter—Mr. Henry Mackenzie, who is more animated, more correctly informed, and pleasant, than any young person I know. Apropos to what is very pleasant, very lively, and full of sense and information: if you find time or inclination to read a small volume, ask for the lately published *Life of John Home*, by Henry Mackenzie.† It will give you a distinct and faithful picture of the society and manners of Edinburgh, at the period when it first rose to distinction from the number of highly-gifted persons who adorned every profession, and shed a lustre on the land of their nativity. * * * Have you heard anything of a book which everybody (meaning every idle Athenian eager for novelty) is now

reading. It is called the 'Confessions of an English Opium-eater.' Many strange things and persons have I encountered in my journey through life, and among the rest this same opium-eater. I spent an idle half day talking with him fourteen years ago in London, when he was a student at Oxford, and met him once since. I directly recognized him through the thin disguise in his book: I am since assured that I have not been mistaken. Ask more about him, if you have any taste remaining for oddities," &c.

P. 34. "What a being must Cowper have been that could excite such a pure and fervent attachment; and how much beyond the conception of ordinary minds was the tenderness, the constancy, the fortitude, and, above all, the faith of this blessed woman! Lady Hesketh, the good, the generous, and the amiable, tried to fill her place, but sank under it. Miss Fanshawe, who was with lady H. in the last months of her life, told me that she never recovered the miserable winter she spent with her beloved cousin," &c.

P. 39. "Speaking of books, we have been all much engaged with Jeremy Taylor of late. There is a new edition, preceded by an admirable life, by that most admirable person Reginald Heber. Read it by all means: such sound opinions, most happily yet simply expressed, so much learning without pedantry, and research without tediousness, so much piety without dogmatism or bigotry, are rarely met with.* He—this eminent divine—goes to Calcutta in the very spirit of martyrdom; he carries all these fine and consecrated talents, all that wealth of knowledge, and that power of genius, to a region where they will be comparatively little understood or appreciated. You know, perhaps, that he goes out as bishop. Mr. Canning, who greatly loves and admires him, urges him to stay for the first vacant English bishoprick. His brother, who has a large estate, and has no heirs, is equally averse to his going; but the highest and purest motives urge him to spend and be spent in the service of his Master," &c.

P. 57. "Now to speak of books. There is a lady here whom I think you must know—Miss Ferrier; her father is a very old man, and she, who is not very young, and has indifferent health, secludes herself almost entirely with him. The fruits of this seclusion appeared three or four years since in the form of a novel called *Marriage*; it was evidently the production of a clever caustic mind, with much good painting of character in it, that could not be produced without talent and considerable knowledge of men and books. I have

*These Letters by Mr. Adolphus were dedicated to Mr. Richard Heber, and were written with much cleverness and ingenuity. After reading them, little doubt could exist in the mind of any one regarding the author of *Waverley*.

†This *Life of John Home*, by Henry Mackenzie, was reviewed by Sir Walter Scott in the *Quarterly Review*, and the critique contains, as Mr. Lockhart says, "a rich chapter of Scott's early reminiscences."

*In the *Life of Jeremy Taylor*, by R. Heber, there is no mention of a tract which we possess—"A Pindarique Elegie upon the Death of the Right Rev. Father in God Jeremy, late Lord Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, by Le. Mathews, A. M., a sacr. domest. 4to. Dublin, 1667," which should be inserted in the next edition. On the tract called "Christian Consolations" not being by J. Taylor, see *Gibb's Correspondence*, vol. ii., pp. 509, 513, by Al. Knox, M. A., a work of great interest both in theology and literature.

just finished a hasty perusal of a new work by the same author, called *The Inheritance*, and join the general voice in pronouncing it clever, though there is, perhaps, too much of caricature throughout. Pray read it; there is strong sense in it, and it keeps attention awake even when it does not entirely please. There are some here who praise this book beyond measure, and even hold it up as excelling the invisible charmer. This leads me to *Redgauntlet*, where Walter is himself again. Who says that his *forte* is low characters? I do not meet in books, and very rarely in life, such gentlemen as his, with sentiments so just, so manly, and so happily expressed. Witness the feeling without weakness or painted sentimentality, the dignity without strut or false elevation, the graceful ease and unbending spirit displayed in the painful interview betwixt the infatuated Chevalier and his adherents. Basil Hall's *Letters on South America* I have read with pleasure, and hope, nay believe, the information they contain is genuine; yet he sometimes reminds me of the Clown's address to Malvolio, when he supposes him possessed: 'Out upon thee, foul fiend! speakest thou of nought but ladies?' I have met with Basil Hall, and was never more surprised. I looked for a bold weather-beaten tar, but I found a gentleman, with a soft voice and soft manners, pouring out small-talk in half-whispers to ladies; I believe, *however*, he is very estimable. Two volumes of Ariosto Rose's *Recollections of Italy* have lately amused me much. He is acute, elegant, and refined even to fastidiousness; but some allowance must be made for a young man nursed in purple and fine linen, and fed with Greek and Roman classics, and born to smart and agonize at every pore, from being the hapless owner of a sickly and sensitive frame. * * * Of Byron's death I like neither to speak nor hear. What a fall was his before the scene closed!" &c.

From Chambers' Journal.

SCENES ON BOARD A CAPTURED SLAVER.

THE pamphlet of the Rev. Pascoe Grenfell Hill, "Fifty days on board a Slave-Vessel in the Mozambique Channel, in April and May, 1843,"* is a production not more remarkable for its naked exposure of the present state of the African slave-trade, than for its candid revelation of very dire transactions taking place under the British flag. We shall attempt a brief review of the contents.

Her Majesty's ship *Cleopatra*, of twenty-six guns, commanded by Captain C. Wyvill, sailed from Spithead in July, 1842, under orders to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope station, and to convey Governor Gomm to Mauritius. The vessel having reached Rio Janeiro, the Rev. P. G. Hill was there transferred from the *Malabar* to the *Cleopatra*, to act as chaplain during the voyage. After a stay of a week at Rio, where an opportunity was afforded of seeing and describing the condition of the Brazilian slave population, the *Cleopatra* sailed on her cruise, and reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 9th of October. From

* London: John Murray, 1844.

this point the vessel got round the Cape to the eastern coast of Africa, and having touched at Mauritius, arrived, in January, 1843, at Madagascar. The stretch of ocean between this large island and the African continent, called the Mozambique Channel, appears to have been the appointed cruising ground of the *Cleopatra*, in order to watch and check any attempt on the part of slave-vessels to carry away negroes from the African coast. The centre of this odious traffic being about the mouth of the Quilimane river, which is exactly opposite Madagascar, here the *Cleopatra* kept a sharp look-out for her prey. The reverend author describes various nautical manœuvres and sailings to and fro in this arduous enterprise, all proving abortive; till at length, on the 12th of April, a brigantine of suspicious appearance being observed from the mast-head, a chase was the consequence. After the firing of a few shots, the brigantine, no match for her powerful antagonist, yielded to her fate. A cutter was hoisted out from the *Cleopatra*, with an officer, to take possession, and the green and yellow flag of Brazil was displaced by the British ensign. The capture being thus effected, Captain Wyvill, the writer of the narrative, and the surgeon, went on board the prize, to see the state of affairs. Here we may let the chaplain tell his own story.

"It was a strange scene which presented itself to us when we mounted her side. The deck was crowded to the utmost with naked negroes, to the number, as stated in her papers, of 450, in almost riotous confusion, having revolted, before our arrival, against their late masters, who, on their part, also showed strong excitement, from feelings, it may be supposed, of no pleasant nature. The negroes, a meagre, famished-looking throng, having broken through all control, had seized everything to which they had a fancy in the vessel; some with hands full of 'farinha,' the powdered root of the mandree or cassava; others with large pieces of pork and beef, having broken open the casks; and some had taken fowls from the coops, which they devoured raw. Many were busily dipping rags, fastened to bits of string, into the water-casks; and, unhappily, there were some who, by a like method, got at the contents of a cask of aquadiente, fiery Brazilian rum, of which they drank to excess. The addition of our boats' crews to this crowd left hardly room to move on the deck. The shrill hubbub of noises, which I cannot attempt to describe, expressive, however, of the wildest joy, thrilled on the ear, mingled with the clank of the iron, as they were knocking off their fetters on every side. It seemed that, from the moment the first ball was fired, they had been actively employed in thus freeing themselves, in which our men were not slow in lending their assistance. I counted but thirty shackled together in pairs; but many more pairs of shackles were found below. We were not left an instant in doubt as to the light in which they viewed us. They crawled in crowds, and rubbed caressingly our feet and clothes with their hands, even rolling themselves, as far as room allowed, on the deck before us. And when they saw the crew of the vessel rather unceremoniously sent over the side into the boat which was to take them prisoners to the frigate, they sent up a long universal shout of triumph and delight."

The vessel proved to be the *Progresso*, bound for Rio Janeiro. It had taken its cargo on board only the evening before, and was under the charge of a crew, seventeen in number, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Brazilians. The size of the vessel was about 140 tons, length of the slave-deck 37 feet, its mean breadth 21½ feet, and its height 3½ feet. The captain was not forth-coming, and it was alleged he was drowned, though this was ultimately discovered to be false. A muster being made of the hapless beings on board, they were found to amount to 189 men, mostly under twenty years of age, 45 women, and 213 boys—total 447. To relieve the vessel, Captain

Wyvill took fifty on board the *Cleopatra*, leaving 397 in the *Progresso*, which was immediately sent off to the Cape of Good Hope under the charge of a lieutenant, a master's assistant, a quarter-master, a boatswain's mate, and nine seamen. Four Spaniards and a Portuguese, including the cook, were permitted to remain in the prize. Mr. Hill having expressed a wish to act as chaplain on board the captured slaver, his offer was accepted, and he sailed with the party on the voyage to the Cape. More than fifty of the negroes would have been put on board the *Cleopatra*, so as to relieve the pressure in the *Progresso*, but the surgeon thought that small-pox prevailed among the slaves, and a limited number only was taken from the vessel. This opinion proved erroneous; the eruption was afterwards found to be a species of itch. All went well with the overloaded *Progresso* for a few hours, while good weather lasted. Shortly after midnight a sudden squall sprung up, and great was the confusion on deck, covered as it was by groups of naked negroes, who remained above for the sake of fresh air. Strangely enough, the possibility of some such change of weather does not seem to have been provided against. All was tumult on board; the sailors had a difficulty in finding and handling the ropes; and an order was given to send the whole of the negroes below, which was immediately obeyed. The writer proceeds to relate what ensued. The night, he says, "being intensely hot, four hundred wretched beings thus crammed into a hold 12 yards in length, 7 in breadth, and only 3½ feet in height, speedily began to make an effort to re-issue to the open air. Being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the after-hatch was forced down on them. Over the other hatchway, in the fore part of the vessel, a wooden grating was fastened. To this, the sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and, perhaps, panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them press; and thus great part of the space below was rendered useless. They crowded to the grating, and, clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures in length 14 inches, and barely 6 inches in breadth, and in some instances succeeded. The cries, the heat—I may say, without exaggeration, 'the smoke of their torment'—which ascended, can be compared to nothing earthly. One of the Spaniards gave warning that the consequence would be 'many deaths.'" This warning, however, does not appear to have been regarded, nor does the writer say that he made any effort to interfere.

Next day the prediction of the Spaniard "was fearfully verified. Fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses lifted up from the slave-deck have been brought to the gangway and thrown overboard. Some were emaciated from disease, many bruised and bloody. Antonio tells me that some were found strangled, their hands still grasping each other's throats, and tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out. They had been trampled to death for the most part, the weaker under the feet of the stronger, in the madness and torment of suffocation from crowd and heat. It was a horrid sight, as they passed one by one—the stiff distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth—to be cast into the sea. Some, still quivering, were laid on the deck to die; salt water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths. Antonio reminded me of his last night's warning, 'Ya se lo dixè anoche.' He actively employed himself, with his comrade Sebastian, in attendance on the wretched living beings now released from their confinement below; distributing to them their morning meal of farinha, and their allowance of water, rather more than half a pint to each, which they grasped with inconceivable eagerness, some bending their knees to the deck, to avoid the risk of losing any of the liquid by unsteady footing; their throats,

doubtless, parched to the utmost with crying and yelling through the night." Being thus somewhat refreshed, the negroes, reduced to 343 in number, "went below of their own accord, the hatchways being left open to allow them air. But a short time, however, had elapsed when they began tumultuously to re-ascend, while persons above, afraid of their crowding the deck too much, repelled them, and they were trampled back, screaming and writhing, in a confused mass. The hatch was about to be forced down on them, and, had not the lieutenant in charge left positive orders to the contrary, the catastrophe of last night would have been re-enacted." The negroes were now disposed in the most convenient places on the deck, out of the way of the ropes, and covered with long rugs provided for the purpose. This attention was rewarded by only one being found dead next morning; but several were in a dying state, from the effects of injuries suffered on the first and awful night.

The *Progresso* had been provided with stores sufficient to victual the negroes for two months. There were six hundred bags of small beans, bags of rice and farinha, and below the slave-deck were stowed twenty-two huge casks of water, containing each five or six hogsheads. The cabin stores were also profuse; ale, porter, wines, macaroni, tapioca, pickles, cigars, raisins, almonds, &c.; and the coops on deck contained ducks, fowls, and pigs. There was thus no want of food or water, but the latter article seems to have been dispensed with ultra economy. The quantity allowed to each was a pint per diem, but this was far from quenching the thirst which perpetually raged amongst them. Driven to desperation, "they eagerly," says our author, "catch the drippings from the sails after a shower, apply their lips to the wet masts, and crawl to the coops to share the supply placed there for the fowls. I have remarked some of the sick licking the deck, when washed with salt water." To aggravate their distress, the water casks in the hold beneath their den were almost within reach. To lift the planks of their flooring, and furtively get at these repositories during the night, was a crime of which they were found to be guilty. One night the chaplain hears a noise, and obtaining a lantern, "I descended on the slave-deck," says he, "with a Spaniard and an English sailor, who caught seven of the ringleaders in the act of drawing water from the casks beneath. The long loose planks which compose this deck have daily to be removed to get at the water and provisions; but the nightly depredators, in raising them, must at the same time displace a mass of living beings piled on the top, regardless, no doubt, of any injury they may thus cause to them. The mischief resulting from their delinquency is not the loss of the water abstracted, but the corruption of that which remains, by the foul rags which they dip into the casks to obtain it. The boys were anxious to exculpate themselves from sharing in the theft with the men, crying in their language, 'Onishi onishi no capean'—'the little ones do not steal.' This morning the culprits were 'seized up,' with small cords to the fore-rigging, and received from fifteen to twenty lashes each from a rope's end; a Spaniard, an Englishman, and a strong negro, relieving each other at the task."

If designed as an example, the lashing failed in its effect. Some days later, more water-stealing was discovered, and "summary punishment" was inflicted on eight. They received by moonlight about eighteen lashes each, and were coupled in shackles previously to being sent back into the hold. Thus, as in many other fine beginnings, the end but ill corresponds with the 'early promise.' The sound of knocking off their irons, which thrilled so musically on the ear when we boarded the prize, terminates in the clank of riveting them on again, with the accompaniment of flogging. The result of their offence is

certainly highly provoking, when, as is sometimes the case, instead of pure water, we draw up from the casks their putrid rags: on the other hand, none can tell, save he who has tried, the pangs of thirst which may excite them in that heated hold, many of them fevered by mortal disease." The chaplain does not tell us that any means were taken to *prevent* these thefts. Flogging, to all appearance, was the only cure.

The deaths continued frequent from over-crowding, disease, and other causes, and the bodies, as we learn, were tossed overboard without winding-sheet or ceremony. This, which excites no remark from the writer, surely was not seemly. If the negroes were not Christians, they were at any rate human beings: One of the bodies would not sink. "When thrown overboard, it being a dead calm, the body floated for upwards of half an hour, the face above water, close to the vessel, and sometimes striking against the sides; while we were in apprehension every moment that a shark might approach and seize on it." When a sailor died, his body was committed to the deep with the usual solemnities, and loaded to carry it out of sight.

During the progress of the voyage southward, the weather became cold, and this was a change of evils. "May 1.—The naked negroes begin already to shiver, and their teeth to chatter. This is a new infliction added to the former calamities to which this unhappy race is doomed. * * May 3.—We feel the cold severely. Seven negroes were found dead this morning—among them a girl." Deaths also continue from the lurching of the vessel during squally weather: through the gloom of the night, the shrieks rise above the noise of the wind and waves, and are, "of all horrors in this unhappy vessel, the saddest." When the morning comes, "the same dismal oft-repeated tale—three bodies, a man and two boys, lifted on deck from the hold. The man was one who had been savagely beaten by two of his fellows in misery three or four days ago. That the greater number of those who die have their deaths hastened by others overlying or otherwise injuring them below, is obvious from the fact, that they are found dead in the morning; very rarely, at least, during the day-time. It not unfrequently happens that they are crushed between the loose planks of the slave-deck, affording space for their limbs to slip down beyond their strength to extricate." Surely something might have been done to fasten these shifting planks!

Our author speaks of the little respect for each other among these negroes, yet he somewhat contradictorily praises their courtesy and love of fair dealing. "May 18.—There is a natural good-breeding frequently to be remarked among the negroes, which one might little expect. They sometimes come aft on seeing us first appear on deck in the morning, and bend the knee by way of salutation. Their manner of returning thanks for any little present of food or water, is by a stamp on the deck, and a scrape of the foot backwards; and they seldom fail, however weak, to make this acknowledgment, though it cost them an effort to rise for the purpose. The women make a courtesy, bowing their knees forward so as nearly to touch the ground. In the partition of the small pieces of beef in their tubs of farinha, the most perfect fair-dealing is always observed."

On the 28th of May, Cape Agulhas came in sight, and in a day or two afterwards the negroes were landed, in order to be transported to Cape Town in wagons. Of the 397 at the beginning of the voyage, only 222 lived to reach the Cape, making the total number of deaths on board 175. Many, however, died after landing; and of those in the *Cleopatra*, two died. The scene on board the *Progresso* at the clearing out of the living mass was appalling. Seven bodies lay piled on deck to be buried on the beach, and "the body of a lad was found beneath the planks in a state

of decomposition. Part of a hand had been devoured, and an eye completely scooped out by rats."

At the conclusion of his narrative, the reverend writer states it as his impression, that the present arrangements to put down the slave trade are futile. In the first place, the trade offers the most extraordinary profits. On the east coast of Africa slaves can be always purchased with ease, and at a moderate price. Sometimes money, and sometimes coarse cottons, are paid in exchange, at the rate of about £3, 16s. 6d. per man, and £2, 9s. for boys. Taken to Rio Janeiro, a man will sell for £52, a woman for £41, 10s., and a boy for £31. The author assumes that £19,000 will thus be cleared on a single cargo. At this rate of profits, a slave trader will be compensated if he secure only one cargo out of four or five, which he is certain to do. With avarice whetted by an average degree of success, he defies all risks. In the second place, he has nothing to fear from punishment. The United States, Great Britain, the States of Buenos Ayres, Brazil, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Portugal, have each, by conventions or legislative enactments, declared the slave trade to be piracy, and its perpetrators deserving of death as pirates; but all this is practically a dead letter. The crew of the *Progresso* were set at liberty, "there being no authority at the Cape to deal with them as criminals."

Stimulated with the hopes of excessive gains, and dreading no personal chastisement, the slave traders carry on their detestable traffic with as great vigor at the present moment, if not greater, than at any former period. "While we boast the name of Wilberforce," observes Mr. Hill, "and the genius and eloquence which enabled him to arouse so general a zeal against the slave trade; while others are disputing with him the claim of being 'the true annihilator of the slave trade,' that trade, so far from being annihilated, is at this very hour carried on under circumstances of greater atrocity than were known in his time, and the blood of the poor victims calls more loudly on us as the actual, though unintentional aggravators of their miseries."

These announcements, by no means new, are sufficiently humiliating. The interference of British philanthropists has vastly aggravated the horrors of the slave trade. Instead of being carried across the ocean in roomy vessels, the negroes are now packed into the smallest possible space, in brigantines built for quick sailing; and thus, while as many cross the Atlantic as ever—it is said 20,000 annually—notwithstanding the vigilance of British cruisers, the sufferings and deaths during the passage are prodigiously increased. Capture, even by a British vessel, would seem, from the account before us, to be by no means an immediate relief to the sufferers. Officers, unaccustomed to such duties, and probably with few trusty hands to aid them, make indifferent custodiers of the newly emancipated negroes; so that, under the British flag, and under the guise of discipline, scenes occur as revolting as any which take place in the slave-holding states of the New World. Is there, then, really no means left for putting down the abominable trade in slaves? Must philanthropy sit down and sigh over evils which are apparently irremediable? The author before us hints at civilizing and Christianizing Africa by missionaries, as the only means of cutting up the traffic at its roots. We agree with him so far; but go a step farther, and point to the kind of missionaries to be employed. Africa, in our opinion, is only to be civilized by her own colored race. This, fortunately, can be done without taking a shilling from the European purse. There is a demand for hired laborers in the West Indies. Supply this demand from Africa, giving the servants so introduced a safe conduct back to their native country on the expiry of their engagements. Carrying home with them the civilized habits and tastes, also the knowledge of the Christian doctrines and graces, which they would

acquire during their servitude, a flood of civilization might thus be regularly returned to the African continent, affecting all within its influence. Nor is this scheme without precedent. Already, in the small and free state of Liberia, on the coast of Africa, man-umitted American slaves have successfully planted the standard of civilization, and, we believe, done more to Christianize this benighted region than all the efforts of English philanthropists put together. It is unfortunate that, because the Liberian scheme did not originate in England, it has hitherto been viewed with distrust, if not open indignity, in this country. Still, there is the fact of its success, offering a lesson which the anti-slavery societies should not rashly disregard. The experience of half a century proves that guns cannot put down the slave trade. And a refusal to have commercial dealings with the South American states will prove equally fallacious; for they will deal with some one else, and we shall only lose their trade for our pains. In short, there appears no means to quell this horrid traffic than that of outdoing the slave-holding states by cheapness and dexterity of labor; and to effect this result, nothing could be so effectual as to strip the West Indies of their present sloth-inducing monopoly, and compel them to resort to every honorable expedient to undersell their slave-holding competitors.

In conclusion, we offer thanks to the Rev. Mr. Hill for the candor of his disclosures, which cannot fail to make a deep and beneficial impression in the country.

From the Athenæum.

Seventh Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Education; together with the Seventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board. By HORACE MANN, Esq. Boston, Jan. 1844.

THE last of these documents is one of the most interesting reports on educational subjects we have ever happened to meet with. Mr. Horace Mann, its author, is a school critic of much experience, sagacity, and practical quickness in detail. He is besides evidently a benevolent man, looking seriously, and yet not with despondency, on our social state; a lover of his own country, an admirer of her institutions, but touched with a consciousness of her present short-comings. After six years' devotion to the duties of his office, as Secretary to the Massachusetts Board of Education, his health being injured by exertion, he requested leave to make such a tour (at his own expense) as might serve the double purpose of bodily renovation, and of bringing in valuable information respecting his favorite objects—and accordingly employed six months of 1843, in a rapid survey of English, Irish, Scotch, Prussian, German, Dutch, and French schools. The time, no doubt, was much too short for the purposes of careful individual inspection, and the pamphlet is not without an occasional appearance of haste: yet it serves a useful purpose. Men accustomed, like Mr. Mann, to look much at children and teachers, acquire great quickness in estimating the general position of these relative parties; and those less experienced are, more apparently than really, wise, when they speak with contempt of their criticism. It is always good for something—and teachers should be willing to accept the aid it might give them, in forming an estimate of the principal deficiencies, as well as merits, of their rule. The worst part of the business is, that these clever and energetic men, who bustle through a great deal of work in a

short time, do not, in general, allow enough for what, in a short survey, they cannot see. We may grant, for instance, the facts of the promptitude, spirit, and energy displayed in the Scotch schools, and yet doubt exceedingly whether the individual attainments of boys kept in this state of violent excitement, are at all equal to those of many pupils in quieter and duller looking schools. There seems to us no necessity for the sleepy method of hearing each scholar answer his question *in turn*, merely because there is no taking places—let the teacher put his question as irregularly and unexpectedly as he pleases, only let a distinct answer be required from the scholar signified; or if he cannot answer, let him proceed to another. The secret is, vigor and promptitude, without violence.

Respecting the antagonistic wrappings of Scotch scholars, however, let Mr. Mann speak for himself:—

"I entirely despair," he says, "of exciting in any other person, by a description, the vivid impressions of mental activity or celerity which the daily operations of these schools (the Scotch) produced on my mind—actual observation can alone give anything approaching to the true idea. I do not exaggerate when I say, that the most active and lively schools I have ever seen in the United States, must be regarded almost as dormitories, if compared with the fervid life of the Scotch schools; and, by the side of theirs, our pupils would seem to be hibernating animals just emerging from their torpid state, and as yet but half-conscious of the possession of life and faculties. It is certainly within bounds to say, that there were five times as many questions put, and answers given, in the same space of time, as I ever heard put or given in any school in our own country. But a few preliminary observations are necessary to make any description of a Scotch school intelligible. In the numerous Scotch schools, which I saw, the custom of place-taking prevailed, not merely in spelling, but in geography, arithmetic, reading, defining, &c. Nor did this consist solely in the passing up of the one giving a right answer above the one giving a wrong; but, if a scholar made a very bright answer, he was promoted at once to the top of the class—if he made a very stupid one, he was sentenced no less summarily to the bottom. Periodically, prizes are given, and the fact of having been 'Dux' (that is, at the head of the class) the greatest number of times is the principal ground on which the prizes are awarded. In some schools, an auxiliary stimulus is applied. The fact of having passed up so many places (say ten or twelve) entitles the pupil to a ticket; and a given number of these tickets is equivalent to being 'Dux' once. When this sharper goad to emulation is to be applied, the spectator will see the teacher fill his hand with small bits of pasteboard, and, as the recitation goes on, and competition grows keen, and places are rapidly lost and won, the teacher is seen occasionally to give one of these tickets to a pupil as a counter, or token, that he has passed up above so many of his fellows; that is, he may have passed up above four at one time, six at another, two at another—and if twelve is the number which entitles to a ticket, one will be given without any stopping or speaking—for the teacher and pupil appear to have kept a silent reckoning, and when the latter extends his hand, the former gives a ticket without any suspension of the lesson. This gives the greatest intensity to competition, and, at such times, the children have a look of almost maniacal eagerness and anxiety."

Again:—

"A boy errs, giving, perhaps, a wrong gender, or saying that the word is derived from a Greek verb,

when, in fact, it is derived from a Greek noun of the same family. Twenty boys leap forward into the area—as though the house were on fire, or a mine, or ambush, had been sprung upon them—and shout out the true answer, in a voice that could be heard forty rods. And so the recitation proceeds for an hour. To an unaccustomed spectator, on entering one of these rooms, all seems uproar, turbulence, and the contention of angry voices; the teacher traversing the space before his class in a state of high excitement, the pupils springing from their seats, darting to the middle of the floor, and sometimes, with extended arms, forming a circle around him, two, three, or four deep—every finger quivering from the intensity of their motions, until some more sagacious mind, outstripping its rivals, solves the difficulty—when all are in their seats again, as though by magic, and ready for another encounter of wits. I have seen a school kept for two hours in succession in this state of intense mental activity, with nothing more than an alteration of subjects during the time, or, perhaps, the relaxation of singing. At the end of the recitation, both teacher and pupils would glow with heat, and be covered with perspiration, as though they had been contending in the race or the ring. It would be utterly impossible for the children to bear such fiery excitement if the physical exercise were not as violent as the mental is intense. But children who actually leap into the air from the energy of their impulses, and repeat this as often as once in two minutes, on an average, will not suffer from suppressed activity of the muscular system."

As Mr. Mann makes no remark on the hazards of this violent competitive exercise, it is to be supposed he has no decided opinion against it. To ourselves it appears, morally, mentally, and physically, bad. The sort of "physical exercise" here spoken of, seems to us no more likely to benefit the body than the convulsive movements of a child suffering under St. Vitus's dance. As to the proof it brings of the love of knowledge, also, to what does it amount? The whole thing is reduced to a system of prize-fighting. Not the more for all this may the intelligent desire of improvement flourish, nor does there come before us the pleasant vision of the man, in after times, slaking his mental thirst at the well-springs of knowledge, alone and far away though he may be from those who wrestled with him for a first draught. The very noise and clamor appear (for we, too, have seen our Scotch schools) as fatal to the growth of a spirit which should be trained to vanquish difficulties by quiet continuous effort, rather than by violence.

Mr. Mann seems fully aware of the evils of this competitive system in the communication of religious knowledge; but why, though the impiety of the strife is more flagrant, should the effects on the religious character be much worse in one case than in the other?

Here, however, is a specimen, "an exact account," says Mr. Mann, "of a religious lesson which I saw and heard:—"

"Teacher. What sort of death was denounced against our first parents for disobedience?

"First Pupil. Temporal death.

"T. No, (and pointing instantaneously to the second.)

"Second P. To die.

"The teacher points to the third, crying, 'Come away!' and then to the fourth, a dozen pupils leap on the floor, a dozen hands are held out, all quivering with eagerness.

"Fourth P. Spiritual death.

"T. Go up, *Dux*, (that is to the head of the class.)

"And so of the following, from the Westminster Catechism, which, with all the proofs, is committed to memory.

"Teacher. What is the misery of that estate whereinto man fell?

"Pupil. All mankind by their fall lost communion with God, &c.

"T. What sort of a place is hell?

"P. A place of devils.

"T. How does the Bible describe it?

"First P. (Hesitates.)

"T. Next. Next.

"Fifth P. A lake of fire and brimstone.

"T. Take 'em down four.

"And thus on these awful themes, a belief and contemplation of which should turn the eyes into a fountain of tears, and make the heart intermit its beatings, there is the same ambition for intellectual superiority as on a question in the multiplication table. There is no more apparent solemnity in the one case than the other."

We are curious to see what Mr. Mann would say on the Prussian system. His judgment on some points indeed might be anticipated, visiting these schools as he did, in order to cull materials for comparison with, and, if need be, improvement of, those of his own land, he would of course exult in their points of accordance. Yet more, in some few particulars, would he triumph in the superiority of the birth-right privileges of a Massachusetts child.—"That child," he says, "would be as much astonished at being asked to pay any sum, however small, for attending our common schools, as he would be if payment were demanded of him for walking in the public streets, for breathing the common air, or enjoying the warmth of the inappropriable sun." Again in another, and more important point, he adverts to the conduct of the Prussian government, in taking two different religions under its exclusive patronage, and of teaching under the same roof, with equal authority, propositions contradicting each other.

"In the same schoolhouse, under the same roof, I have passed from one room to another, separated only by a partition wall, where different religions, different and irreconcilable ideas of God, and of his government and providence, of our own nature and duties, and of the means of salvation, were taught to the children by authority of law! and where a whole system of rites, books, teachers, officers, had been provided to enforce upon the children, as equally worthy of their acceptance, these hostile views. Everlasting, immutable truth—not merely the image, but the essence of God, not merely unchanging, but in its nature unchangeable and immortal—was made, after crossing a threshold, to affirm what it had denied and to deny what it had affirmed. The first practical notion which any child can obtain from such an exhibition, and the brightest minds will obtain it earliest, is, of the falsity of truth itself, or that there is no such thing as truth, and that morals and religion are only convenient instruments in the hands of rulers for controlling the populace. Such a conclusion must be an extinction of the central idea of all moral and religious obligation. * * * Wherein does the teaching of two hostile religions, by authority of law, differ from teaching contradictory theories in science, only as the former subject should be approached with more caution and reverence than the latter? Suppose some weak but proud mortal, having by means of birth or any other accident obtained a control over the destinies of men, should decree that the half of the children

in his kingdom should be taught the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, according to which the sun revolves round the earth; and the other half, the Copernican system, according to which the earth revolves round the sun, could he retain the respect of any intelligent subject, either for his system, or himself?"

Deplorable, also, are the effects of this unfaithfulness upon the teachers themselves. "I asked one of them, how he could teach what he disbelieved; and whether it did not involve the essence of falsehood." His reply was, "It is a lie of necessity. The government compel us to do this, or it takes away our bread."

With regard to the general character of these Prussian teachers, to the efficiency of their instructions, the admirable discipline of their schools, the absence of base and unworthy motives of action, no one can speak more strongly than this American Inspector.

"I speak of the teachers whom I saw, and with whom I had more or less of personal intercourse; and, after some opportunities for the observation of public assemblies or bodies of men, I do not hesitate to say, that if those teachers were brought together, in one body, I believe they would form as dignified, intelligent, benevolent-looking a company of men as could be collected from the same amount of population in any country. They were free alike from arrogant pretension, and from the afflictation of humility. It has been often remarked, both in England and in this country, that the nature of a schoolmaster's occupation exposes him, in some degree, to overbearing manners, and to dogmatism in the statement of his opinions. Accustomed to the exercise of supreme authority, moving among those who are so much his inferiors in point of attainments, perhaps it is proof of a very well-balanced mind, if he keeps himself free from assumption in opinion and haughtiness of demeanor. Especially are such faults or vices apt to spring up in weak or ill-furnished minds. * * Among the Prussian and Saxon teachers whom I saw, there were not half a dozen instances to remind one of those unpleasant characteristics—what Lord Bacon would call 'the idol of the tribe' or profession—which sometimes degrade the name, and disparage the sacred calling of a teacher. Generally speaking, there seemed to be a strong love of the employment, always a devotion to duty, and a profound conviction of the importance and sacredness of the office they filled. The only striking instance of disingenuousness, or attempt at deception, which I saw, was that of a teacher, who looked over the manuscript books of a large class of his scholars, selected the best, and, bringing it to me, said, 'In seeing one you see all.' Again:—'Though I saw hundreds of schools, and thousands, I think I may say, within bounds, tens of thousands of pupils, I never saw one child undergoing punishment, or arraigned for misconduct; I never saw one child in tears from having been punished, or from fear of being punished. * * I cannot say that this extraordinary fact was not the result of chance or accident. Of the probability of that others must judge. I can only say, that during all the time mentioned, I never saw a blow struck, I never heard a sharp rebuke given, I never saw a child in tears, nor arraigned at the teacher's bar for any alleged misconduct. On the contrary, the relation seemed to be one of duty first, and then affection, on the part of the teacher,—of affection first, and then duty, on the part of the scholar. * * I have seen a teacher actually clap his hands with delight at a bright reply: and all this has been done so naturally and so unaffectedly, as to excite no other feeling in the residue of the children than a desire, by the same means, to win the same caresses. What person worthy of the name of a parent, would not give anything, bear anything, sacrifice anything, to have his children, during eight or

ten years of the period of their childhood, surrounded by circumstances, and breathed upon by sweet and humanizing influences like these? I mean no disparagement of our own teachers by the remark I am about to make. As a general fact, these teachers are as good as public opinion has demanded; as good as the public sentiment has been disposed to appreciate; as good as public liberality has been ready to reward; as good as the preliminary measures taken to qualify them would authorize us to expect. But it was impossible to put down the questionings of my own mind—whether a visitor could spend six weeks in our own schools without ever hearing an angry word spoken, or seeing a blow struck, or witnessing the flow of tears."

On questions of *method*, respecting which the American visitor naturally dwells at some length, (these in his opinion being considerably in advance of the New World among the Continental States,) we will not now enter, only briefly stating that Mr. Mann is a warm advocate for the *Phonic* method of elementary instruction in reading, and that he pronounces the Prussian schoolmasters to be admirable teachers of writing and drawing, of grammar, music, and very often, in an eminent degree, of geography. It is well known, that "every man is his own book." His library is in his own head. "Promptly, and without pause or hesitation, from the rich resources of his own mind, he brings forth whatever the occasion demands."

"I remember calling one morning at a country school in Saxony, where everything about the premises, and the appearance of both teacher and children, indicated very narrow pecuniary circumstances. As I entered, the teacher was just ready to commence a lecture on French History. He gave not only the events of a particular period in the history of France, but mentioned, as he proceeded, all the cotemporary sovereigns of neighboring nations. The ordinary time for a lesson here, as well as elsewhere, was an hour. This was somewhat longer, for, towards the close, the teacher entered upon a train of thought from which it was difficult to break off, and rose to a strain of eloquence which it was delightful to hear. The scholars were all absorbed in attention. They had paper, pen, and ink, before them, and took brief notes of what was said. When the lesson touched upon cotemporary events in other nations, which, as I suppose, had been the subject of previous lessons, the pupils were questioned concerning them. A small text-book of history was used by the pupils, which they studied at home."

We propose recurring to this interesting Report again, for the purpose of citing some of Mr. Mann's remarks on the *effects* of the Prussian schools, and the eager manner in which English writers, anxious to find arguments against the obnoxious clauses in the Factories Bill of 1843, have turned whatever might tell, fairly or unfairly, against the results of a national education in that country, against national education in another. In our second notice, also, we shall give a few of the reporter's remarks on English schools.

A WORD OR TWO ON PORT WINE.—"Pure as imported" is, it appears, a very equivocal phrase; for we learn from this little pamphlet, written by one who has resided in Portugal for eleven years, that Port wine is adulterated at Oporto to an extent scarcely credible—that what is called "rich wine" receives from 20 to 25 gallons per pipe of brandy! and from 6 to 18 gallons of jerupiga, a compound of elderberry juice, brown sugar, and unfemented grape juice.

From Chambers' Journal.

TEN POUNDS: A TALE.

"TEN pounds!" exclaimed John Hawker, as he re-folded a letter and put it into his inmost pocket, for fear it should be seen by his wife. "Ten pounds lost—gone—and I shall never be able to make it up again. Oh dear, what *will* become of me?" John Hawker's anxiety was so intense, that it broke out in a profuse perspiration, and he was wiping his brow when his wife entered the little parlor. He turned pale, his lip quivered, and he laid hold of a chair to steady himself, lest she should see how much he trembled.

"Why, John," exclaimed Mrs. Hawker, "you seem dreadfully vexed about your brother's family leaving the town. For my part, I feel their going away is like a load taken off me, for they were always borrowing something or other, and having things upon trust out of the shop. Even up to the last minute, if I had not looked pretty sharp after them, we should have never got that two pounds eleven and odd they run up for groceries." John groaned in spirit; for well he knew that the "small account" had been paid out of the money he had lent his brother, and he buttoned his coat tightly over him, lest a corner of the letter which announced the borrower's inability to return the loan should reveal itself to betray the secret.

"I don't wish them any harm," added Mrs. Hawker benevolently, "and hope they will do better as emigrants to Australia than they could do here. But I doubt it, John: a man with a wife and three children in a foreign country stands but a poor chance. However, we shall see." Mrs. Hawker's remarks were cut short by the shrill voice of the errand boy exclaiming, "Shop!" and she bustled out to serve a customer.

When his wife retired, John drew aside the green curtain, and peeped through the glass door to see who the customer might be; a practice which he had invariably indulged in during the last month—ever since, in fact, he had clandestinely lent his brother the fatal ten pounds. To his horror, the individual who was being served with the various articles in which he was licensed to deal, proved to be the customer whom of all others he dreaded most to find in communication with his wife. The truth is, poor John, being only a cipher in his own chandlery business, had committed a kind of fraud—or rather it would have been a fraud, if it were possible for a man to swindle himself. The customer now in the shop had paid him an account, and instead of duly handing the proceeds over to the head of the firm (in other words, to his "good lady,") he lent them to his brother. From that moment peace was banished from his breast. The fear of being found out haunted him constantly. In ordinary cases, a man would have lent the cash in spite of his wife, and boldly owned the deed. But John's was *not* an ordinary case. In matters of business, he was so completely under uxorial control, that he would have looked on such a disclosure with a dread equivalent to contemplating poison. Not that Mr. and Mrs. Hawker lived unhappily together; far from it; for, apart from the shop, Mrs. Hawker was a pattern of conjugal affection:—the wife was amiable, attentive, and kind, but the shopwoman was imperious, exacting, inflexible!

We left John peeping under the curtain of the little shop parlor. He watched the motions of the customer and his wife with intense suspense, trembling lest it should come out that he had received the money. The buyer and seller were in close conversation, but it was evidently on indifferent topics. Presently Mrs. Hawker's brow darkened; the customer produced a paper, which was not unlike, in outward appearance, John's own receipt! He could look no longer, and sunk into the nearest chair, overpowered

with dread. His hour was surely come; for his wife bounced into the room with terrible haste. She never heard of such a thing! The dishonesty of some people was really shocking! "Your brother," continued the dame, "actually had the impudence to ask Mrs. Thompson to lend him ten pounds, when he knew he was going to leave the country, and could never repay it."

"Indeed!" replied John, feigning astonishment, but in reality suddenly delighted to find he was yet safe; "and that paper she showed you was—"

"His letter soliciting the accommodation. Not that I think the Thompsons are able, if willing, to be so generous, for they have not yet paid us their last half year's account."

Though once more experiencing the delights of temporary relief, John Hawker determined, when his wife returned to her shop duties, to devote all the energy of his mind to staving off to a still more distant period the catastrophe he so much dreaded. He pored over the ledger, which he luckily kept, to pick out some bill which he could safely present, and get paid, so as to transfer the money to the Thompsons' account, and thus close it. After a long search, he selected a twelve pound bill owing by Mr. Staple, the timber merchant. He knew the cash would be forthcoming, and lost no time in applying for it.

John found Staple sitting alone over his wine after dinner, and was not slow in accepting his invitation to sit down and take a glass. The conversation turned, as usual, on the hardness of the times—a subject on which John invariably expressed himself with great despondency. Staple, who was a peculiarly good-hearted person, construed the grocer's lamentations literally, and knowing that he and his wife were deserving people, offered to be of any assistance. An idea instantly darted into John's brain (which, it must be owned, was never fertile in expedients) that had never before entered it. Would Staple, besides paying his account, *lend* him ten pounds? The wine inspired him with courage, and he asked the favor—it was not denied—and John Hawker experienced a feeling of ease and security he had been a stranger to for more than a month. Still, the pleasure was not without its alloy; to remove which it was necessary to solicit another, and, as he thought, a greater favor. He asked, in a tone of intreaty that was not to be resisted, "if Mr. Staple would be good enough not on any consideration to mention the transaction to his wife?"

Staple faithfully promised. "But there is one thing," continued the lender, "about which I am extremely particular, and that is punctuality of payment. You must let me have the money again before the 25th of March, for on that day I make up my accounts." As this was three months to come, John faithfully promised, and joyfully departed with the money in his pocket.

For some time past, Mr. Hawker's despondency had been the talk of the town; but since his visit to Staple, his spirits had so manifestly improved, that it gave the neighbors a new theme for their gossip. At length, after many guesses, they thought they discovered a cause for John's unusual liveliness in the prosperity of the grocery establishment. The lord of the manor had come to reside on his estate, and made a point of confining his custom to the tradesmen of the town, none of whom felt the benefit of Lord Winter's patronage so extensively as the Hawkers. Had, however, their acquaintances known the truth, they would have perceived that this accession of good fortune brought no benefit to John himself; for, in proportion as the business flourished, so did the managing partner's vigilance increase. Mrs. Hawker looked narrowly into the state of the books every night, calculated the profits, withdrew them from the till, and kept them under lock and key with the most exact and unbending regularity. In this state of things there appeared but a small prospect

of John being able, either by fair means or foul, to scrape together Staple's ten pounds by the day he had promised to return it; and as the time approached, his despondency and terror returned. Seeing no prospect of averting a forfeiture of his word to his friend, he never met him without descanting more dolefully than ever on the hardness of the times and the badness of trade. Staple sincerely pitied him, but hoped he would be punctual in his payment on Lady Day.

As Mrs. Hawker had few weaknesses, she may be readily forgiven for one which she possessed in a predominant degree. Considering herself, perhaps justly, (for her father was an attorney,) somewhat above her present station in life, she had a habit of boasting and making as much pretension to gentility as she possibly could. Hence it was not unnatural that, out of the increased profits of trade, she should treat herself with a new bonnet oftener than heretofore; should fit up her "first-floor front," as she called it, in a superior style, and make certain other additions to the household expenses, as were fully warranted by the flourishing state of the business. Now, all this ought to have made John Hawker all the happier; but, alas! it augmented his misery. The 25th rapidly approached, and his good lady was spending the money which ought, in strict justice, to be saved for liquidating the loan.

On Sunday she appeared at church in a new tuscan bonnet, with blue trimmings, which was the envy and admiration of the surrounding congregation—at least of the female part of it. Conscious of the effect she had produced, Mrs. Hawker was, on her way home, peculiarly chatty to all and sundry of the town gossips. Amongst others, she and her husband were joined by Mr. Staple, who, after a well-turned compliment to the lady's blooming looks and elegant attire, turned to John, remarking that times could not be so desperate after all. John presented his longest face, and assured his friend that business was as bad as it could be, that money was very scarce, and there was no end to the difficulties now-a-days of making ends meet. From this, however, Mrs. Hawker decidedly dissented. For her part, she was perfectly satisfied with things as they were, and had no notion of living in the hugger-mugger way that some people would live in if they could have their will. Indeed, she was fitting up the front drawing-room in a genteel manner, that they might occasionally see their friends in a social way. Poor John! in vain were all his nudges and looks of intreaty to admonish her to change the subject. Every word uttered by her belied the plea of poverty he was constantly putting in to Staple; but being on a favorite topic, Mrs. Hawker still went on. "There was a carpet, for instance, I bought at Tod's—"

"A cheap Kidderminster merely," remarked the grocer.

"Not at all cheap!" observed the lady tartly; "for when I buy things, I like them good and serviceable. One don't buy a carpet every day; do we, Mr. Staple?"

Mr. Staple hoped not.

"I am in treaty for a sofa with Morrison the broker, but—"

"But you know, my dear," interrupted John in an insinuating tone, "we cannot afford it."

"I'll see about that, Mr. Hawker," said the groceress, "if I can only get Morrison down to my price."

"Well, well, you know best," returned John, who felt that he had carried his contradictions as far as he dared. Here Staple turned to go off towards his own house, and on parting, Mrs. Hawker pressed him to drop in some evening in a friendly way. "We have just got two dozen of gold-colored sherry down from London."

"I am delighted to find you are getting on so well

in the world," remarked Staple, as he shook hands. By this time John was completely bewildered; but quickly awoke to a sense of his situation, when his friend added significantly, "I suppose I shall see you on the twenty-fifth, John?"

John was too frightened to reply, so Staple went away without receiving an answer.

"So, so," said Mrs. Hawker in a tone of severe inquiry; "what is going on on the twenty-fifth?"

John made a mighty effort to utter—"Nothing."

"Nothing! eh, John? as if I did not know Staple of old. But take care, if you do dine with him on that day, you don't come home in the state you did last Christmas. Indeed, if I were you, John, I would not go at all."

Alas! John only wished he might have it in his power for once to disobey his better half; but as he saw not the smallest prospect of being able, with any face, to visit his friend on the day named, he faithfully promised that he would n't. Oh that ten pounds!

Again the neighbors noticed that John Hawker had relapsed into the old state of melancholy; neither was this overlooked by his wife. It was in vain she tried to rouse him—vain were her treats after supper of little tumblers of the gold colored sherry and warm water; for every drop John swallowed, he felt as if he were committing a fraud on his only creditor. Vain was her triumph over Morrison the broker, when she succeeded in getting the sofa at her own price; for John shared not in her exultation. "How," thought the wretched grocer, "can I face Staple, when the news of the outlay comes to his ears?"

How indeed? Conscience makes cowards of us all; but never did it make an individual so timid as John Hawker. The certainty of being unable to keep his engagement troubled him with a morbid dread of meeting his creditor. For three weeks before the appointed day he feared to leave his shop, lest he should encounter Staple on the street; and feared to stay at home, lest Staple should call. On one or two occasions, when he could invent no reasonable excuses for going errands of business for his head partner, he was observed to turn the corners of every street with the utmost caution, taking a careful survey of its passengers before he ventured to enter it. Once, when he thought he saw Staple approaching him, he darted down a blind alley; and another time, when laboring under a similar delusion, he rushed into a doctor's shop, and asked for a certain drug with so much incoherency of manner, that the dispenser refused to supply him.

At length the awful twenty-fifth arrived!

Still, all John's tribulation was groundless, for he heard nothing from Staple. But who could foretell the sweeping catastrophe which may be awaiting him? Was the creditor nursing up all his wrath till the default of payment had been actually committed? Would he, in violation of his pledge, tell Mrs. Hawker? John's hair stood on end at the bare anticipation. But no, no; he knew Staple better—never was so strict a man of his word. He may go to law for the debt—resort, in fact, to great extremities to get it paid; but the last extremity of all—the divulging the secret to his wife—was a piece of malice John felt would never be hurled against him—and John was right.

The twenty-fifth passed over; the next day; the twenty-seventh, and not a word from Staple about the ten pounds. This silence was ominous; it boded either great good or dire evil. On the twenty-eighth, however, John's terrible suspense was put an end to. Staple had just gone to London on some pressing business! "Perhaps," said John, the first moment he found himself alone, while rubbing his hands with such ecstatic violence that his linen shop-sleeves looked like a couple of white ribbons—"perhaps," he exclaimed, "Staple has forgotten the ten pounds!"

From the moment this egregious improbability possessed the mind of John Hawker, his spirits exhibited symptoms of fresh elation. Whenever his wife had a commission for him to execute out of doors, instead of making all manner of excuses for getting off the job, he surprised her by the alacrity with which he undertook it. He walked along the streets with a bold step and confident air, never dreaming of looking round the corners. Nay, he even ventured once or twice past Staple's own house, although he had previously gone many a mile out of his way to avoid it. On one of these excursions this comfortable condition of mind was doomed to receive a severe check. John met the post-man, who placed in his hands a letter. He glanced at the post-mark, and turned pale; it was from London. With a cautious step, but trembling hand, he sought out the most retired part of the road, and broke the seal. Sure enough it was from Staple. After upbraiding the grocer for breaking his word, the writer gave him peremptory notice, that unless the ten pounds were paid "immediately," (and under this word were scored three very conspicuous dashes,) the affair would be put into the hands of an attorney—a London attorney; for Staple was unwilling to expose the defaulter to his neighbors by employing one belonging to the town.

It is truly said that no situation is so desperate but it is possible to extract some comfort out of it; and though the terrors of the law too surely awaited the miserable shopkeeper, yet one shred of satisfaction remained;—it was evident that Staple did not mean to tell his wife. While safe from such a disclosure, John felt almost strong enough to defy the law.

It was well he *was* thus fortified; for exactly a week after the receipt of the epistle, while he was serving in the shop, a small slip of paper was thrust into his hand by a stranger who came in under pretence of inquiring the price of mottled soap. Luckily, at that moment Mrs. Hawker's back was turned, (for she was weighing off treacle,) and John was able to crush the memorandum in his palm, and thrust it under his apron-string without detection. When an opportunity occurred of perusing it in secret, he found that it was nothing less than the copy of a writ.

"Troubles," says a much-used adage, "are nothing when you are used to them;" in other words, the constant contemplation or experience of severe misfortunes blunts their poignancy. Familiarity breeds contempt for woes as well as for friends; and this was the case with John Hawker. So long had his mind been tortured with the idea of having borrowed ten pounds, and being quite unable to pay it, that familiarity with that fact hardened his despondency into a sort of desperate recklessness and disregard of consequences—a patient but bewildered awaiting for the worst, come when it would.

He did wait, and in due time let judgment go by default. He was no longer a free member of society; his liberty was at the mercy of the sheriff of the county! In these circumstances, another man would have chosen the least of two evils—he would have preferred telling his wife to going to prison. 'Tis true that in moments of extreme excitement several wild schemes entered his head. He *had* thought of robbing the till, and even of running the country; but to give himself up to eternal domestic discord, by divulging his secret, was too dreadful to be contemplated.

Exasperated at John Hawker's obstinate silence, Staple pursued him to the last extremity; and one morning, while the devoted chapman was mechanically checking off an invoice in the parlor, a rough-looking man entered the shop. Luckily, a customer was engaging Mrs. Hawker's attention, and on the stranger inquiring for her husband, she desired him to "step in." The moment the parlor door was opened, and John's eyes fell on the entrant, he saw it was all over with him. He first shut the door and then the ledger, took off one of his short sleeves, and

looked for his hat. "I suppose I must go with you?" he remarked, in a tone of resignation that would have done honor to a martyr.

"Oh no," answered the man, pulling out a very dirty pocket-book; "you labor under a mistake; this writ"—and he exhibited a long slip of parchment—"this writ is not a *capias*. I have not come to take your body; we only want the goods—that's all."

"The what?" asked John, aghast; "the goods? the furniture?"

"Of course; and stock in trade, too—at least so much of it as will cover the debt and costs."

John thought of the sofa, the carpet, and the other elegancies of the up-stairs room, in which his "good lady" took such pride, and felt that he would much rather have gone to prison at once. His old terrors came over him as he contemplated the precipice that was about to fall on him. Here was a crisis! An execution was in the house! Now it *was* all over. "Mercy on me!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands; "now my wife *must* know of it!"

"Not by no means," said the sheriff's man, as he took off his greatcoat, and sat in a chair to make himself perfectly at home; "at all events not just yet; for I dare say it would distress her, poor thing."

"But how *can* it be avoided, my good man?" asked poor John, grasping the stranger's shoulder with unnatural energy.

"Why, this way. You see I am now in possession of your goods and chattels, and you can keep me here if you like for nine days, which will give you time to look about you, and get the money together. But if you do not arrange before that time, we must have in the broker, and sell."

"Something may turn up, to be sure," said Hawker, thoughtfully. "But you will have to live and sleep here; I can't keep that from my wife."

"Nothing more easy. Can't I pretend to be a cousin of yours, just come from sea?"

"But I have no cousin at sea."

"Then we must try something else. Men in possession, as they call us, are obliged to turn anything to accommodate parties. When I get into great people's houses, they put me in livery, and visitors little think they are waited on by a sheriff's man. In other houses I pretend to be a single-man lodger, who boards with the family; but I always find the cousin from sea to answer best. Make haste," he added, "and think of something; your wife's a-coming! Have you *no* relations abroad?"

At this opportune question the cause of all his misfortunes darted into his mind, and John had just enough sense left to say, "Yes, my brother; he emigrated three months ago."

The man replied, "Very well; leave the rest to me," just in time; for the words were scarcely uttered before Mrs. Hawker entered the parlor.

The ingenious "man in possession" exercised his imagination so successfully, that for a time he deceived the not-easily-taken-in Mrs. Hawker. He said he had been sent by the emigrants to give an account of their embarkation, and to say they were quite well; adding, that he was very glad to accept the kind invitation which Mr. Hawker had given him to stay a day or two, to await the arrival of some money he expected from London. The lady frowned upon her husband one of those annihilating looks which generally made John tremble. The guest, however—who boasted, and not untruly, that he had seen a good deal of life—made himself, during the rest of the day, so agreeable to his hostess by a little adroit flattery, that after supper she produced the gold-colored sherry, and caused a bed to be made for him on the new sofa, in the best room.

As for poor John, he went about the house next day like a man in a dream. The little wit he usually possessed was completely frightened out of him, and only returned when something happened that tended to awaken his "good lady's" suspicions, and conse-

quently his own fears. For instance, the stranger's story concerning the departed brother turned out, on cross-examination, to be rather incoherent. Sometimes John was said to have four nephews, instead of two; at others, his brother had gone to New Zealand, instead of to Australia; till at length the lady's suspicions were so effectually roused on the sixth day, that she told John confidentially she believed the man was an impostor, and hinted the expediency of consulting some intelligent constable. This gave the husband a new fit of dread. He bore up against it as long as he could; but at length, when the man in possession was detected smoking a pipe up the kitchen chimney, the "good lady" vowed she would submit to be deceived no longer.

John's agony was now worked up to such a pitch, that he was seized with a violent fever, and symptoms of incipient insanity. But here the rigid shopwoman relaxed into the affectionate wife. All her attentions were centered in her husband: the doctor was sent for, and every minute to be spared from the shop was passed at his bedside. The stranger made himself too useful to be thought unkindly of; but still he had a duty to perform, and—the ninth day was to-morrow!

The doctor's report to Mrs. Hawker tended to hasten on the crisis, which seemed inevitable. He said that John's disease was mental, rather than physical; that it was evident he had something on his mind—something awful! Upon this Mrs. Hawker intreated her husband to unbosom himself. She tried all that endearment and coaxing could do; and three several times did John essay to divulge his secret, but on each occasion his heart failed him, and he was silent. As it turned out, it was perhaps fortunate that he remained so; for at this, the eleventh hour, succor was at hand!

At the very moment that Mrs. Hawker was making the third endeavor to extract the secret from her husband, who should enter the shop but the brother who, it was supposed, had emigrated! Having quarrelled with Mrs. Hawker, he declined seeing her, but desired to have an interview with his brother alone. This he had; and related that, having gone to London to embark on board the emigrant ship, he accidentally met Lord Winter's land-steward, who dissuaded him from so rash a step, wrote to his lordship, and he had given him the situation of bailiff. "So, as I have no passage-money to pay, I can return the ten pounds after all."

"What!" said John, starting up in his bed with a degree of energy which alarmed his brother. "What did you say about the ten pounds? Say it again, for mercy's sake!"

"Here it is," replied the elder Hawker, showing a bank-note.

"But the costs?"

"What costs?"

This question was answered by a rambling account of all poor John had endured for his brother's sake. The man in possession was called up stairs; the money (debt and costs) paid; the deception he practised on Mrs. Hawker was favored and strengthened by the brother, who corroborated his story; and John's peace of mind and health were completely restored.

Since this transaction, John and his wife have got on so well in the world, that they talk of retiring from business. They live most happily together; for Mrs. Hawker continues to have it all her own way. John is obedient and confiding in everything save one;—to this day his good lady does not know a word about the "TEN POUNDS."

EFFECT OF MANUFACTURING PRESSURES.

MANUFACTURING pressures tend to increase improvements in machinery. Driven to threadbare profits, the manufacturers seek every means of reducing the cost of production; and hence it has occurred that,

during the last five or six years, there has been more improvement in machinery than had taken place for twenty-five years before that period. We believe we are correct in stating that, some eight or nine years since, the maximum capability of the spinning-mule did not exceed the power of turning above 640 spindles. There are self-acting mules now in use that will turn upwards of 2000 spindles! A mill of the present day, with improved machinery, is capable of turning off a given quantity of work at about one-third less expense than it could have accomplished seven years since: in other words, a factory, which in 1836 required an outlay of £600 per week for wages, can now throw off the same quantity of work for £400 per week. We heard one respectable manufacturer declare that if his forty-inch cotton was made fast to a vessel at Liverpool, and the vessel allowed to make the best of her way to Canton, he could make the cotton as fast as the ship could sail away with it, or he would consent to have nothing for it. Now, allowing the ordinary voyage of four months, and calculating the number of miles the ship would sail, it would require about *twenty-four millions of yards of cloth* to keep pace with the ship, or above 8,330 yards per hour, working the whole time, night and day. The same machinery would, in seven months, make a belt round the earth 40 inches wide. Now, we would ask, if one manufacturer can do this, what could the whole machinery of England alone accomplish? Could it not make sufficient cloth in a few years to cover the whole surface of the inhabited part of the globe?—*Poor-Law Guide.*

INSTINCT OF THE ANT-LION.—Among the instincts which direct animals in the acquirement of their food, few are more remarkable than those possessed by the larva of the ant-lion, a small insect allied to the dragon-fly. This animal is destined to feed upon ants and other small insects, whose juices it sucks; but it moves slowly, and with difficulty, so that it could scarcely have obtained the requisite supply of food, if nature had not guided it in the construction of a remarkable snare, which entraps the prey it could not acquire by pursuit. It digs in fine sand a little funnel-shaped pit, and conceals itself at the bottom of this until an insect falls over its edge; and if its victim seeks to escape, or stops in its fall to the bottom, it throws over it, by means of its head and mandibles, a quantity of sand, by which the insect is caused to roll down the steep, within reach of its captor. The manner in which the ant-lion digs this pit is extremely curious. After having examined the spot where it purposes to establish itself, it traces a circle of the dimensions of the mouth of its pit, then placing itself within this line, and making use of one of its legs as a spade, digs out a quantity of sand, which it heaps upon its head, and then, by a sudden jerk, throws this some inches beyond its circle. In this manner it digs a trench, which serves as the border of its intended excavation, moving backwards along the circle until it comes to the same point again; it then changes sides, and moves in the contrary direction, and so continues until its work is completed. If, in the course of its labors, it meets with a little stone, the presence of which would injure the perfection of its snare, it neglects it at first, but returns to it after finishing the rest of its work, and uses all its efforts to get it upon its back, and carry it out of its excavation; but if it cannot succeed in this, it abandons the work, and commences anew elsewhere. When the pit is completed, it is usually about thirty inches in diameter by twenty in depth; and when the inclination of its walls has been altered by any slip, as almost always happens when an insect has fallen in, the ant-lion hastens to repair the damage.—*Carpenter's Animal Physiology.*

From Hood's Magazine.

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

AN extract from a piece in the form of a farce, entitled "The House of Mourning," in which the establishment of shops in London, exclusively for the sale of mourning attire, is exposed to playful satire. A shop of this kind, painted black outside, after the fashion of a Parisian *Maison de Deuil*, attracts the attention of a country squire and his lady, and, influenced by curiosity, they forthwith enter the establishment. Ebony chairs being placed for their accommodation, they are addressed by a young man in black, who speaks across the counter, with the solemn air and tone of a clergyman at a funeral.

'May I have the melancholy pleasure of serving you, madam?

Lady. I wish, sir, to look at some mourning.

Shopm. Certainly, by all means. A relict, I presume!

Lady. Yes, a widow, sir. A poor friend of mine who has lost her husband.

Shopm. Exactly so—for a deceased partner. How deep would you choose to go, ma'am? Do you wish to be very poignant?

Lady. Why, I suppose crape and bombazine, unless they're gone out of fashion. But you had better show me some different sorts.

Shopm. Certainly, by all means. We have a very extensive assortment, whether for family, court, or complimentary mourning, including the last novelties from the continent.

Lady. Yes, I should like to see them.

Shopm. Certainly. Here is one, ma'am, just imported—a widow's silk—watered, as you perceive, to match the sentiment. It is called the "Inconsolable;" and is very much in vogue in Paris for matrimonial bereavements.

Squire. Looks rather flimsy, though. Not likely to last long—eh, sir?

Shopm. A little slight, sir—rather a delicate texture. But mourning ought not to last forever, sir.

Squire. No, it seldom does; especially the violet sorts.

Lady. La! Jacob, do hold your tongue, what do you know about fashionable affliction! But never mind him, sir; it's only his way.

Shopm. Certainly, by all means. As to mourning, ma'am, there has been a great deal, a very great deal, indeed, this season, and several new fabrics have been introduced, to meet the demand for fashionable tribulation.

Lady. And all in the French style?

Shopm. Certainly—of course, ma'am. They excel in the *funèbre*. Here, for instance, is an article for the deeply afflicted. A black crape, expressly adapted to the profound style of mourning—makes up very sombre and interesting.

Lady. I dare say it does, sir.

Shopm. Would you allow me, ma'am, to cut off a dress?

Squire. You had better cut me off first.

Shopm. Certainly, sir—by all means. Or, if you would prefer a velvet—ma'am—

Lady. Is it proper, sir, to mourna in velvet?

Shopm. O quite!—certainly. Just coming in. Now, here is a very rich one—real Genoa—and a splendid black. We call it the *Luxury of Wo*.

Lady. Very expensive, of course!

Shopm. Only eighteen shillings a-yard, and a superb quality; in short, fit for the handsomest style of domestic calamity.

Squire. Whereby, I suppose, sorrow gets more superfine as it goes upwards in life!

Shopm. Certainly—yes, sir—by all means—at least, a finer texture. The mourning of poor people is very coarse—very—quite different from that of persons of quality. Canvass to crape, sir!

Lady. To be sure it is! And as to the change of dress, sir, I suppose you have a great variety of half-mourning!

Shopm. O, infinite—the largest stock in town! Full, and half, and quarter, and half-quarter mourning, shaded off, if I may say so, like an India-ink drawing, from a grief *prononcé* to the slightest *nuance* of regret.

Lady. Then, sir, please to let me see some half-mourning.

Shopm. Certainly. But the gentleman opposite superintends the Intermediate Sorrow Department.

Squire. What, the young fellow yonder in pepper-and-salt?

Shopm. Yes, sir; in the suit of gray. (*Calls across.*) Mr. Dawe, show the Neutral Tints!

[*The Squire and his Lady cross the shop and take seats vis-à-vis; Mr. Dawe, who affects the pensive rather than the solemn.*]

Shopm. You wish to inspect some half-mourning, madam!

Lady. Yes—the newest patterns.

Shopm. Precisely—in the second stage of distress. As such, ma'am allow me to recommend this satin—intended for grief when it has subsided—alleviated, you see, ma'am, from a dead black to a dull lead color!

Squire. As a black horse alleviates into a gray one, after he's clipped!

Shopm. Exactly so, sir. A Parisian novelty, ma'am. It's called "Settled Grief," and is very much worn by ladies of a certain age, who do not intend to embrace Hymen a second time.

Squire. Old women, mayhap, about seventy?

Shopm. Exactly so, sir—or thereabouts. Not but what some ladies, ma'am, set in for sorrow much earlier; indeed, in the prime of life: and for such cases, it's very durable wear.

Lady. Yes; it feels very stout.

Shopm. But perhaps, madam, that is too *lugu-bre*. Now, here is another—not exactly black, but shot with a warmish tint, to suit a wo moderated by time. We have sold several pieces of it. That little *nuance de rose* in it—the French call it a gleam of comfort—is very attractive.

After a little more chat of this dolorous kind, the pair are shown into a back room, hung with black, and decorated with looking-glasses in black frames. A show-woman in deep mourning is in attendance.

Show. Your melancholy pleasure, ma'am!

Lady. Widow's caps.

Squire. Humph!—that's plump, anyhow!

Show. This is the newest style, ma'am—

Lady. Bless me! for a widow! Is n't it rather—you know, rather a little—

Squire. Rather frisky in its frilligigs!

Show. Not for the mode, ma'am. Affliction is very much modernized, and admits more *goût* than formerly. Some ladies, indeed, for their morning grief wear rather a plainer cap—but for evening sorrow this is not at all too *ornée*. French taste has introduced very considerable alleviations—for example, the *sympathizer*—

Squire. Where is he?

Show. This muslin *ruche*, ma'am, instead of the plain band.

Lady. Yes; a very great improvement, certainly.

Show. Would you like to try it, ma'am?

Lady. No, not at present. I am only inquiring for a friend—pray what are those?

Show. Worked handkerchiefs, ma'am. Here is a lovely pattern—all done by hand—an exquisite piece of work—

Squire. Better than a noisy one!

Show. Here is another, ma'am—the last novelty. The *Larmoyante*—with a fringe of artificial tears, you perceive, in mock pearl. A sweet pretty idea, ma'am.

Squire. But rather scrubby, I should think, for the eyes.

Show. O dear, no, sir!—if you mean wiping. The wet style of grief is quite gone out—quite!

Squire. O! and a dry cry is the genteel thing. But come, ma'am, come, or we shall be too late for the other exhibitions.

Curiosity being now appeased, the lady leaves the shop with her plain-spoken husband, who, turning back, takes a last look at the premises.

Squire. Humph! And so that's a Mason de Dool! Well if it's all the same to you, ma'am, I'd rather die in the country, and be universally lamented, after the old fashion—for, as to London, what with the new French modes of mourning, and the "Try Warren" style of blacking the premises, it do seem to me that, before long, all sorrow will be sham Abram, and the House of Mourning a regular Farce.

From the *Britannia*.

THE LATE LORD ABINGER.

DURING the greater part of his public life the late Lord Abinger occupied a large share of the public attention—an unusual share, as compared with other law lords of the same standing. He also excited, during the latter years of his life, a degree of rancorous hostility amongst a certain class of politicians not at all justified by either the extent or the nature of his interference in public affairs. He was, however, in many respects, a remarkable man, and he ought not to be allowed to pass away from among us without a record of some of those characteristics on which his fame was founded. As an advocate at the bar the late judge was really unrivalled. Sir John Copley might be more impressive in his appeals to the feelings, or might inspire more confidence in a purely legal argument; the fine sonorous voice of Denman, and his noble face and form, might enable him to appear more eloquent; Brougham might be more startling or more amusing; and Wilde more astonishingly clever in the tortuosities of legal skill; but not one of the great men who were the contemporaries of Lord Abinger at the bar equalled him, nay, or even approached him, in the one great art to which a *nisi prius* lawyer should devote himself—the art of getting favorable verdicts from juries.

As a young man behind the bar, Mr. Scarlett soon attracted attention. Personal appearance has more to do with a man's first steps in life than we are usually disposed to believe. Without talents

mere exterior advantages are, of course, useless in such a profession as the law; but it is astonishing how they help a young barrister along if his abilities keep pace with the promise exhibited in an intelligent face and commanding figure. This was the case with Mr. Scarlett. He had one of those compact, firm-set faces that look well in a wig. His West Indian extraction gave a sort of proud confidence to his carriage; his features, though not regular, were decidedly handsome; and his countenance, which was capable of every variety of expression, became full of intelligence when lit up by his eye, which twinkled with keen sagacity. His thorough acquaintance with his profession, (acquired by long years of study,) and the striking skill he displayed as an advocate whenever the opportunity fell to him, soon attracted such general attention, that he was recognized as a first-class man long before he got his silk gown, and was rewarded with business accordingly. Like the present Sir William Follet, he was for a long period intrusted with the sole conduct of important cases while he was still a junior.

Later in life, when holding the highest position at the bar, and ruling almost despotically the court of King's Bench, it was a great intellectual treat to observe him conducting a cause. The secret of his remarkable influence over juries appeared to lie in the quiet unobtrusiveness of his manner, which threw them altogether off their guard. A spectator unacquainted with the courts might have supposed that anybody rather than the portly, full-faced, florid man who was taking his ease on the comfortable cushions of the front row was the counsel engaged in the cause. Or, if he saw him rise and cross-examine a witness, he would be apt to think him certainly too indolent to attend properly to his business, so cool, indifferent, and apparently unconcerned was the way in which the facts which his questions elicited were left to their fate, as though it was of no consequence whether they were attended to or not. Ten to one, with him, that the plaintiff's counsel would get the verdict, so clear seemed the case, and so slight the opposition. But, in the course of time, the defendant's turn would come; and then the large-headed, ruddy-faced, easy-going advocate would rise slowly from his seat, not standing quite upright, but resting on his left hand placed upon the bar, and turning sideways to the jury, to commence the defence of his client. Still the same unpretending, *nonchalant* air was continued: it almost seemed too great an exertion to speak: the chin of that ample face rested upon the still more ample chest, as though the motion of the lips alone would be enough for all that might have to be said. So much for the first impression. A few moments' reflection sufficed to dispel the idea that indolence had anything to do with the previous quiescence of the speaker. Now it became clear that, all the while he seemed to have been taking his ease bodily, he had been using his powers of observation and his understanding. That keen grey eye

had not stolen glances at the jury, nor at the witnesses either, for nothing. Nor had those abandoned facts drawn out in cross-examination been unfruitful seeds, or cast in barren places. Low as the tone of voice was, it was clear and distinct. It was not a mere organ of sound, but a simple medium of communication between the mind of the advocate and the minds of the jury. Sir James Scarlett did not attempt, like Denman or Brougham, to carry the feelings of the jury by storm before a torrent of invective or of eloquence; nor was there any obvious sophistry, such as occupied too large a space in the speeches of Campbell or Wilde; it was with facts—admitted, omitted, or slurred over, as best suited his purpose—and with inferences made obvious in spite of prepossessions created on the other side, that this remarkable advocate achieved his triumphs. Not that he refused to avail himself of the prejudices which his knowledge of character and experience of juries enabled him to detect the existence of, with almost unerring accuracy. The skill he displayed consisted in the adaptation of his suggestions and inferences to those prejudices. But he never indulged in that parade of his mystifying power, which is so often apparent in the speeches of even the most distinguished advocates at the bar. He was not satisfied unless he made the jury parties (and that with confidence in their own sagacity) to their own self-deception. Watchfulness, prudence in the management of a case, great moral courage in the choice or rejection of the means to be used on behalf of a client, experience of human nature, and great self-denial in the exhibition of that experience—these were the chief agencies by which he acquired his ascendancy over juries; while it is not surprising that he should have also acquired great influence over the bench, when he added intimate knowledge of the intricacies of law to an unusual personal deference for judges, and the prestige which almost unvarying success gave him.

When in the House of Commons Lord Abinger continued, though from very different motives, the same unobtrusiveness which he adopted so successfully in the courts of law. He sat for a whig nomination borough at a time when whiggery was characterized by some pretensions to constitutional principle; and when, therefore, men who have since adorned the bench could ally themselves with the whig party without the fear of being called on (as has happened of late to one very distinguished man) to prostitute their professional character in the advancement of party interests. But the staid and well-constructed mind of Lord Abinger could not fail to anticipate the time when passion for popularity would carry the then virtuous party beyond the limits at which his coöperation must stop. Accordingly, he seldom or never spoke in support of whig politics, but chiefly confined his efforts to legal questions. Upon such subjects as the reform of the criminal law his opinion had much weight with the House. He wisely ab-

stained from all attempts at oratorical display; and the same skill and self-denial which made him the ruling spirit in the Court of King's Bench also gave him, though in a modified degree, influence over the average understanding of the House of Commons, which is, after all, in the hands of a clever speaker, little more than a monster jury. The moderation of his political opinions, the conservative tendencies which had become, from time to time, apparent, and which were inevitable from the construction of his mind, added to his high reputation at the bar, pointed him out to Mr. Canning as the most fit person to be attorney-general in the ministry which he was forming by a fusion of principles. This was his first open connection with a conservative administration; and when the party, after oscillating under Mr. Canning and Lord Goderich, at length righted itself under the Duke of Wellington, Sir James Scarlett became again attorney-general.

It fell to his lot, while in this office, to have to prosecute a portion of the press for those libels on the personal motives of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst in granting Roman Catholic emancipation. It was now that the political rancor which pursued him to the close of his life first showed itself in its most virulent form. An ostensible change of party, accompanied by apparent gain, if it can be charged against a public man, is always a safe ground of personal attack; and in the case of Sir James Scarlett it was unsparingly used. On both sides, men of extreme opinions tried to make him the scape-goat of these prosecutions. The extreme Tories, who had quarrelled with the government for conceding to the Catholics, hated him for the perseverance with which he prosecuted the libellers who openly expressed sentiments which they were not disposed to repudiate, while those on the other side took no less umbrage because they shrunk from the idea of an attorney-general prosecuting the press at all. However, one of the peculiarities of the late chief baron was that he was by no means thin-skinned. He could bear any amount of abuse unconcernedly from those whom he utterly despised. He went on doing his duty as attorney-general, and finished it by gaining verdicts.

When, on the accession of Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Scarlett was raised to the bench and the peerage, these political animosities revived in full force. Every scribbler seemed to think him fair game. An opinion got wind, which was greedily seized upon by his enemies, that he was a bad judge. Now, it should always be remembered that the qualifications of a judge can only be decided upon by those who are very nearly upon a par with himself in point of talent and information. Lord Abinger was not a showy judge. The same quietness of temperament which he displayed at the bar characterized him also on the bench. But, as might be expected from the position he held at *nisi prius*, his summings-up always exhib-

ited great acuteness and knowledge of the true bearings of the case. As to whether his decisions on legal questions were of equal value, the higher members of the legal profession are the persons best qualified to form an opinion. As Lord Abinger was very little in the habit of assuming when on the bench, superficial observers may have carelessly and thoughtlessly formed an unfavorable estimate of his judicial capabilities.

More serious charges against him were, that he was a "political" judge, and that in criminal cases he was too apt to allow himself to be influenced by the rank or profession of the party accused. With regard to the first charge, we must remember that it has been made by the advocates of those Chartists who had rendered themselves amenable to the law by their democratic violence. With respect to the other charge, if it be alleged with a better apparent foundation, it should be remembered that in every court in this country punishment is proportioned to the position in life of the offender, not in order that the rich may have less punishment, but because, in proportion to the elevation of the individual, disgrace itself is the most terrible punishment. The principle and the practice of the laws are here apparently at variance.

In the House of Peers Lord Abinger, though he spoke but seldom, and then chiefly on legal questions, carried much weight. The constitution of his mind rendered this almost a matter of necessity. He had a great respect for constituted authority, and a wholesome hatred of all political quackery. He was by no means a regular attendant in the House of Lords.

During the latter years of his life, and since his elevation to the bench, Lord Abinger grew very stout, and latterly infirm in his gait. An attack he had some few years back caused him to wear a black patch over one of his eyes, and he walked with a stick, apparently with difficulty. His intellectual faculties, however, remained unimpaired until the attack of paralysis, which ultimately terminated his existence. He is said to have been seventy-six years of age, but it is probable that he was a year or two older.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

THERE appears in one of those small country papers* to which we recently adverted, the following admirable letter by Mr. Carlyle, author of 'Past and Present,' 'Heroes and Hero-Worship,' and other well-known publications. 'It was addressed,' says our authority, 'to a young man who had written to Mr. Carlyle desiring his advice as to a proper choice of reading, and, it would appear also, as to his conduct in general. It is now, we believe, printed for the first time; and we most earnestly recommend it to the attention of our youthful readers, as containing advice of the most valuable and practical description, and pregnant with truths with which they cannot be too well acquainted. The young are too much inclined to be dissatisfied with their actual condition, and to

neglect their immediate duties in vain aspirations after others beyond their lot; and they need the monitions of such a kind, but vigorous and emphatic adviser as Mr. Carlyle, and to have it impressed on their minds, that

To do
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom.'

Dear Sir—some time ago your letter was delivered me; I take literally the first free half hour I have had since to write you a word of answer.

It would give me true satisfaction could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honorable course of self-improvement, but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little; that there is a good reason why advice is so seldom followed; this reason, namely, that it is so seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking.

As to the books which you—whom I know so little of—should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good, and universally applicable:—"Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read." The very wish and curiosity indicates that you, then and there, are the person likely to get good of it. "Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities;" that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one which looks wonderfulest, beautifulest. You will gradually find, by various trials, (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones,) what *is* for you the wonderfulest, beautifulest—what is *your* true element and province, and be able to profit by that. True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here, also, you are to discriminate carefully between *true* desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we *truly* have an appetite for; but what we only *falsely* have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true; and flimsy, desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial false desire after spiceries and confectionaries for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations, I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what thoughts past men had in them—what actions past men did: the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named History can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books—the preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country, everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out

* Cupar and St. Andrews Monthly Advertiser.

from it; he has a broad-beaten-highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell.

Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right, he will grow daily more and more right. It is, at bottom, the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling—a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement! it is emblematic of all things a man does.

In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many; and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that it, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

With many good wishes and encouragements, I remain, yours sincerely,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea, 13th March, 1843.

From the Spectator.

KING ALFRED, A POEM.

THIS is one of those daring exploits that make "the boldest hold their breath for a time." An epic upon King Alfred, in forty-eight books and six octavo volumes; and the poem yet unfinished!

From the preface by Mr. Roscoe, the editor, it appears that the book is posthumous. Mr. John Fitchett, the poet, was a country lawyer, who spent the leisure of forty years upon the subject of his choice, besides a good deal of money for travelling-expenses to investigate localities, &c., but died in 1838, leaving his poem still unfinished. It would further seem that the publication is designed by his friends as a monument to his memory; in which case nothing is to be considered beyond the funds to pay. It is common enough for persons who desire to be remembered by posterity, to bequeath a certain sum for the erection of a memorial; and the application is just as good in one way as another—perhaps the diffusion among papermakers, printers, and their collaborators, does more good than giving it to a sculptor. It is to be doubted, indeed, whether the shade of Mr. Fitchett may chant the poetical finale,

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regaliq[ue] situ Pyramidum altius."

But there is no question that his epitaph will be more widely read, than had it been inscribed on a monument in the church at Warrington; and though we say nothing about the

"multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam,"

yet we think the very magnitude of the attempt will secure a mention of the exploit in literary his-

tory. *King Alfred, a Poem*, by John Fitchett, will occupy some rank in the future Curiosities of Literature.

Whether a great epic can be produced in an age whose manners and opinions are essentially different from those of the poem, may be doubted; for an epic, like a prose fiction, dealing in narrative and minute description, requires fuller development of modes than the slight touches that suffice for a drama, such as the passing indications of a remote period in *Lear*. Be this as it may, all great epics have delineated their age directly or reflectively. Homer without question painted the heroic manners and opinions he saw about him; the age of chivalry and superstition was not superseded, in its forms at least, in the times of Ariosto and Tasso; notwithstanding the immeasurable advances in knowledge and civilization between the ages of Homer and Virgil, the spirit of manners was perhaps much the same; Milton and Dante selected themes where no delineations of manners were needed, whilst the opinions of the author and his party are clearly visible in each poem; Dryden had formed the idea of an epic upon Arthur, or the Black Prince, but never fulfilled his intention; and Milton himself had at one time contemplated Arthur, but abandoned the plan.

To what extent deliberate or instinctive judgment may determine the choice of a great poet, is beside the purpose to inquire, though, as an epic is the expression of foregone conclusions, and not, like a compilation from history or science, written off as the writer goes on, it is probable that instinct, or the sense of fulness requiring delivery, is the real prompter; which accounts for the originality and fitness. So far as we have dipped into *Alfred*, (for we suspect no mortal, save its editor, will ever read it,) this want of coherence and nature is the most obvious defect. It begins the poem, and stares the reader in the face let him look where he will. *Paradise Lost* is the model. Mr. Fitchett copies and expands the opening invocation, and paints, though with weaker colors, the combats, councils, and speeches, of the Anglo-Saxons and the Danes, in the same style as Milton adopted "to trace the counsels of Hell or accompany the choirs of Heaven." The machinery consists of demons headed by Satan on the part of the Danes, and an angelic host which supports Alfred and the English; where the Miltonic is more in place, though not perhaps more visible. Of the action we cannot speak; but Mr. Roscoe in his preface, says it is not of an epic nature; nor has John Fitchett really produced an epic poem, whatever might have been his design. Remarking upon "frequent and diffuse dialogues," and other extraneous matter, the editor continues—"By these expedients, it was the design of the author to elicit in a more striking manner the feelings, motives, and projects of Alfred, in every point of view, moral, prudential, and political. A composition aiming at such results must unavoidably, in some of its departments, assimilate itself rather to the nature of a metrical history than to that of the highest order of poetry, and must seek in the interest excited by the miniature touches of the chronicler and the antiquary, a compensation for the emphatic brevity and dignified reserve uniformly exacted by the majesty of the epic muse." Of such merits of execution, however, we must confess we have seen nothing. Everything that is not an imitation out of place, is cold and lifeless abstraction, without the least

idea of the manners of a barbarous age, or of any other, and without that consistency between the actors and the requirements of action which common sense demands, much less historical poetry.

Yet there is a quiet, jog-trot, amiable sort of air about some passages, which is not displeasing; perhaps from the contrast it offers to the more ambitious or affected styles of the day. It is true, indeed, that these passages are short, and of a style that would soon tire. We think, however, that had Mr. Fitchett years ago carried into effect the advice of his friend Dr. Dake and contracted the length of the poem, fixing a "finis" and curtailing the approaches to it, *Alfred* might have received some attention, perhaps have achieved some sort of reputation, "when George the Third was king." But the producer outstaid his market. Many men have fallen upon too late an age, but John Fitchett outlived his age.

A poem in six volumes, whether epic or chronicle, demands a specimen, if only as a curiosity. We will take the portent by which the archangel Michael stops the career of the Danes in the full tide of victory, after some time has been lost in a council of the angelic host, and a very long speech by their leader.

"Lo! amid the Danish host
The Archangel has arrived, where, high upborne,
Blazed like a comet mid the turbid air
Their mighty standard, to the watchful moon
Waving its gleamy bulk, horrent with gold.
Apparent in the midst, as if alive,
The pictured raven stood, by fated hands
Of royal virgins wove with magic rites,
Breathed to avenge a murder'd father's blood.
Now black it stood and vast, rearing aloft
Its sable form terrific, with keen eye
Seeming to scan the deeds of hosts below;
Far-seen with awe by all the sons of war,
Wherever helms on helms in long array
A shadowy splendor cast, as ocean waves
Subsiding when the tempests, thunder-wing'd,
Have torn their watery beds. Lifted, it moved
By valiant chosen hands, enclosed around
By solemn priests and virgin prophetesses,
Skill'd to expound its ever-varying shape,
While near on all sides round, favor'd of kings,
For its protection throng'd the choicest war.
Touch'd by the angel's hand invisible,
Behold! the image bird, omen of fate,
With living motion seized, in sight of all
Droops its sunk head: down falls its shuddering
wings,
And hide its pendent crest; tottering it drops
Prone to the pictured ground, faint as in death.

"Immediate from the victor host arose
Shrieks horrible of terror and dismay,
Filling heaven's concave; shouts and cries succeed,
That stun all ears. Lo! wondrous to relate,
Suddenly stops the universal mass
In height of victory; nor the hot pursuit
Nor lust of battle claims one wandering thought.
Sole toward the awful omen each man bends
His total soul. Forth from their thousand bands,
In trembling consternation, furious spring
Kings, leaders, chiefs; Guthrun and Oskital,
And Amand, mighty warriors! Hubba there,
And Hinguar, brothers of the fatal three
Who wove the dreadful ensign: issuing flew
Frena and Sidroc, potent thanes; with these
Names other, known to fame, in battailous deeds
Tried and renown'd, too numerous to recount.
Thronging, all hasten toward the mystic sign,
There to consult the heaven-inspired dames,

Daughters of kings, with holy awe revered;
Eager from their unerring lips to learn
What means this dread portent and high decree
Of their offended gods."

From Chambers' Journal.

A CONVERSATION WITH CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

On the 11th July, 1793, I went to the National Convention to assist at the debate which it was expected would take place on the motion for outlawing Lanjuinais, who had miraculously saved himself by flight from the arrest under which he had been placed by an order of the Committee of Public Safety, in consequence of his having, on the 2d of July, denounced at the tribune Marat and his followers for their murderous deeds. In fact, Barrere proposed in a long speech, and Robespierre seconded in a few words, the project of a decree for outlawing that individual; but the very instant that Condorcet rose to address the members on the subject in question, St. Just having made a sign to the *sans culottes*, with whom the Committee of Public Safety daily filled the space allotted to the public, a tremendous uproar began, and numerous stentorian voices were heard to exclaim—"Outlaw the traitor! Down with the royalist! To the guillotine with the friends of Brissot and the federation!"

Turning my eyes towards that ferocious band, I perceived with sorrow amongst them a rather stout and tall female, dressed in deep mourning, who, however, disgusted, and probably horror-stricken at so dreadful a scene, soon endeavored to open for herself a passage, and left the house. The unusual presence in such a place, and the sudden departure of the unknown but decent female, made so powerful an impression on my mind, that I immediately resolved to leave the Convention and follow her, to find out, if possible, who she was, and what extraordinary motive could have instigated her to visit a place in which so many horrors and crimes were perpetrated under the mask of justice, and in the name of liberty.

Fortunately, the woman who had so strongly excited my attention was walking rather slowly towards the Tuilleries, so that I not only overtook her, but, as she seemed absorbed, and unconscious of my presence, I was able to examine her countenance very minutely. The more I looked at her, the more anxiously I sought an opportunity of engaging her in conversation, without committing a breach of politeness towards a female apparently so modest and dignified.

We had scarcely arrived at the entrance of the garden of the Tuilleries, when, by good fortune, a shower of rain suddenly overtook us. Having an umbrella, I spread it, approached, and offered her a share of it. With a dignified but kind expression she replied, "Thank you, citizen; I accept your offer, and beg you to accompany me to a shelter." On reaching Rue St. Florentin, we found a shelter under the gateway of the house of Robespierre. Then my fair companion said, "I am truly thankful, citizen, for your kindness." Reanimated by these words, I attempted a gallant and complimentary reply; but, as if taking alarm at my freedom, she abruptly, almost angrily, interrupted me by saying, "Who are you? If a spy, I scorn your baseness, and warn you to respect both my sex and my virtue." "Pardon, pardon, citoyenne," I resumed, in the most respectful

tones; "I am not a spy; I meant no offence by my words; they were the natural expression of an Italian mind. I will candidly explain to you why I am now in your company. I observed you, a female, *alone*, amidst that horrible multitude assembled in the Chamber; and I was so much surprised to see you there, that I followed you with the intention of asking what motive had brought you into such company. Believe me, *citoyenne*, I am not one who would willingly offend you. I came to Paris five years ago in search of instruction and amusement, but the political events made me a republican, and the friend and admirer of Brissot and Lanjuinais. For this reason I had gone to the Convention."

While I was speaking thus frankly, her eyes, which she had fixed upon my countenance, seemed to penetrate my inmost mind; afterwards, resuming her natural air, she said, "Well, well, young citizen, I believe, you; and agree that you must have been justly surprised at seeing a female alone amongst those strange beings; but I had strong reasons for being there. I am glad to learn that you were a friend and admirer of Brissot. May I ask if you have known the noble *citoyenne* Roland?"

"Yes," I said, "I knew her in her days of prosperity, and do not now shrink from visiting her during her adversity.* She always treated me as a friend."

"Hast thou ever met Barbaroux at her house?"† demanded she.

"Oh yes, many a time. He is one of the men I esteem, and whom I think unjustly persecuted. He is an able and pure-spirited republican. Very often he has confided to me his projects, his apprehensions—"

"Enough!" cried my companion, with a pleased look; "I now guess that you are the foreigner whom I have heard Barbaroux speak of with affection as the friend of his party." She gazed for a minute upon me; then turned her eyes toward the sky, as if to see whether the rain would soon cease; but I perceived by her countenance that her mind was powerfully agitated by different emotions; for at one moment she flushed, and then became again pale and melancholy.

However, after a few minutes' meditation, she said, "Now that I know thee, I will ask you a favor. I am a stranger in Paris, and have come purposely from the country to obtain an interview with Marat, for I have some important secrets to reveal to him. Could you tell me how I can succeed?"

"*Citoyenne*," I answered, "Marat is at present very ill, and during three weeks has been unable to attend at the sittings of the Convention; nay, it is with difficulty that he goes sometimes to the Committee of Public Safety; but you may write to him, and request an audience, and he will probably grant it to you. I would, however, advise you to address yourself to Fouquier-Tinville."

"No, no," she exclaimed; "I know Fouquier-Tinville well; but he is the public accuser, and the agent of Marat; though, probably, in a short time I shall have business with him also. I want to speak first to the man who rules at his will over France."

* Madame Roland was now in confinement amongst other victims of the Jacobin party.

† Barbaroux was that member of the proscribed Girondist party who had conversed with Charlotte Corday at Caen, and whom she most admired. He had furnished her with a letter for a friend in Paris, without being aware of her design.—ED.

"But have you ever seen Marat?"

"No, I have never seen his person, and am told it is repulsive; but I know him so well by his acts and deeds, that I earnestly wish to have an interview with him for the sake of my country."

"May you succeed in your patriotic project?" I replied. "You will find, *citoyenne*, that it will be rather difficult to obtain any good in that quarter."

"Well, well, we will see; but I fear the rain will continue some time longer, and I must go home on pressing business. Will you fetch a chariot for me?"

"May I dare to ask your name?" said I with much anxiety.

"No, you must not," she replied with a resolute air; "but rely on what I tell you—very shortly both my name and project will be known to you and to the whole world. Now, go and fulfil my wishes."

I obeyed her orders, fetched the chariot, and, when she entered it, I kissed her hand in token of respect and admiration; when she, apparently not displeased at my Italian compliment, said, with a sweet smile, "Adieu, citizen, adieu."

After her departure, I remained for some time absorbed in thought, and invented a thousand schemes to guess what she could have to reveal to Marat; but at last finding no solution to the enigma, I returned home. Next morning I had almost forgotten the strange female, notwithstanding having passed upwards of an hour in conversation with her.

But two days afterwards, when the almost incredible news of the assassination of Marat was spread with rapidity and terror all over Paris, I remembered my meeting; and as it was reported that a young lady had stabbed him in the heart, I no longer doubted that, as she had manifested such an anxiety to see Marat, the deed had been committed by the fair unknown whom I had met in the Convention. Consequently, the day that she was tried I was present at her examination, and with heartfelt sorrow I recognized my new acquaintance in the handsome and modest heroine of France, Charlotte Corday. She wore the same dress in which I had seen her. Amidst the assemblage of corrupted judges and jurymen, and in the presence of that monster, Fouquier-Tinville, her countenance presented no marks of fear; nay, she appeared to me more lovely and more majestic than when I saw her first. She acknowledged and gloried in having murdered the man whom she considered the greatest enemy of her country and of a pure republic; and when the sentence of death was passed on her, while I and many others shuddered, her countenance remained calm, and her angelic smile shone triumphant. And I am told that, on the 17th, during her long journey from the Abbaye to the scaffold, she preserved the same equanimity.

BUTTONS FROM CLAY.—The principle of forming Mosaic tesserae by the pressure of dry powder, has been applied to the manufacture of various kinds of buttons. They are called agate buttons, and are made of *Kaolin*, or China-clay, brought from the neighborhood of St. Austell, in Cornwall. This kaolin is the same as the celebrated pottery-clay of the Chinese, which is obtained from disintegrated granite. The buttons are pretty and clear in appearance, and very hard. They are manufactured in all shapes and sizes, plain and ornamented; and as compared with the cost of mother-of-pearl, are said to be about one-third the price.

From Chambers' Journal.

LIFE AND POETRY OF MR. HAYNES BAYLY.

THE songs of Mr. Haynes Bayly have been the most popular of our times next to those of Moore. They are things generally slight in substance, yet invariably elegant and pleasing. Some are airy and cheerful beyond even Mr. Moore's best ditties of the same kind; others express, in a manner which the public felt to be original, the pathos arising from some of the less happy relations which rest beneath the smiling exterior of refined society. From a memoir prefixed to an edition of Mr. Haynes Bayly's lyrical works, published by his widow,* we learn that he was connected by birth with the aristocracy of England, and the sole heir of a gentleman of property near Bath, who had pursued the business of a solicitor in that city. By a fate rare with poets, he was nurtured in the lap of luxury; but it will be found that misfortune claimed her own at last, and that his latter years were spent under the pressure of difficulties which seem next to inseparable from literary avocations. He was an inattentive school-boy, preferring, even at seven years of age, the business of dramatizing stories from his picture-books to that of mastering his tasks. He composed verses under the age at which Pope and Spenser attempted them. Educated at Winchester school, he was devoted by his father to the legal profession; but it was found impossible to confine him to such duties, and after a severe struggle with the paternal wishes, he was allowed to study for the church. This was a voluntary-assumed pursuit, but it did not prove the less uncongenial when tried; and, finally, it seems to have been found by all parties that it was vain to prevent the subject of our memoir from giving himself entirely to that for which his faculties seemed primarily fitted—elegant literature.

While he was studying at Oxford, he formed a fond attachment to a fellow-student who fell into consumption and died. At an early stage of the youth's illness, his sister, who resided at Bath, ventured on the somewhat extraordinary step of corresponding with Mr. Bayly, to ascertain her brother's real state; for the accounts which had hitherto reached the family were only calculated to excite alarm without giving satisfactory information. This increased the interest which our poet felt in his friend's condition, and he soon gave himself entirely up to the duty of watching beside his sick-bed. He used to read to him for hours during the intervals of the slow fever which was consuming his life. He soothed him in the hour of pain and suffering, and at the last closed his eyes in peace. His whole conduct, and a monody in which he expressed his feelings on this occasion, make manifest the extreme kindness of nature which distinguished Mr. Bayly. Afterwards, "his acquaintance with the young lady was renewed at Bath, whither he returned immediately after the decease of her brother. He was overwhelmed with thanks for his attentions to the lost one by the bereft family, and invited constantly by the afflicted parents to fill the vacant seat at their table; in short, he soon became as one of themselves. The sorrowing sister poured forth her grief: the poet sympathized, and "pity

is akin to love." It was certainly not surprising that an attachment begun under such circumstances should have strengthened daily; and when the lover declared his sentiments, it of course became necessary to inquire into the probability of his being able to raise a sufficient income to allow of their marrying with prudence. Mr. Haynes Bayly was entirely dependent on his father, who was not then disposed to come forward for such a purpose. The young lady had nothing of her own, and her father, Colonel —, would not make any settlement on her. How were matters to be arranged? They were both too wise to think of living upon love, and, after mutual tears and sighs, they parted—never to meet again. The lady, though grieved, was not broken-hearted, and soon became the wife of another." Mr. Bayly fell into deep melancholy, to alleviate which he was induced to make a journey to Scotland. It was at this time, and with reference to his own feelings, that he wrote his well-known song, "Oh, no! we never mention her;" also one less known, but perhaps more remarkable for the generosity of its sentiments:—

I never wish to meet thee more, though I am still
thy friend;
I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties
must end;
With worldly smiles and worldly words, I could not
pass thee by,
Nor turn from thee unfeelingly with cold averted
eye.

I could not bear to see thee 'midst the thoughtless
and the gay;
I could not bear to view thee decked in fashion's
bright array;
And less could I endure to meet thee pensive and
alone,
When through the trees the evening breeze breathes
forth its cheerless moan.

For I have met thee 'midst the gay, and thought of
none but thee;
And I have seen the bright array, when it was worn
for me;
And often near the sunny waves I've wandered by
thy side,
With joy that passed away as fast as sunshine from
the tide.

But cheerless is the summer! there is nothing happy
now;
The daisy withers on the lawn, the blossom on the
bough;
The boundless sea looks chillingly, like winter's waste
of snow,
And it hath lost the soothing sound with which it
used to flow.

I never wish to meet thee more, yet think not I've
been taught,
By smiling foes, to injure thee by one unworthy
thought.
No—blest with some beloved one, from care and
sorrow free,
May thy lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts
of me.

A year spent in Scotland, and a subsequent gayer residence in Dublin, reestablished the poet's spirits, and he now began to publish his songs. Returning, in 1824, to his father's house of Mount Beacon, near Bath—being now twenty-seven years of age—he formed a new attachment, equally peculiar in its circumstances, but more fortunate

* Songs, Ballads, and other Poems. By the late Thomas Haynes Bayly. Edited by his Widow. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1844.

in the event. "He was introduced by a friend at an evening party given by Mrs. Hayes, whose soirées at Bath were frequented by the talented, the young, and the gay. Mrs. Hayes had an only daughter, who, having heard with delight the ballad of 'Isabel,' expressed the greatest anxiety to see its author; the friend just alluded to being one of Miss Hayes's suitors, was requested by her mother to convey an invitation for her next party to the *beau idéal* of her daughter's fancy. The appointed evening arrived—the poet saw, and was fascinated with Miss Hayes—and, on conversing with Mrs. Hayes, discovered that she and his own mother had been friends and school-fellows in their young days. This circumstance laid the foundation of an intimacy which ceased only with his life. His friend was then little aware that he was introducing to her, whose hand he himself was seeking, her future husband; for so it proved.

"He came, he saw, but did not conquer at once; for the young lady, though she could not but acknowledge that Mr. Haynes Bayly was very charming and agreeable, was nevertheless disappointed at not finding him *exactly* what her youthful imagination had portrayed. Seeing, therefore, that he was '*épris*' without her having any intention of captivating him, she persuaded her mother to shorten their stay at Bath, and take her to Paris. Mrs. Hayes reluctantly complied, as she much wished her daughter to encourage Mr. Haynes Bayly's suit; but when she found her daughter's mind was set on going abroad, she wisely allowed her to do so; for Miss Hayes, when absent from the poet, missed his witty and delightful conversation and his attentions, which were entirely devoted to her, so much, that her mother's wish was more forwarded by absence than it would have been had she remained in Bath. Mr. Haynes Bayly was, however, not discouraged by her intended departure"—as appears from the poem addressed to her, of which the following is a specimen:—

Oh! think not, Helena, of leaving us yet;
Though many fair damsels inhabit our isle,
Alas! there are none who can make us forget
The grace of thy form, and the charm of thy smile.

The toys of the French, if they hither are sent,
Are endeared by the payment of custom-house duties.

Ah! why do not *duty* and *custom* prevent
The rash exportation of pure British beauties?

Say, is there not *one* (midst the many who sighed
To solicit your favor)—one favorite beau?
And have you to *all*, who popped questions, replied,
With that chilling, unkind monosyllable—no?

Your mansion with exquisite swains has been
thronged,

With smiles they approach you, in tears they depart;
Indeed, it is said that a man who belonged
To the Tenth, sighed in vain for a tithe of your heart.

And are you still happy? Could no one be found
Whose vows full of feeling could teach *you* to feel?
A girl so expert at inflicting a wound,
Should surely be now and then willing to heal.

Then leave us not; shall a foreigner own
The form we have worshipped as if 't were divine?

No, no, thou art worthy a Briton alone,
And *where* is the Briton who would not be thine?

The pair were made happy by wedlock at Cheltenham, in 1826. The heir of a wealthy gentleman, and united to an elegant woman who had also considerable expectations, there seemed every reason to augur for Haynes Bayly a long course of happiness. They spent part of the honeymoon at Lord Ashtown's villa at Chessel, on the Southampton river; and here occurred a little incident which gave rise to the most popular of all the poet's songs. "A large party was staying at Lord Ashtown's, and the day before it broke up, the ladies, on leaving the dining-table, mentioned their intention of taking a stroll through his beautiful grounds, and the gentlemen promised to follow them in ten minutes. Lured by Bacchus, they forgot their promise to the Graces, and Mr. Haynes Bayly was the only one who thought fit to move; and he in about half an hour wandered forth in search of the ladies. They beheld him at a distance, but pretending annoyance at his not joining them sooner, they fled away in an opposite direction. The poet, wishing to carry on the joke, did not seek to overtake them; they observed this, and lingered, hoping to attract his attention. He saw this manoeuvre, and determined to turn the tables upon them. He waved his hand carelessly, and pursued his ramble alone; then falling into a reverie, he entered a beautiful summer-house, known now by the name of Butterfly Bower, overlooking the water, and there seated himself. Here, inspired by a butterfly which had just flitted before him, he wrote the ballad, 'I'd be a butterfly.' He then returned to the house, and found the ladies assembled round the tea-table, when they smilingly told him they had enjoyed their walk in the shrubberies excessively, and that they needed no escort. He was now determined to go beyond them in praise of *his* solitary evening walk, and said that he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life; that he had met a butterfly, with whom he had wandered in the regions of fancy, which had afforded him much more pleasure than he would have found in chasing them; and that he had put his thoughts in verse. The ladies immediately gave up all further contention with the wit, upon his promising to show them the lines he had just written. He then produced his tablets, and read the well-known ballad,

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,

to the great delight of his fair auditors.

"It should perhaps be here remarked, that the poet foretold his own doom in this ballad; for it will be seen, by his early death, that his nerves were too finely strung to bear the unforeseen storms of severe disappointment which gathered round him in after years. On the same evening he composed the air, to which Mrs. Haynes Bayly put the accompaniments and symphonies, and it was sung the following evening to a very large party assembled at Lord Ashtown's, who encored it again and again."

For several years Mr. Bayly lived in the enjoyment of the utmost domestic happiness. Possessed of fortune, brilliant talents, and manners universally pleasing, no lot could apparently have been better cast. Although not called to literary exertion by necessity, he wrote and published many beautiful lyrics, which generally attained great popularity: he composed a novel, *The Aylmers*,

which met with success—and began to write for the stage. At length, in 1831, came the blight of misfortune. A bad speculation of his father's and his own in coal-mines, and the faithlessness of the agent upon his wife's property in Ireland, reduced him to comparative poverty. The fine nervous system of the amiable poet was ill calculated to bear up against such calamities: for a time, his spirits were so sunk, that he was totally unable to command his mind to literary composition. A short residence abroad served to restore him in some degree, and he resumed the pen with feelings which he has embodied in an Address to the Spirit of Song:—

I welcome thee back as the dove to the ark:
The world was a desert, the future all dark;
But I know that the worst of the storm must be past,
Thou art come with the green leaf of comfort at last.
Around me thy radiant imaginings throng,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I welcome thee back, and again I look forth
With my wonted delight on the blessings of earth;
Again I can smile with the gay and the young;
The lamp is relighted, the harp is restrung.
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong;
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

Some deeper feelings which still abode with him are expressed in a birth-day ode, which he soon after, in pursuance of a custom, addressed to his wife:—

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove;
My heart were truly desolate,
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,
Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound!

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been,
If we had never met.

And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah no, that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than labored words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight
Of sorrow summons forth;
Though known in days of past delight
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike *some*, who have professed
So much in friendship's name;
Yet calmly pause to think how best
They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn;
They'd make me loathe mankind.
Far better lessons I may learn
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,
I feel they cannot take.
We'll pray for happier years to come,
For one another's sake.

From this time Mr. Bayly's life was in a great measure that of a man writing for subsistence. In

this new character he exhibited marvellous industry, insomuch that, in a few years, his contributions of pieces to the stage had amounted to no less than thirty-six, while his songs ultimately came to be numbered in hundreds. But severe literary labor, united to corroding anxieties, proved too much for his delicate frame, and he sunk, in 1839, under confirmed jaundice. He lies buried at Cheltenham, under a stone which his friend Theodore Hook has thus inscribed:—"He was a kind parent, and affectionate husband, a popular author, and an accomplished gentleman." Most sad it is to reflect how he thus came to realize his own playfully-expressed wish:—

What, though you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day!
Surely 't is better, when summer is over,
To die when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay—
I'd be a butterfly; living, a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away!

The poems and songs of Mr. Haynes Bayly will not be entitled to a high place in the literature of our age; a certain air of insubstantiality attaches to them all; the pathos rarely goes down to the springs of the human feelings, and the humor scarcely exceeds the playfulness which marks elegant society in its daily appearances. Yet, considering him as what he really was, the poet of modern fashionable life, he must be allowed the merit of having reflected this successfully, both in its gravities and its levities. He must be allowed, moreover, to have possessed in an eminent degree the comparatively rare power of producing verses which readily danced along in connection with music. Withal, an amiable and virtuous nature shines throughout all his various compositions. As a specimen of his humorous powers in a walk in which he is little known to the public, take the following, descriptive of the realized consequences of "love and a cottage:—

Some months the bride, with fortitude unshaken,
Endured the dull routine of beans and bacon;
Preserved each precious morsel on the shelf,
And ate the puddings that she made herself;
By daily repetition well she knew
How to provide but just enough for two;
Learnt to economize in every way,
And hash the mutton of a former day.
Before her spouse she labored to conceal
Her secret horror of the vulgar meal;
Boldly contented with domestic ills,
And studied the amount of bakers' bills.

Her bridal garments soiled, with wondrous skill
She turned, and washed, and made them useful still;
Corrected and revised her old array,
And neatly darned each symptom of decay;
Contrived to make the last years' bonnet do,
And said it looked almost as good as new;
Dyed her old gown, its splendor to recall;
And sighed in secret—if she sighed at all.
The bridegroom gazed upon his lovely wife,
Talked of domestic joys and rural life;
Genteelly acquiesced in all she said,
And drank her currant wine both white and red.

So far 't was well; but ere two years were past,
Their matrimonial sky was overcast;
And Ellen then, in tone not very sweet,
Complained their mansion was not quite complete.

"Tis such a bore," said she, "in rainy weather,
In this small room to sit all day together,
Which serves for drawing-room and parlor too ;
And there's no study set apart for you ;
You're never out of hearing—and it feels
So strange to have you always at my heels ;
We're very loving—but it is too much
To sit so close—our elbows almost touch.
And then our maid (alas! we have but one)
Does only half of all that should be done,
For Nelly acts as cook and butler both,
And she who scrubs the kitchen lays the cloth ;
With arms all crimson, and a flaming face,
She bustles on, sole handmaid of the place ;
And frequent must my occupations be,
Since all she fails to do—is done by me :
Oft am I plagued with closet, drawer, and shelf—
In fact, I'm maid-of-all-work to myself.
My dear, before I married you, I vow
I wish I'd been as wise as I am now."

These Edward heard, and he at times gave vent
To equal murmurings and discontent.
"What you assert, my love," he cried, "is true ;
I think our cottage quite as small as you ;
But then, my charmer, what can you expect,
Your portion brought me nothing, recollect ;
'Nothing can come of nothing,' pounds and pence
In calculation makes a difference.
I hate our paltry dinners, where the meat
Is only just as much as we can eat ;
If sick of mutton roasted, we arrange
To have it boiled next day, by way of change ;
And boiled or roasted, it might do, I own,
Had I some good old port to wash it down ;
But as for current wine, say what you will,
That home-made stuff is apt to make one ill.
In tedious tête-à-tête our time is past—
Each day a repetition of the last ;
And in this nutshell, as we sit alone,
I hear no human voice except your own.
We used to read, but who can pass his life
In reading doleful ditties to his wife?"

This was his constant theme : thus months were spent
In bitter matrimonial argument.

"Love in a Cottage," was their former boast—
The cottage still remains, but Love is lost ;
And when for man and wife it proved too small,
No wonder Love could find no room at all.
Thus wise at length—though haply wise too late,
By mutual consent they separate :
And by a written paper we are told—
"This cottage either to be let or sold."

As a specimen of his serious or sentimental
manner, few pieces could be more appropriate than
the following, which expresses, indeed, the whole
soul of that softened kind of tragedy which he saw
beneath the gay *externe* of modern society :—

Oh! do not suppose that my hours
Are always unclouded and gay ;
Or that thorns never mix with the flowers
That fortune has strewn in my way ;
When seen by the cold and unfeeling,
We smile through the sorrows we feel ;
But smiles are deceitful—concealing
The wounds which they never can heal.

The world is a changeable ocean,
And sunbeams and shadows abound ;
Where the surface seems least in commotion,
The rocks of misfortune are found :
And man is the pilot, who, steering,
Of every billow the sport,

Sees the gale of prosperity veering,
Which promised to waft him to port.

Our hopes are the gales that serenely
Waft onward our sails as we float ;
Our tears are the whirlwinds that keenly
O'erwhelm our poor perishing boat ;
And reason's the beacon that gives us
Its light through life's perilous way,
But folly's the ray that deceives us,
And leads us too often astray.

Our moments of mirth may be many,
And hope half our sorrow beguiles ;
But believe me, there cannot be any
Whose features are always in smiles.
The heart may be sad and repining,
Though cheerfulness brightens the scene,
As a goblet with gems may be shining,
Though bitter the potion within.

A glittering volume may cover
A story of sorrow and woe ;
And night's gayest meteors may hover
Where dangers lie lurking below ;
Thus oft, in the sunshine of gladness,
The cheek and the eye may be drest,
Whilst the clouds of dejection and sadness
In secret o'ershadow the breast.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE LAST CITATION.

Two criminals were executed at Madrid in 1838, for their ferocious and blood-thirsty conduct during the *emute* of 1835. They perished by the garota, or iron collar, substituted in Spain for the halter—and not only protested their innocence to the very last moment of their lives, but summoned their accusers and judges to appear in judgment with them, within a few days, before the bar of the Great Judge. Yet the guilt of these unhappy criminals was most notorious; the murders for which they suffered had been publicly committed, and the only wonder was, that they should have escaped their just punishment for so long a period as three years.

This bold and pertinacious assertion of their innocence by such undoubted criminals, fills the mind with the most painful emotions. We cannot but shudder at the infatuation which led them to go before their Maker with a lie upon their lips ; and we begin to doubt what degree of credit may be due to the last solemn assertions of many who have died for crimes proved against them by only circumstantial evidence. Can it be possible that innocence and guilt, in the same awful situation, with the terrible apparatus of death before them, an unpitying crowd of fellow-men around, with no hope for the future but such as may be founded on the mercy of their Creator—can the conscience-stricken criminal and the guiltless victim of judicial error, under these terrible circumstances, feel alike—be equally able to call down upon their judges the swift-coming condemnation of the Great Judge? It seems incredible that such things should be ; yet a reference to the history of the past affords many instances in which this great problem of our nature remains on record, only to be solved at that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known.

Spain was governed, in 1311, by Ferdinand IV., a monarch possessing many excellent qualities,

being brave, just and generous; yet he died in the prime of life under very singular circumstances, arising out of a departure from the love of justice which he had usually evinced. Three noblemen were brought before him charged with having murdered a fourth; they strongly protested their innocence, and affirmed that, if time were given them, they could bring proofs of it; but the king, disregarding their intreaties, ordered them to be thrown from a lofty rock. The unfortunate men continued to make the strongest asseverations of innocence, declaring that the death of the king, within thirty days from that time, would show the truth of their statements, for that they summoned him to come to judgment with them before the throne of Heaven. Ferdinand, at this time, was in perfect health; but whether the startling prediction of his victims produced its own fulfilment by affecting his imagination, or whether some other malady attacked him, history does not determine—he died on the last of the thirty days, and hence obtained the surname of Ferdinand the Summoned.

About this period, which abounds in circumstances that show the superstition and intellectual darkness of all classes of people in Europe, the celebrated order of Knights Templars was abolished. This powerful body, half monastic, half military, had acquired a strength and influence which made them hateful to the jealous eyes of the sovereigns of Europe; while, individually, they were feared by the people, who suffered from their vices. Warriors of the cross, they passed freely into court and camp, wherever the nobles of the land were assembled; they were privileged to display all the pomp and circumstance of war—to practise all that was then considered gay, gallant, and refined, or adapted to win the love of dames of high degree; while their vows of celibacy cut them off from all chance of honorable alliance with the objects of their admiration. Many a noble house had been dishonored by these soldier-priests; many a humble hearth was robbed at once of the innocence of its brightest ornament, and of all, in the shape of wealth, that rapacity could wring from those too powerless to resist. Still, though guilty of ambition and profligacy—the vices of the camp; though convicted of avarice and luxury—the sins of the cloister; these wrought not their downfall: their wealth, as a body, was immense, and greater than their political power; so Pope Clement V., then at Avignon, and Philip the Fair of France, (needy prelate and avaricious king,) caused all the Knights Templars within their dominions to be seized on the same day, and thrown into secure dungeons. Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master of the order, and several of the best and bravest among them, were accused of sorcery, and other dark crimes against the laws of God and man, which admitted not of proof, and could only be met by solemn denial; some of them, in the agonies of the torture to which they were subjected, confessed to impossible enormities, and were thereupon condemned to die. Not so Jacques de Molay; he appears to have possessed qualities, both physical and mental, that might “give the world assurance of a man;” mingling the martyr’s faith with the warrior’s pride, he never quailed under the severest torture, but strongly protested not only his own innocence, but that of his order. Even at the last fiery ordeal of fagot and stake, before the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, he appeared with unshaken sereni-

ty. His deportment was full of majesty, for he had long been the equal companion of princes; and of calm dignity, for he was conscious of innocence; and he had, withal, a Christian faith whose fervor could not be chilled even in the hour of death. Humbly admitting that he was guilty of the faults of our common nature, he denied the crimes imputed to him, and committing his spirit to his Maker, he summoned Clement and Philip to appear with him in judgment within a year. They both outlived the period, though Philip died so soon after, as to occasion some doubt in the minds of the believers in the marvellous, whether his sudden death was not a fulfilment of the Grand Master’s prediction.

Charles de Gontault, Baron de Biron, was the friend of Henry IV. of France before that monarch came to the throne, and he continued to be his firm adherent for some time afterwards. Disappointed, however, in some project of ambition, he caballed against his master, and being betrayed by his own valet, was committed to the Bastille. Henry was much attached to this brave chevalier, and intreated him to acknowledge his fault and be forgiven; but either Biron was innocent, and his valet a traitor, or he continued to hope that that person would not ultimately criminate him, and proudly refused to make any concession. When put upon his trial, he was found guilty; but he still trusted to Henry’s favor for a pardon: the king, however, was not less offended by his obduracy than by his treason, and signed the warrant for his execution. Nothing could exceed the surprise and despair of Biron when he was informed that he was to die on the following day: he broke out into vehement protestations of innocence, upbraided the king with ingratitude and cruelty, and defied and denounced his accusers and judges, accusing the chancellor who had presided at his trial of unfair dealing, and summoning him to appear in judgment with him within the year. The chancellor, thrice armed in the consciousness of his own uprightness, did not die, but lived five years longer than Biron—until 1617.

The Portuguese in 1640 threw off the yoke of Spain, and nominated John, Duke of Braganza, to the throne. At his death he left two sons, Alphonzo and Pedro, and a daughter, Catherine, who became the unhappy wife of our second Charles. Alphonzo, who was a prince of mean intellect, married a princess of Nemours; she had a good dowry, a handsome person, considerable talents, and few virtues; and they succeeded to the throne. Don Pedro, the younger brother of Alphonzo, was every way his superior; and the shrewd, intriguing, unscrupulous princess of Nemours soon contrived that her husband’s imbecility should be so apparent, as to justify his removal from the throne to make room for Don Pedro. Her own divorce then followed, and she artfully demanded back her dowry, well knowing that it was irrevocably squandered; but, as her real object was to become the wife of Don Pedro, she managed to be solicited to marry him, and so to reassume the name and rank of queen. Having carried this point, the guilty pair thought it necessary, for their own security, to have the deposed king and divorced husband closely confined: he submitted without complaint, and with only a momentary ebullition of anger, on hearing that his brother had married his wife. For fifteen years he remained a melancholy captive in the castle of Cintra, the beauties of whose ‘glorious Eden’ he was not suffered to enjoy.

When on the point of death, he said, 'I am going, but the queen will soon follow me to answer before God's awful tribunal for the evils she has heaped upon my head.' She died a few months after him, in 1683; having been more miserable in the gratification of her passions, than her victim could have been in his solitary prison.

The last and most remarkable of these citations is connected with the history of the reigning family of this country; and its details are, perhaps, more touching and romantic than any that have preceded it. George, the electoral prince of Hanover, who afterwards ascended the throne of Great Britain, was married, early in life, to Sophia Dorothea, princess of Halle, a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments. She was the only child of her parents, and had been reared with much tenderness, so that she carried to the court of the elector that unchecked gaiety of heart which so often leads innocent and inexperienced females first into imprudence and then into error. She allowed herself, soon after her arrival, to make some piquant remarks upon the rather coarse and inelegant ladies whom her father-in-law, after the custom of the small German sovereigns, kept openly at his court, and thereby she created enemies, who were ever on the watch to injure and annoy her. Her own conduct was irreproachable, until, in an evil hour, there came to Hanover the young Count Koningsmark, a Swedish nobleman of an ancient and honorable family, who was high in favor at the court of Stockholm. The count, fascinated by the manners of the princess, (whose husband was absent with his father's army,) paid her the most flattering attentions, which she carelessly, but it is believed innocently, admitted. This afforded the elector an opportunity of accomplishing her ruin. A trap was laid for her, which had the effect of bringing Koningsmark to the neighborhood of her apartments at an improper hour. The unfortunate Swede was never more seen in life, and Sophia, being arrested, was conveyed, without loss of time, and with the concurrence of her deceived husband, to the castle of Ahlen, on the banks of the river Ahlen, where she remained in close confinement thirty-two years.

It is not to be supposed that this incarceration of a young and beautiful woman, the wife of a powerful monarch—for George in time became king of Great Britain—could be an unimportant secret. Their son, the Prince of Wales, who was never on very good terms with his father, was anxious to see her, and twice, at the risk of his life, swam his horse across the river that surrounded the castle where she was confined. There is something very touching in this filial devotion to a mother whom he could scarcely remember to have seen, and who was accused of such grave offences; but the heart of the old German baron who kept the castle was made of such stern stuff, as to be proof against all fine emotions, and the young prince could not obtain an interview with his mother. There was no evidence against her that could justify a divorce; and on one occasion her husband made overtures to her for a reconciliation; but she proudly replied, "If what I am accused of be true, I am unworthy of him; if the accusation be false, he is unworthy of me; I will not accept his offer." Immediately before her death, she wrote a letter to him containing an affirmation of her innocence, a reproach for his injustice, and a citation to appear, within a year and a day, at the Divine tribunal for judgment. This letter she con-

fided to an intimate friend, with a solemn charge to see it delivered to the king's own hand; but as this was an undertaking of a delicate, if not a dangerous nature, some months passed by without its being conveyed to him. At length his visit to his electoral dominions seemed to present the desired opportunity, and when he was on his way to Hanover a messenger met him, and delivered the packet to him in his coach. Supposing that it came from Hanover, he opened it directly; but its contents, and the fatal citation with which it ended, had such an effect on him, that he fell into convulsions, which brought on apoplexy and death. He expired at the palace of his brother, the bishop of Osnaburgh, just seven months after his unfortunate wife.

George II., their son, always believed in his mother's innocence, and, had she survived his father, he would have restored her to her rank as queen dowager. Soon after his accession, he visited his electoral dominions, and caused some alterations to be made in the palace. On taking up the floor of his mother's dressing-room, the remains of Count Koningsmark were discovered. It is probable that the unfortunate man was seized and strangled at the moment of his arrest, and that his body was placed under the boards to prevent discovery. The affair was hushed up, for George was careful of his mother's character; besides which, prudential motives would lead him to desire strict secrecy on this subject. His frequent altercations with his father, in conjunction with the stigma thrown upon his mother, had already given occasion to severe sarcasm and some ribaldry on the part of the Jacobites, and this discovery was not calculated to silence unwelcome insinuations about his parentage. Sophia's story remains on the page of history, a melancholy example of the miseries that may result from the neglect of those minor morals so important to woman. That she was essentially innocent, there is little room to doubt, but if she had also been duly scrupulous to maintain those appearances of purity which are necessary to the perfection of woman's moral status, her whole destiny might have been bright instead of dark; her talents and beauty, instead of being wasted in a prison, might have adorned a palace and added lustre to a crown.

Such is a brief sketch of some of the most famous citations recorded in history. There is matter in them for serious consideration, not as encouraging a superstitious belief in marvels, but as showing the influence of the mind upon the body; a subject of such importance, that the writer gladly leaves it to abler hands.

BLACK SPOTS ON LEAVES. The black spots observable on the leaves of the elm, plane, and many other trees in autumn, are accounted for by Mr. Barham in the following ingenious manner:—"I have examined these spots with some attention. They have certainly nothing to do with insect attacks, and are as little connected with changes taking place in the physiological functions of the tree. They are entirely, I believe, occasioned by the concentration of the rays of light passing through the globules of rain, or dew, which settle on, and remain attached for a time to the leaves; hence the black spot is formed on the upper surface of the leaf. These globules act the part of burning lenses, and the circular patch beneath them is scalded. Thus the leaves of cucumbers and melons, from a similar cause, are frequently blotched, and sometimes perforated.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine;
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

Longfellow's Poems (Chambers' Journal.)

ENCOURAGING HINTS.—Don't be discouraged, if in the outset of life things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish for the future are realized. The path of life appears smooth and level; but when we come to travel it, we find it all up hill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one; and, whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it to our disappointment, if we have built any other calculation. To endure it with as much cheerfulness as possible, and to elbow our way through the great crowd, "hoping for little, yet striving for much," is perhaps the best plan. Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbor treads over you a little; or, in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you. Accidents will happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made; things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember, that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes clear and favorable; and as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because to-day is

stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may surely be expected to smile and smile again. Don't be discouraged if you are deceived in the people of the world; they are rotten at the core. From such sources as these you may be most unexpectedly deceived, and you will naturally feel sore under such deceptions; but to these you may become used: if you fare as other people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow gray, and you will learn to trust more cautiously, and examine their character closely, before you allow great opportunities to injure you. Don't be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience than the opinion of men, though the latter is not to be disregarded. Be industrious, be sober, be honest; dealing in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse; and if you do not prosper as rapidly now as some of your neighbors, depend upon it you will be at least as happy.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

DUBLIN SHOE-BLACKS SIXTY YEARS AGO.—Among the populace of Dublin, says the University Magazine, the shoe-blacks were a numerous and formidable body—the precursors of Day and Martin, till the superior merits of the latter put an end to their trade. The polish they used was lamp-black and eggs, for which they purchased all that were rotten in the markets. Their implements consisted of a three-legged stool, a basket containing a blunt knife, called a spudd, a painter's brush, and an old wig. A gentleman usually went out in the morning with dirty boots or shoes, sure to find a shoe-black sitting on his stool at the corner of the street. He laid his foot on his lap without ceremony, where the artist scraped it with his spudd, wiped it with his wig, and then laid on his composition as thick as black paint with his painter's brush. The stuff dried with a rich polish, requiring no friction, and little inferior to the elaborated modern fluids, save only the intolerable odors exhaled from eggs in a high state of putridity, and which filled any house which was entered before the composition was quite dry, and sometimes even tainted the air of fashionable drawing-rooms. Polishing shoes, we should mention, was at this time a refinement almost confined to cities, people in the country being generally satisfied with grease. [This custom still lingers in Paris: we have had our boots polished on the Pont Neuf; and boy shoe-blacks are to be found in most of the steamers plying on the Seine.]

HOW TO CLEAN A FOWLING-PIECE.—Sir Astley Cooper seemed to be innately philosophically disposed, and always had some object of practical utility in view. In his scientific inquiries, he had remarkable facility of applying his knowledge to the daily concerns of life, and delighted in suggesting improvements for matters which might almost appear too trifling to attract his notice. I remember upon one occasion saying in his hearing, "I must send my gun to town to have it cleaned, for it has become so much leaded that it is unfit for use." "Pooh!" said he; "send it to London! there is not the least occasion for it. Keep a few ounces of quicksilver in the gun-case, and then you can easily unlead your gun yourself. Stop up the touch-holes by means of a little wax, and then, pouring the quicksilver into the barrels, roll it along them for a few minutes. The mercury and the lead will form an amalgam, and leave the gun as clean as the first day it came out of the shop. You have then only to strain the quicksilver through a piece of thin wash-leather, and it is again fit for use, for the lead will be left in the strainer." I have since adopted this plan, and with perfect success.—*Life of Sir Astley Cooper.*